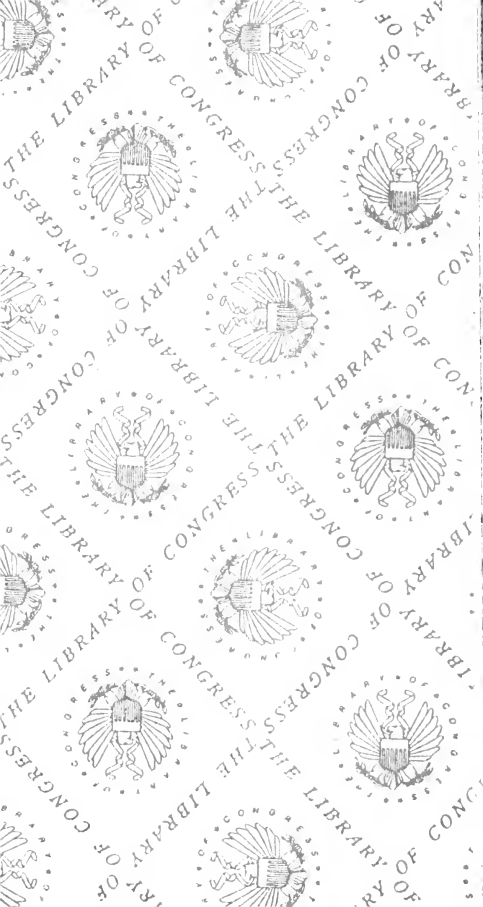
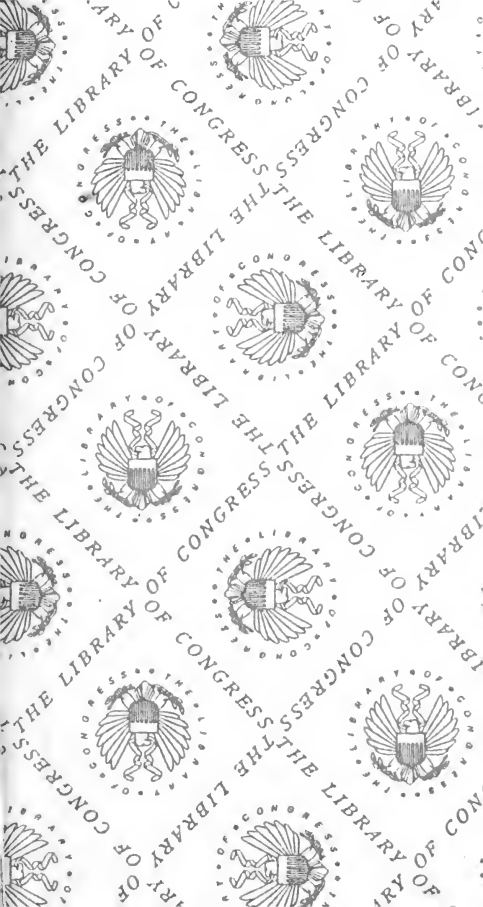


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Right Thoughts

on Life Death & Immortality
by EDWARD YOUNG. L.L.D.



The melancholy ghosts of dead renown. H. Andrews.

All point to earth and lift at human pride.
Night.

PHILADELPHIA.

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Gift

W. L. Shoemaker

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THE LIFE
OF
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

THE pen of biography cannot be better employed than in the service of an author, who displayed eminent genius and abilities in the cause of virtue and religion. Such was Dr. Young, the subject of these memoirs.

His father, whose name was also Edward Young, was Fellow of Winchester College, Rector of Upham in Hampshire, and, in the latter part of his life, Dean of Sarum; chaplain to William and Mary, and afterwards to queen Ann. Jacob tells us that the latter, when Princess Royal, did him the honour to stand godmother to our poet; and that, upon her ascending the throne, he was appointed Clerk of the Closet to her Majesty.

It does not appear that this gentleman distinguished himself in the Republic of Letters, otherwise than by a Latin Visitation Sermon, preached in 1686, and by two volumes of Sermons, printed in 1702, and which he dedicated to Lord Bradford, through whose interest he probably received some of his promotions. The Dean died at Sarum in 1705, aged 63; after a very short illness, as appears by the exordium of Bishop Burnet's sermon at the Cathedral on the following Sunday. "Death (said he) has been of late walking round us, and making breach upon breach upon

us, and has now carried away the head of this body with a stroke; so that he, whom you saw *a week ago* distributing the holy mysteries, is now laid in the dust. But he still lives in the many excellent directions he has left us, both how to live and how to die."

Our author, who was an only son, was born at his father's rectory, in 1681, and received the first part of his education (as his father had formerly done) at Winchester College; from whence, in his 19th year, he was placed on the foundation of New College, Oxford; whence again, on the death of the Warden in the same year, he was removed to Corpus Christi. In 1708, Archbishop Tennison nominated him to a law fellowship at All Souls, where, in 1714, he took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, and five years afterward that of Doctor.

Between the acquisition of these academic honours, Young was appointed to speak the Latin Oration on the foundation of the Codrington Library; which he afterwards printed, with a dedication to the Ladies of that family, in English.

In this part of his life, our author is said not to have been that ornament to virtue and religion which he afterwards became. This is easy to be accounted for. He had been released from parental authority by his father's death; and his genius and conversation had introduced him to the notice of the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton,* and his gay companions, by whom his finances might be improved, but not his morals. This is the period at which Pope is said to have told Warburton, our young author had "much genius without common sense:" and it should seem likewise, that he possessed a zeal for religion with little of its practical influence; for, with all his gaiety and ambition, he was an advocate for Revelation and Christianity. Thus when Tindal, the atheistical philosopher, used to spend much of his

* At the instigation of this peer, he was once candidate for a seat in Parliament, but without success, and the expences were paid by Wharton.

time at All Souls, he complained : " The other boys I can always answer, because I know whence they have their arguments, which I have read an hundred times ; but that fellow Young, is continually pester- ing me with something of his own."

This apparent inconsistency is rendered the more striking from the different kinds of composition in which, at this period, he was engaged : viz. a political Panegyric on the new Lord Lansdowne, and a sacred Poem on the Last Day, which was written in 1710, but not published till 1713. It was dedicated to the Queen, and acknowledges an obligation, which has been differently understood, either as referring to her having been his godmother, or his patron ; for it is inferred from a couplet of Swift's, that Young was a pensioned advocate of government :

" Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
 " Where Pope will never shew his face,
 " Where Y—— must torture his invention,
 " To flatter knaves, or lose his pension."

This, however, might be mere report, at this period, since Swift was not over nice in his authorities, and nothing is more common than to suppose the advocate, and the flatterer of the great, an hireling. Flattery seems indeed to have been our poet's besetting sin through life ; but if interest was his object, he must have been frequently disappointed : and to those disappointments we probably owe some of his best reflections on human life.

Of his Last Day, (his first considerable performance) Dr. Johnson observes, that it " has an equality and propriety which he afterwards either never endeavoured for, or never attained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean ; yet the whole is languid : the plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception : But the great reason why the reader is disappointed is, that the thought of The Last Day makes every man more than poetical, by

spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinction and disdains expression." The subject is indeed truly awful, and was peculiarly affecting to this celebrated critic, who never could, without trembling, meditate upon death, or the eternal world. The poet's theological system, moreover, was not, at least when he wrote this, the most consistent and evangelical: I mean he had not those views of the Christian atonement, and of pardoning grace, which give such a glory to his Night Thoughts, and would much more have illumined this composition. All the preparation he seems to have there in view, is

By tears and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 "And all the pious violence of prayer,"

to fit himself for the Tribunal. Moreover, the project of future misery is too awful for poetic enlargement, and makes the piece too terrible to be read with pleasure; while the attempt to *particularize* the solemnities of judgment, lowers their sublimity, and makes some parts of the description, as Dr. Johnson has observed, appear mean, and even bordering on burlesque. This poem, however, was well received upon the whole, and the better for being written by a layman, and it was commended by the ministry and their party, because the dedication flattered their mistress and her government—far too much, indeed, for the nature of the subject.

Dr. Young's next poem was entitled, the Force of Religion, and founded on the deaths of Lady Jane Grey and her husband. "It is written with elegance enough," according to Dr. Johnson; but was "never popular:" for "Jane is too heroic to be pitied." The dedication of this piece to the countess of Salisbury, was also *inexcusably* fulsome, and, I think profane. Indeed the author himself seems afterwards to have thought so; for when he collected his smaller pieces into volumes, he very judiciously suppressed this and most of his other dedications.

In some part of his life, Young certainly went to Ireland,* and was there acquainted with the eccentric Dean Swift; and his biographers seem agreed, that this was, most probably, during his connexion with the Duke of Wharton, who went thither in 1717. But he cannot have long remained there, as in 1719, he brought out his first tragedy of *Busiris*, at Drury Lane, and dedicated it to the Duke of Newcastle. This tragedy had been written some years, though now first performed; for it is to our author's credit, that many of his works were laid by him a considerable time before they were offered to the public. Our great dramatic critic pronounces this piece "too far removed from known life," to affect the passions.

His next performance was *The Revenge*, the dramatic character of which is sufficiently ascertained by its still keeping possession of the stage. The hint of this is supposed to have been taken from *Othello*; "but the reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original."—The success of this induced him to attempt another tragedy, which was written in 1721, but not brought upon the stage for thirty years afterwards; and then without success, as we shall have farther occasion to observe. It has been remarked, that all his plays conclude with suicide,† and I much fear the frequent introduction of this unnatural crime upon the stage, has contributed greatly to its commission.

We have passed over our Author's Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job, in order to bring his dra-

* From his seventh Satire it appears also, that he was once abroad, probably about this time, and saw a field of battle covered with the slain; and it is affirmed that once, with a classic in his hand, he wandered into the enemy's encampment, and had some difficulty to convince them, that he was only an *absent poet* and not a *spy*.

† Our author seems early to have been enamoured with the Tragic Muse, and with the charms of melancholy. Dr. Ridley relates, that, when at Oxford, he would sometimes shut up his room, and study by a lamp at mid-day.

matic performances together. The Paraphrase has been well received, and has often been printed with his Night Thoughts. This would be admired, perhaps, as much as any of his works, could we forget the original; but there is such a dignified simplicity even in our prose translation of the poetic parts of scripture, that we can seldom bear to see them reduced to rhyme, or modern measures.

His next, and one of his best performances, is entitled *The Love of Fame the Universal Passion*, in Seven characteristic Satires, originally published separately, between the years 1725 and 1728. This, according to Dr. Johnson, is a "*very great performance*." It is said to be a series of epigrams, and if it be, it is what the author intended: His endeavour was at the production of striking distichs, and pointed sentences; and his distichs, have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth. His characters are often selected with discernment, and drawn with nicety; his illustrations are often happy, and his reflections often just. His species of Satire is between those of Horace and Juvenal: He has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers; and the morality of Juvenal, with greater variety of images."—Swift indeed has pronounced of these Satires, that they should have been either "*more merry, or more severe:*" in that case, they might probably have caught the popular taste more; but this does not prove that they would have been better. The opinion of the Duke of Grafton, however, was of more worth than all the opinions of the wits if it be true as related by Mr. Spence, that his grace presented the author with two thousand pounds. "*Two thousand pounds for a poem!*" said one of the Duke's friends: to whom his grace replied, that he had made an excellent bargain, for he thought it worth four.

On the accession of George I, Young flattered him with an Ode, called *Ocean*, to which was prefixed an introductory Ode to the King, and an essay on Lyric Poetry: of these the most observable thing is, that

the poet and the critic could not agree : for the Rules of the Essay condemned the Poetry, and the Poetry set at defiance the maxims of the Essay. The biographer of British Poets has truly said, "he had least success in his lyric attempts, in which he seems to have been under some malignant influence : he is always labouring to be great, and at last is only turgid."

We now leave awhile the works of our author, to contemplate the conduct of the man. About this time his studies took a more serious turn ; and, forsaking the law, which he had never practised, when he was almost fifty, he entered into orders, and was, in 1728, appointed Chaplain to the King. One of Pope's biographers relates, that, on this occasion Young applied to his brother poet for direction in his studies, who jocosely recommended Thomas Aquinas, which the former taking seriously, he retired to the suburbs with the angelic doctor, till his friend discovered him, and brought him back.

His Vindication of Providence, and estimate of Human life, were published in this year ; they have gone through several editions, and are generally regarded as the best of his prose compositions : But the plan of the latter never was completed. The following year he printed a very loyal sermon on King Charles' Martyrdom, entitled, An Apology for Princes. In 1730, he was presented by his college to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, worth about 300*l.* a year, beside the lordship of the manor annexed to it. This year he relapsed again to poetry, and published a loyal Naval Ode, and Two Epistles to Pope, of which nothing particular need be said.

He was married, in 1731, to Lady Elizabeth Lee, widow of Colonel Lee, and daughter to the Earl of Litchfield ; and it was not long before she brought him a son and heir.

Sometime, before his marriage, the Doctor walking in his garden at Welwyn, with his lady and another, a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished

to speak to him. "Tell him," said the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, and his friend; and as persuasion had no effect on him, they took him, one by the right hand, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate. He then laid his hand upon his heart, and in the expressive manner, for which he was so remarkable, uttered the following lines:

"Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n:
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth:
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

Another striking instance of his wit is related in reference to Voltaire: who, while in England, (probably at Mr. Doddington's seat in Dorsetshire) ridiculed, with some severity, Milton's allegorical personages, *Sin* and *Death*; on which Young, who was one of the company, immediately addressed him in the following extemporaneous distich:

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
"Thou seem'st a Milton, with his *Death* and *Sin*."

Soon after his marriage, our author again indulged his poetical vein in two odes, called *The Sea Peace*, with a poetical Dedication to Voltaire, in which the above incident seems alluded to in these lines,

"On Dorset downs, when Milton's page
"With *Sin* and *Death* provok'd thy rage."

In 1734 he printed an *Argument for Peace*, which afterward, with several of his smaller pieces, and most of his dedications, was consigned by his own hand to merited oblivion: in which circumstance

he deserves both the thanks and imitation of posterity.

About the year 1741 he had the unhappiness to lose his wife; her daughter by Colonel Lee, and this daughter's husband, Mr. Temple. What affliction he felt for their loss, may be seen in his *Night Thoughts*, written on this occasion. They are addressed to Lorenzo, a man of pleasure, and of the world; and who, it is generally supposed, was his own son, then labouring under his father's displeasure. His son-in-law is said to be characterized by Philander, and his Lady's daughter was certainly the person he speaks of under the appellation of *Narcissa*.—(See *Night III.*) In her last illness, which was a consumption, he accompanied her to Montpellier: or, as Mr. Croft says, to Lyons, in the South of France, at which place she died soon after her arrival.

Being regarded as an heretic, she was denied christian burial, and her afflicted father was obliged to steal a grave, and inter her privately with his own hands; * (See *Night III.*) In this celebrated poem he thus addresses Death:

“Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

“Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was
“slain;

“And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
“horn.

* I take the liberty of inserting here a passage from a letter written by Mr. W. Taylor, from Montpellier, to his sister, Mrs. Mouchet, in the preceding year 1789, which may be considered as curious, and will be interesting and affecting to the admirers of Dr. Young and his *Narcissa*:

“I know you, as well as myself, are not a little partial to
“Dr. Young. Had you been with me in a solitary walk the
“other day, you would have shed a tear over the remains of
“his dear *Narcissa*. I was walking in a place called the King's
“Garden; and there I saw the spot where she was interred.
“Mr. J—, Mrs. H—, and myself, had some conversation
“with the gardener respecting it; who told us, that about 4
“years ago, Dr. Young was here with his daughter for her

These lines have been universally understood of the above deaths; but this supposition can no way be reconciled with Mr. Croft's dates, who says, Mrs. Temple died in 1736, Mr. Temple in 1740, and Lady Young in 1741. Which quite inverts the order of the poet, who makes Narcissa's death follow Philander's:

"Narcissa follows e'er his tomb is clos'd."

Night III.

There is no possible way to reconcile these contradictions: either we must reject Mr. Croft's dates, for which he gives us no authority, or we must suppose the characters and incidents, if not entirely fic-

health; that he used constantly to be walking backward and forward in this garden (no doubt as he saw her gradually declining, to find the most solitary spot, where he might shew his last token of affection, by leaving her remains as secure as possible from those savages, who would have denied her a christian burial: for at that time, an Englishman in this country was looked upon as an heretic, infidel, and devil. They begin now to verge from their bigotry, and allow them at least to be men, though not christians, I believe;) and that he bribed the under gardener, belonging to his father, to let him bury his daughter, which he did; pointed out the most solitary place, and dug the grave. The man, through a private door, admitted the Doctor at midnight, bringing his beloved daughter, wrapped up in a sheet, upon his shoulder he laid her in the hole, sat down, and (as the man expressed it) '*rained tears*!' 'With pious sacrilege a grave I stole.' The man who was thus bribed is dead, but the master is still living. Before the man died, they were one day going to dig, and set some flowers, &c. in this spot where she was buried. The man said to his master, 'Don't dig there; for, so many years ago, I buried an English lady there.' The master was much surprised; and as Doctor Young's book had made much noise in France, it led him to enquire into the matter: and only two years ago it was known for a certainty that that was the place, and in this way: There was an English nobleman here, who was acquainted with the governor of this place; and wishing to ascertain the fact, he obtained permission to dig up the ground, where he found some bones, which were examined by a surgeon, and pronounced to be the remains of a human body: this, therefore, puts the authenticity of it beyond a doubt."—See *Evan. Mag.* for 1797, p. 444.

titious, as the author assures us that they are not, were accommodated by poetic licence to his purpose. As to the character of Lorenzo, whether taken from real life, or moulded purely in the author's imagination, Mr Croft has sufficiently proved that it could not intend his Son, who was but eight years old when the greater part of the Night Thoughts was written; for Night Seventh is dated, in the original edition, July 1744.

For the literary merits of this work we shall again refer to the criticism of Dr. Johnson, which is seldom exceptionable, when he is not warped by political prejudices. "In his Night Thoughts," says the Doctor, speaking of our author, "he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions; a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of ev'ry hue, and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme, but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness: particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantations, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity."

So far Dr. Johnson.—Mr. Croft says, "Of these poems the two or three first have been perused more eagerly and more frequently than the rest. When he got as far as the fourth or fifth, his original motive for taking up the pen was answered: his grief was naturally either diminished or exhausted. We still find the same pious poet; but we hear less of Philander and Narcissa, and less of the mourner whom he loved to pity."

Notwithstanding one might be tempted, from some passages in the Night Thoughts, to suppose he had taken his leave of terrestrial things, in the alarming

year 1745, he could not refrain from returning again to politics, but wrote *Poetical Reflections* on the State of the Kingdom, originally appended to the *Night Thoughts*, but never re-printed with them.

In 1753, his tragedy of *The Brothers*, written thirty years before, now first appeared upon the stage. It had been in rehearsal when Young took orders, and was withdrawn on that occasion. The Rector of Welwyn devoted 1000*l.* to "The Society for the propagation of the Gospel," and estimating the probable produce of this play at such a sum, he perhaps thought the occasion might sanctify the means; and not thinking so unfavourably of the stage as other good men have done, he committed the monstrous absurdity of giving a play for the propagation of the gospel! The author was, (as is often the case with authors) deceived in his calculation. *The Brothers* was never a favourite with the public: but that the society might not suffer, the doctor made up the deficiency from his own pocket.

His next was a prose performance, entitled, "*The Centaur not fabulous; in Six Letters to a Friend on the Life in Vogue.*" The third of these letters describes the death-bed of "the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont," whom report supposed to be Lord Euston. But whether Altamont or Lorenzo were real or fictitious characters, it is certain the author could be at no loss for models for them among the gay nobility, with whom he was acquainted.

In 1759, appeared his lively "*Conjectures on Original Composition;*" which, according to Mr. Croft, appear "more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, than of jaded fourscore." This letter contains the pleasing account of the death of Addison, and his dying address to Lord Warwick.— "See how a Christian can die!"

In 1762, but little before his death, Young published his last, and one of his least esteemed poems, "*Resignation,*" which was written on the following occasion:—Observing that Mrs. Boscawen, in the

midst of her grief for the loss of the admiral, derived consolation from a perusal of the *Night Thoughts*, her friend, Mrs. Montague, proposed a visit to the author, by whom they were favourably received; and were pleased to confess that his “unbounded genius appeared to greater advantage in the companion than even in the author; that the Christian was in him a character still more inspired, more enraptured, more sublime than the poet, and that, in his ordinary conversation,

——“Letting down the golden chain from high,
“He drew his audience upward to the sky.”

On this occasion, at the request of these ladies, the author produced his *Resignation*, above-mentioned, and which has been so unmercifully treated by the critics; but it has, in some measure, been rescued from their hands by Dr. Johnson, who says, “It was falsely represented as a proof of decayed faculties. There is Young in every stanza, such as he often was in his highest vigour.”

We now approach the closing scene of our author's life, of which, unhappily, we have few particulars. For three or four years before his death, he appears to have been incapacitated, by the infirmities of age, for public duty: yet he perfectly enjoyed his intellects to the last, and even his vivacity; for in his last illness, a friend mentioning the recent decease of a person who had long been in a decline, and observing, “that he was quite worn to a *shell* before he died;” “very likely, replied the doctor; “but what is become of the *kernel*?”—He is said to have regretted to another friend, that his *Night Thoughts*, of all his works most calculated to do good, were written so much above the understanding of common readers, as to contract their sphere of usefulness: This, however, ought not, perhaps, to be regretted, since there is a great sufficiency of good books for common readers, and the style of that work will always introduce it where plainer compositions would not be read.

He died at the Parsonage House, at Welwyn, April 12, 1765, and was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his lady, under the altar-piece of that church; which is said to be ornamented in a singular manner with an elegant piece of needle-work by Lady Young, and some appropriate inscriptions, painted by the direction of the doctor.

His best monument is to be found in his works; but a less durable one, in marble, was erected by his only son and heir, with a very modest and sensible inscription. This son, Mr. Frederick Young, had the first part of his education at Winchester school, and, becoming a scholar upon the foundation, was sent, in consequence thereof, to New College, in Oxford; but there being no vacancy (though the society waited for one no less than two years) he was admitted in the mean time in Baliol, where he behaved so imprudently as to be forbidden the college.* This misconduct disoblged his father so much, that it is said he would never see him afterwards: however, by his will he bequeathed to him the bulk of his fortune, which was considerable, reserving only a legacy to his friend Stevens, the latter at Temple-gate, and 100 *l.* to his house-keeper, with his dying charge to see all his manuscripts destroyed; which may have been some loss to posterity, though none, perhaps, to his own fame.

Dr. Young, as a christian and divine, has been reckoned an example of primeval piety. He was an able orator, but it is not known whether he composed many sermons; and it is certain that he published very few. The following incident does honour to his feelings: when preaching in his turn one Sunday at St. James's, finding he could not gain the atten-

* Mr. Croft denies this circumstance, and calls the poet's son his *friend*.—He does not, however, pretend to vindicate the conduct of the youth; but he relates his repentance and regret, which is far better. Perhaps it is not possible wholly to vindicate the father. Great genius, even accompanied with piety, is not always most ornamental to domestic life; and "the prose of ordinary occurrences," says Croft, "is beneath the dignity of poets."

tion of his audience, his pity for their folly got the better of all decorum ; he sat back in the pulpit, and burst into a flood of tears.

His turn of mind was naturally solemn ; and he usually when at home in the country, spent many hours walking among the tombs in his own church yard. His conversation, as well as writings, had all a reference to a future life ; and this turn of mind mixed itself even with his improvements in gardening ; he had, for instance, an arbour, with a bench so well painted in it, that at a distance it seemed to be real ; but upon a nearer approach the deception was perceived, and this motto appeared :

INVISIBILIA NON DECIPIUNT.

The things unseen do not deceive us.

In another part of his garden was also this inscription :

AMBULANTES IN HORTO AUDIERUNT VOCEM DEI.

They heard the voice of God walking in the garden.

This seriousness occasioned him to be charged with gloominess of temper ; yet he was fond of rural sports and innocent amusements. He would sometimes visit the assembly and the bowling green ; and we see in his satires that he knew how to laugh at folly. His wit was poignant, and always levelled at those who shewed any contempt for decency or religion ; an instance of which we have remarked in his extemporary epigram on Voltaire.

Dr. Young rose betimes, and engaged with his domestics in the duties of Morning Prayer. He is said to have read but little ; but he noted what he read, and many of his books were so swelled with folding down his favourite passages, that they would hardly shut. He was moderate in his meals, and rarely drank wine, except when he was ill ; being (as he used to say) unwilling to waste the succours of sickness on the stability of health. After a slight re-

freshment, he retired to rest early in the evening, even though he might have company who wished to prolong his stay.

He lived at a moderate expence, rather inclined to parsimony than profusion; and seems to have possessed just conceptions of the vanity of the world; yet (such is the inconsistency of man!) he courted honours and preferments at the borders of the grave, even so late as 1758; but none were then conferred. It has, however, been asserted, that he had a pension of 200*l.* a year from government, conferred under the auspices of Walpole.

At last, when he was full fourscore, the author of the *Night Thoughts*,

“Who thought e’en gold itself might come a day too late,”

was made Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales. What retarded his promotion so long is not easy to determine. Some attribute it to his attachment to the Prince of Wales and his friends; and others assert, that the King thought him sufficiently provided for. Certain it is, that he knew no straits in pecuniary matters; and that in the method he has recommended of estimating human life, honours are of little value.

His merits as an author have already been considered in a review of his works; and nothing seems necessary to be added, but the following general characters of his composition, from Blair and Johnson.

Dr. Blair says, in his celebrated lectures: “Among moral and didactic poets, Dr. Young is of too great eminence to be passed over without notice. In all his works, the marks of strong genius appear. His *Universal Passion*, possesses the full merit of that animated conciseness of style, and lively description of character, which I mention as requisite in satirical and didactic compositions. Though his wit may often be thought too sparkling, and his sentences too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is so great, as

to entertain every reader. In his *Night Thoughts* there is much energy of expression; in the three first, there are several pathetic passages; and scattered through them all, happy images and allusions, as well as pious reflections, occur. But the sentiments are frequently over-strained, and turgid; and the style is too harsh and obscure to be pleasing."

The same critic has said of our author in another place, that his "merit in figurative language is great, and deserves to be remarked." No writer, ancient or modern, had a stronger imagination than Dr. Young, or one more fertile in figures of every kind; his metaphors are often new, and often natural and beautiful. But his imagination was strong and rich, rather than delicate and correct."

These strictures may be thought severe; but it should be remembered, that an author derives far more honour from such a discriminate character, from a judicious critic, than from the indiscriminate commendation of an admirer. The following is the conclusion of Dr. Johnson's critique, and shall conclude these memoirs.

"It must be allowed of Young's poetry, that it abounds in thought, but without much accuracy or selection.—When he lays hold on a thought, he pursues it beyond expectation, [and] sometimes happily, as in his parallel of *quicksilver* and *pleasure* which is very ingenious, very subtle, and almost exact

"His versification is his own; neither his blank nor his rhyming lines have any resemblance to those of former writers; he picks up no hemisticks, he copies no favourite expressions; he seems to have laid up no stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe that, when once formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry, and that he composed with great labour and frequent revisions.

"His verses are formed by no certain model; he is no more like himself in his different productions

than he is like others. He seems never to have studied prosody, nor to have any direction, but from his own ear. But with all his defects, he was a man of genius, and a poet."

P. S. The materials of the above Life are taken from the article referring to our author in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, written by Mr. Herbert Croft, with the *Critique of Dr. Johnson*, compared with the *Biographia Britannica*, and other respectable authorities.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

Now let the Atheist tremble, thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never to return.

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball.
When Nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.

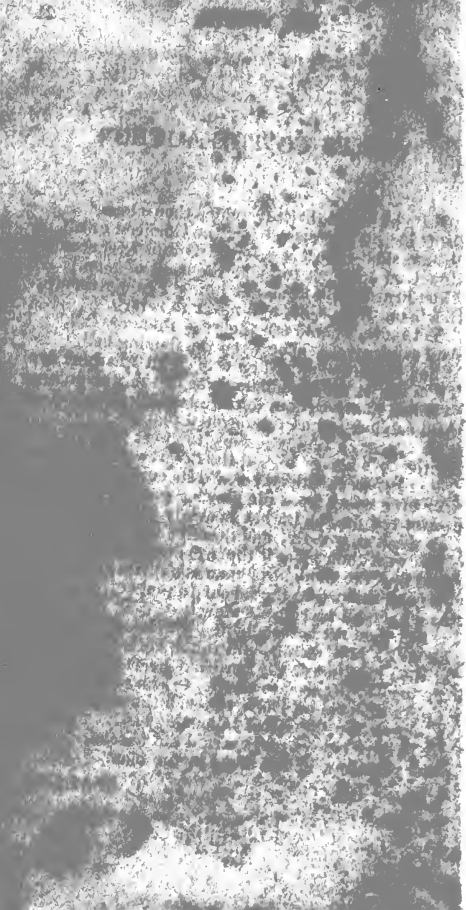
When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain,
The Patriarch thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure, tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high?
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all eternity to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse.
O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of humankind;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Col.
Oxon.

T. WARTON.



PREFACE.

AS the occasion of this poem was real, and not fictitious ; so the method pursued in it was rather imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the Author's mind, on that occasion, than meditated or designed, which will appear very probable from the nature of it ; for it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations, to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it, makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is, that the facts mentioned, did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.



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STANDARD

Standard Oil Company, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

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THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT FIRST.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

To the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, Esq. Speaker of
the House of Commons.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy SLEEP!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumult'ous; where my wreck'd, desponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The *Day* too short for my distress! and *Night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
 Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds :
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause ;
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd ;
 Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
 From ancient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
 To *Reason*, and on *Reason* build *Resolve*,
 (That column of true majesty in man)
 Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
 The grave, your kingdom : *there* this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye ?—

THOU ! who didst put to flight
 Primæval *Silence*, when the morning-stars,
 Exulting shouted o'er the rising ball ;
 O THOU ! whose word from solid *Darkness* struck
 That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;
 My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of *nature* and of *soul*,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
 Lead it through various scenes of *life* and *death* ;
 And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my *conduct* than my *song* :
 Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will,
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.
 Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the *knell* of my departed hours :
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.

It is the *signal* that demands despatch :
 How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely *mine* !
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour !
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such !
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes !
 From diff'rent natures, marvellously mix'd,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguished *link* in being's endless chain !
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity* !
 A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorpt !
 Though sully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect *infinite* !
 A worm ! a god ! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost ! At home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her *own* : how reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't *snatch* me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't *confine* me there.
 'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :
 While o'er my limbs *Sleep's* soft dominion spreads,
 What, though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;
 Or scal'd the cliff ; or danc'd on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain !
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
 nature
 Of subtler essence, than the trodden clod ;

Active, æreal, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *Immortal*;
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day :
 For human weal, heav'n husbands all events,
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
 In infidel distress ? Are *angels* there ?
 Slumbers rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ?
 They live ! they greatly live ! a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceived ! and from an eye
 Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
 On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, *this* the solitude :
 How populous ! how vital is the grave !
This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom ;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !
 All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond
 Is *substance* ; the reverse is folly's *creed* ;
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule :
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
 Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us *embryos* of existence free.
 From *real* life, but little more remote
 Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
 The *future* embryo, slumbering in his sire.
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods, (O transport !) and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! *here* buries all his thoughts ;
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh :
 Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by Heav'n
 To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,
 Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.

What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
 In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
 Where momentary ages are no more !
 Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death ex-
 pire !

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
 At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge,
 Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure ? It o'erwhelms myself.
 How was my heart incrust'd by the world !
 O how self-fettered was my grov'ling soul !
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
 In silken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,
 'Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
 With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies !

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above :)
 Our *waking* dreams are fatal : how I dreamt
 Of things impossible ! (could sleep do more ?)
 Of joys perpetual, in perpetual change !
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave !
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life !
 How richly were my noontide trances hung
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys !
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective !
 'Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
 Starting, I woke, and found myself undone.
 Where's now my phrenzy's pompous furniture ?
 The *cob-web'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
 Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me !
 The *spider's* most attenuated thread
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss ; it breaks at ev'ry breeze.
 O ye bless'd scenes of *permanent* delight !

Full, above measure ! lasting, beyond bound !
 A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
 And quite unparadise the realms of light ?
 Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres ;
 The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour ;
 And rarely for the better ; or the *best*,
 More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
 Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
 Of *time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
 Strikes empires from the root ; each *moment* plays
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words, and vain !
 Implicit treason to divine decree !
 A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n !
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
 I had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
 What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !
 Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
 The sun himself by thy permission shines,
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
 Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so mean ?
 Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on me ?
 Unsatiated archer ! could not *one* suffice ?
 Thy shaft flew *thrice* ; and *thrice* my peace was
 slain ;

and thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
 O *Cynthia* ! why so pale ? dost thou lament
 Thy wretched neighbour ? grieve to see thy wheel
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?
 How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss ! from *Fortune's* smile,
 'Recarious courtesy ! not *Virtue's* sure,
 Self-giv'n, *solar*, ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,

How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
 Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
 Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night.
 Led, like a murd'rer (and such it proves !)
 Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing *past* :
 In quest of wretchedness, perversely strays :
 And finds all desert *now* ; and meets the ghosts
 Of my departed joys, a num'rous train !
 I rue the riches of my former fate ;
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
 I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
 And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.
 Yet why *complain* ? or why complain for one ?
 Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
 The *single* man ? are angels all beside ?
 I mourn for millions : 'tis the common lot ;
 In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
 The mother's throes, on all of woman born,
 Not more the children, than sure heirs of *pain*.
 War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
 Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
 Wrapt up in triple brass, besieg'd mankind :
 God's image, disinherited of day,
Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made ;
There beings deathless as their haughty lord,
 Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
 And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair :
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
 In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
 Beg bitter bread, through realms their valour sav'd,
 If so the tyrant, or his minions, doom :
Want, and incurable *disease* (fell pair !)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
 At once ; and make a refuge of the grave :
 How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead !
 What numbers groan for sad admission there !
 What numbers once in *Fortune's* lap high-fed,
 Solicit the cold hand of Charity !
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain !
 Ye silken sons of pleasure ! since in pains

You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
 And breathe from your debauch ; *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you : But so great
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right !

Happy ! did sorrow seize on *such* alone :
 Not *Prudence* can defend, or *Virtue* save ;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance ;
 And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm
 Thro' thickest shades pursues the fond of peace ;
 Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 Not *Happiness* itself makes good her name ;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish ;
 How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
 From that for which we dote, *felicity* !
 The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains,
 And *truest* friends, through error, wound our rest ;
 Without misfortune, what calamities !
 And what hostilities, without a foe !
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth :
 But endless is the list of human ills,
 And *sighs* might sooner fail, than *cause* to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
 Is tenanted by man ! the rest a *waste*,
 Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands ;
 Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
 Such is earth's melancholy map ! But far
 More sad ! this earth is a true map of *man* :
 So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
 To *Woe's* wide empire ; where deep *troubles* toss ;
 Loud *sorrows* howl ; envenom'd *passions* bite ;
 Ravenous *calamities* our vitals seize,
 And threat'ning *Fate* wide-opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself* ?
 In age, in infancy, from others' aid
 Is all our hope ; to teach us to be *kind*.
 That, Nature's *first*, *last*, lesson to mankind :
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels ;
 More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
 And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
 Nor virtue, more than *Prudence*, bids me give

Swol'n thought a *second* channel ; who divide,
 They weaken too, the torrent of their grief :
 Take then, O world, thy much-indebted tear.
 How sad a sight is human happiness
 To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !
 O thou ! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults ?
 Would'st thou I should congratulate thy fate ?
 I know thou would'st ; thy pride demands it from me.
 Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
 The salutary censure of a friend.
 Thou happy *wretch* ! by blindness thou art bless'd ;
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
 Know, *smiler* ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
 But rises in demand for her delay !
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

LORENZO, Fortune makes her court to thee ;
 Thy fond heart dances, while the *Siren* sings.
 Dear is thy welfare ; think me not unkind ;
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys :
 Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm :
 Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
 Is heav'n tremendous in its frowns ? most sure ;
 And in its favours formidable too :
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards ;
 A call to duty, not discharge from care ;
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes
 Awake us to their *cause*, and *consequence* ;
 [O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye,]
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert ;
 Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert
 To worse than *simple* misery, their charms :
 Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
 Like bosom-friendships to resentment sour'd,
 With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
 Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire :
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,

Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring tow'rs?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! thy darling hope so near
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise: Death's subtle seed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

MAN's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
LORENZO! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To lab'ring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*!
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
E're mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*:
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain-hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd;

How many fall as sudden, not as safe !
 As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
 Of human ills the last extreme beware,
 Beware, **LORENZO** ! a *slow-sudden* death.
 How dreadful that deliberate surprize !
 Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life :
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, " That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They, one day, shall not drivel ; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least, their own ; their future selves applauds ;
 How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead !
 Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly's* vails ;
 That lodg'd in *Fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign ;
 The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone* ;
 'Tis not in *Folly*, not to scorn a fool ;
 And scarce in human *wisdom* to do more.
 All *promise* is poor dilatory man,
 And that thro' ev'ry stage : when young, indeed,
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for *ourselves* ; and only wish,
 As dutious sons, our *fathers* were more wise :
 At *thirty* man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan ;
 At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve* ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves ; and re-resolves : then dies the same.
 And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal :
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate

Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where past the shaft, no trace is found :
 As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains ;
 The parted wave no furrow from the *keel* ;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
 Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
 Can I forget *PHILANDER* ? That were strange ;
 O my full heart ! but should I give it vent,
 The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
 And the *lark* listen to my *midnight*-song.

The sprightly *lark's* shrill matin wakes the morn ;
 Grief's sharpest thorn hard-pressing on my breast,
 I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
 The sullen gloom, sweet *Philomel* ! like thee,
 And call the stars to listen : ev'ry star
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
 Yet be not vain ; there are who thine excel,
 And charm through distant ages : wrapt in shade,
 Pris'ner of darkness ! to the silent *hours*,
 How often I repeat their rage divine,
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe !
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
 Dark, though not blind, like thee, *Meonides* !
 Or *Milton* ! thee ; ah ! could I reach your strain !
 Or *his*, who made *Meonides* our own.
Man too he sung ; *immortal man* I sing ;
 Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life ;
 What, *now*, but immortality can please ?
 O had he press'd *his* theme, pursu'd the track,
 Which opens out of darkness into day !
 O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd, where I sink, and sung *immortal man* !
 How had it bless'd mankind, and resou'd me !

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT SECOND.

ON TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Wilmington.

“WHEN the *cock* crew, he wept,”—smote by
that eye
Which looks on me, on all ; that pow’r who bids
This midnight-centinel with clarion shrill,
(Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,) *Rouse*
souls from slumber, into thoughts of *heav’n*.
Shall I, too, weep ? where then is fortitude ?
And fortitude abandon’d, where is man ?
I know the terms on which he sees the light :
He that is born, is listed : life is war ;
Eternal war with woe : who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I’ll dwell.
LORENZO ! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine* on themes may profit ; profit there,
Where most thy need : themes, too, the genuine
growth
Of dear PHILANDER’S dust. He, *thus*, tho’ dead,
May still befriend.—What themes ? *Time’s* won-
d’rous price,

Death, Friendship, and PHILANDER's final scene :
 [Themes meet for man ! and met at ev'ry hour,
 But most at this, at midnight, ever clad
 In *Death's* own sables ; silent as his realms ;
 And prone to weep ; profuse of dewy tears
 O'er Nature, in her temporary tomb.]

So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
 Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
 The good deed would delight me ; half impress
 On my dark cloud an *Iris* ; and from grief,
 Call glory.—Dost thou mourn PHILANDER's fate ?
 I know thou say'st it : says thy life the same ?
 He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
 Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,
 (O glorious avarice !) thought of death inspires,
 As rumour'd robberies endear our gold !
 O Time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load
 Than lead, to fools ; and fools reputed wise.
 What *moment* granted man without account ?
 What *years* are squand'red ! wisdom's debt unpaid !
 Our wealth in days all due to *that* discharge.
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
 Insidious *Death* ! should his strong hand arrest,
 No composition sets the pris'ner free :
Eternity's inexorable chain

Fast binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink ? how late
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !
 That Time is mine, O MEAD ! to thee I owe ;
 Fain would I pay thee with *eternity* :
 But ill my genius answers my desire,
 My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
 Accept the will ;—that dies not with my strain.
 For what calls *thy* disease, LORENZO ? not
 For *Æsculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
 Youth is not rich in *time* ; it may be, poor :
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth :
 And what its worth, ask deathbeds ; they can tell.
 Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big

With holy hope of nobler time to come :
Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels ; virtue more divine.

Is this our *duty, wisdom, glory, gain* ?
(*These heav'n benign in vital union binds*)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire ! *Amusement* reigns
Man's great demand : to trifle is to live :
And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?
Thou say'st I *preach* : LORENZO ! 'tis confess'd.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake* ?
Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle !
Is it not treason to the soul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there ;
Will toys amuse ?—No : thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
Redeem we time ?—its *loss* we dearly buy.
What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd sports ?
He pleads Time's num'rous *blanks* ; he loudly pleads
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee* ?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, Nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be thine :
This cancels thy complaint at once ; *this* leaves
In act no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time :
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all ;
This, the bless'd art of turning all to gold ;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours :
Immense revenue ! ev'ry moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy pow'r,
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act, indeed, admits restraint ;

'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer.
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in
heav'n.

On all-important *Time*, through ev'ry age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the
man

Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of *Rome*? say, rather, lord of human race;
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.

So should all speak: so *Reason* speaks in all.

From the soft whispers of that god in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly

For rescue from the *blessings* we possess?

Time, the supreme! *Time* is eternity;

Pregnant with all eternity can give;

Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile;

Who murders *Time*, he crushes in the birth

A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Ah! how unjust to *Nature*, and himself,

Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!

Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,

We censure *Nature* for a span too short;

That span too short, we tax as tedious too;

Torture invention, all expedients tire,

To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,

And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.

Art, brainless *Art*! our furious charioteer

(For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recal)

Drives headlong tow'ards the precipice of death;

Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful
made.

O what a riddle of absurdity!

Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;

How heavily we drag the load of life!

Bless'd leisure is our curse: like that of *Cain*,

It makes us wander; wander earth around

To fly that tyrant, *Thought*. As *Atlas* groan'd

The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.

We cry for mercy to the next amusement;

The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
 Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,
 From hateful *Time*, if prisons set us free.
 Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd
 To man's false optics (from his folly false ;)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepid with his age :
 Behold him, when past by ; what then is seen
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills ;
 To nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore.
 Not short heav'n's bounty, boundless our expense ;
 No niggard, nature ; men are prodigals.
 [As bold *Alphonsus* threaten'd in his pride,
 We throw away our suns, as made for sport,
 And not to light us, on our way to scenes
 Whose lustre turns *their* lustre into shade.]
 We *waste*, not *use* our time : we breathe, not live.
 Time *wasted*, is existence, *us'd*, is life :
 And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordained,
 Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
 And why ? since *Time* was giv'n for use, not waste.
 Injoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide and stars,
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man ;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure ; waste, a pain ;
 That man might *feel* his error, if unseen ;
 And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure :
 Not, blund'ring, split on idleness, for ease.
 Life's cares are comforts ; such by heav'n design'd ;
 He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
 Cares are employments ; and without employ
 The soul is on the rack ; the rack of *rest* :
 To souls most adverse ; action, all their joy.

Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds :
 Then *Time* turns torment, when man turns a fool.
 We rave, we wrestle with *great Nature's plan* ;
 We thwart the Deity ; and 'tis decreed,

Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnat'ral quarrel with ourselves;
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;
 We push time from us, and we wish him back,
 Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and short; *death* seek, and shun;
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
 United, jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
 How tasteless? and how terrible, when gone?
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us
 still;

The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,
 And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
 And time *possess'd*, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He *walks with Nature*, and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen: See next
 Time's nature, origin, importance, speed;
 And thy great gain from urging his career.
 All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
 He looks on *time* as nothing. Nothing else
 Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a God.
 Hast thou ne'er heard of *time's* omnipotence?
 For, or against, what wonders can he do!
 And will: To stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
 Not on *those terms* was *time* (Heav'n's stranger) sent
 On his important embassy to man.

LORENZO! no: On the long-destin'd hour,
 From everlasting ages growing ripe,
 That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,
 When the dread SIRE, on emanation bent,
 And big with nature, rising in his might,
 Call'd forth creation (for then *time* was born)
 By godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds;
 Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heav'n,
 From old eternity's mysterious orb,

Was *time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies ;
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres ;
 That horologe machinery divine.
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his children,
 play,

Like num'rous wings, around him, as he flies :
 Or, rather, as unequal plumes they shape
 His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
 To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
 And join anew *eternity* his sire ;
 In his *immutability* to nest,
 When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd
 (Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
 To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy ? Why with levities
 New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight ?
 Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done ?
 Man flies from *time*, and *time* from man: too soon
 In sad divorce this double flight must end ;
 And then, where are we ? where, LORENZO ! then
 Thy sports ? thy pomps ? I grant thee, in a state
 Not unambitious ; in the *ruffled* shroud,
 Thy *Parian* tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
 Has *death* his fopperies ? Then well may *life*
 Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye *well-array'd* ! Ye lilies of our land !
 Ye lilies *male* ! who neither toil, nor spin,
 (As sister lilies *might*,) if not so wise
 As *Solomon*, more sumpt'ous to the sight !
 Ye *delicate* ! who nothing can support,
 Yourselves most insupportable ! for whom
 The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
 A brighter beam in *Leo*, silky-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid,
 And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
 And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms !
 O ye LORENZOS of our age ! who deem
 One moment unamus'd, a misery
 Not made for feeble man ! who call aloud
 For ev'ry bauble drivell'd o'er by sense,

For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,
 For change of follies and relays of joy,
 To drag your patient through the tedious length
 Of a short winter's *day*—say, sages! say,
 Wit's oracles; say, dreamers of gay dreams;
 How will you weather an *eternal night*,
 Where such expedients fail? [where wit's a fool,
 Mirth mourns, dreams vanish, laughter drops a tear.]
 O treach'rous *conscience*! while she seems to sleep
 On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong *appetite* the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to *license*, unrecall'd,
 Umark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
 She reconnoiters *fancy's* airy band,
 A watchful foe! The formidable spy,
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp;
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable *time*;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history; which *death* shall read
 In ev'ry pale-delinquent's private ear;
 And *judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.

LORENZO, *such* that *sleep*er in thy breast!
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
 For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace!
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon*?

But why on *time* so lavish is my song?
 On this great *theme* kind *nature* keeps a school,
 To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
 Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
 And shall we kill each day? If *trifling* kills,

Sure *vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
 Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
 Is *suicide*, where more than *blood* is spilt.
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heav'n invites,
 Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
 More than creation labours!—Labours *more*?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst
 This tumult universal, wing'd despatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whose fate,
 Fate, irreversible, intire, extreme,
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
 A moment trembles; drops! and *man*, for whom
 All else is in alarm! *Man*, the sole cause
 Of this surrounding storm! And yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *years* away?
 Throw *empires*, and be blameless. *Moments* seize?
 Heav'n's on their wing: A moment we may wish,
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* stand still,
 Bid him drive back his car, recal, retake
 Fate's hasty prey: Implore him, reimport
 The period past, regive the giv'n hour.
 LORENZO, more than miracles we want;
 LORENZO—O for yesterdays to come!

Such is the language of the man *awake*;
 His ardour such, for what *oppresses* thee.
 And is his ardour vain, LORENZO? No;
 That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
 To-day is *yesterday* return'd;—return'd
 Full-pow'r'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
 And reinstate us on the Rock of Peace.
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
 Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
 More wretched for the clemencies of Heav'n?

Where shall I find *him*? Angels! tell me where.
 You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?

Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, shed
 Protection ; now, are waving in applause
 To that blest son of foresight ! Lord of fate !
 That awful independent on *to-morrow* !
 Whose *work is done* ; who triumphs in the *past* ;
 Whose *yesterdays* look backward with a smile ;
 Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly ;
 That common, but opprobrious lot ! Past hours,
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;
 All god-like passion for eternals quench'd ;
 All relish of realities expir'd ;
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies ;
 Our freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our desire ;
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar ;
 Prone to the centre ; crawling in the dust ;
 Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim ;
 Embruted ev'ry faculty divine ;
 Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.—
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
 On Thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
 chang'd ;
 Though we from *earth* ; *ethereal*, they that fell.
 Such veneration due, O man ! to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
 For what, gay friend ! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
 Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night ?
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude ; we gaze around ;
 We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
 We sigh, we sink ; and *are* what we deplor'd ;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot !

Is Death at distance ? No : He has been on thee ;
 And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.

Those hours, which lately smil'd, where are they
now?

Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues !
And dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing : How fleet their flight !
Already has the fatal train took fire ;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee ;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;
And ask them, what report they bore to heav'n ;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *experience* call ;
If *wisdom's* friend, her best ; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them ! Kind *experience* cries,
" There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;
" The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;
" And by success, are tutor'd to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but *must* be so.

Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes ?
Since, by *life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep 'till earth herself shall be no more.
Since *then* (as Emmets, their small world o'er-
thrown)

We, sore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controller of the skies !)
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time !) decrees ;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm ?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead !
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,

O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Assyrian* pale,
Ere-while high-flush'd with insolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial speaks; and points to thee,
LORENZO! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man! thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Its silent language such: Nor need'st thou call
Thy *magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the *Medean*, fate is in thy walls:
Dost ask, *How? Whence? Belshazzar* like, amaz'd!
Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: Ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.

But here, LORENZO, the delusion lies;
That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
It life resembles too: Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; *Gnomons*, time:
As *these* are useless when the sun is set;
So *those*, but when more glorious *reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise, than he's aware;
A *Wilmington* goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *this*, or similar, PHILANDER ! Thou
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue ;
 And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;
 How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !
 How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
 By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
 Best found, so sought ; to the *recluse* more coy !
 Thoughts disentangle, passing o'er the lip ;
 Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown-away,
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song ;
 Song, fashionably fruitless ; such as stains
 The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *passion* fires ;
 Chiming her saints to *Cytherea's* fane.

Know'st thou, LORENZO ! what a friend contains ?
 As bees *mix'd Nectar* draw from fragrant flow'rs,
 So men from FRIENDSHIP, *wisdom* and *delight* ;
 Twins ty'd by nature ; if they part, they die.
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad ?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts, shut up, want
 air,

And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd ;
 Speech, thought's canal ! Speech, Thought's criterion
 too !

Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross ;
 When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
 If sterling, store it for thy future use ;
 'Twill buy thee benefit ; perhaps renown.
 Thought too, deliver'd, is the more possest ;
 Teaching, we learn ; and, giving, we retain
 The births of intellect ; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire ;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;
 Brightens, for ornament, and whets, for use.
 What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie
 Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
 And rusted in ; who might have borne an edge,
 And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech !
 If born blest heirs to half their mother's tongue !

'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate
push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.

In *contemplation* is his proud resource?

'Tis poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd.

Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation's* field;

Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit

Of due restraint; and *emulation's* spur

Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.

'Tis *converse* qualifies for solitude!

As exercise, for salutary rest.

By that untutor'd, *contemplation* raves;

And *nature's* fool, by *wisdom's* is outdone.

Wisdom, though richer than *Peruvian* mines,

And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,

What is she, but the means of *happiness*?

That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;

A melancholy fool, without her bells.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives

The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.

Nature, in zeal for human amity,

Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.

Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;

Joy flies monopolists: It calls for *two*;

Rich fruit! Heav'n planted! never pluck'd by *one*.

Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give

To *social* man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves descending in a line

Pleasure's bright beam, is feeble in delight:

Delight intense, is taken by rebound;

Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

VARIATIONS.

After line 11. the early editions read thus:

"By that untutor'd, Contemplation raves

"A lunnar Prince, or famish'd Beggar dies;

"And Nature's fool, by Wisdom's is outdone."

And lines 18 and 19, stand thus:

"Friendship the means, and Friendship richly gives

"The precious end," &c.

Celestial *happiness*, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend ;
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.
 Beware the counterfeit : In *passion's* flame
 Hearts melt ; but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
 True love strikes root in *reason* ; passion's foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life :
 I wrong her much—entenders us for ever :
 Of *friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
 And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
 O the soft enmity ! Endearing strife !
 This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

From *friendship*, which outlives my former themes,
 Glorious survivor of old *time*, and *death* !
 From friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly seed,
 The wise extract earth's most *hyblean* bliss,
 Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian* flow'r ?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at *home*.
 LORENZO ! pardon what my love extorts,
 An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
 Though choice of follies fasten on the *great*,
 None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond,
 That sacred friendship is their easy prey ;
 Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
 Or fascination of a high-born smile.
 Their smiles, the *great*, and the *coquet*, throw out
 For others hearts, tenacious of their own ;
 And we no less of ours, when *such* the bait.
 Ye fortune's cofferers ! Ye pow'rs of wealth !
 You do your *rent-rolls* most felonious wrong,

VARIATION.

After line 22, in some editions, these are inserted ;

“ For joy, from Friendship born, abounds in smiles

“ O store it in the soul's most golden cell !”

By taking our attachment to *yourselves*.
 Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope
 As well mere man an angel might beget.
 Love, and love only, is the loan for love.

LORENZO! Pride repress; nor hope to find
 A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
 All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
 And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
 I shew thee friendship delicate, as dear,
 Of tender violations apt to die?

Reserve will wound it; and *distrust*, destroy.
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend.

But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
 Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;

First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;
 Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
 Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
 Judge before friendship, then confide, till death.

Well, for thy friend; but nobler far, for thee;
 How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!

A friend is worth all hazard we can run.

"Poor is the friendless master of a world:

"A world, in purchase for a friend, is gain."

So sung he (angels hear that angel sing!

Angels from friendship gather half their joy

So sung PHILANDER, as his friend went round

In the rich *Ichor*, in the gen'rous blood

Of BACCHUS, purple god of joyous wit,

A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.

He drank long health, and virtue to his friend;

His friend, who warm'd him more, who more in-
 spir'd.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship *new*

(Not such was his) is neither strong, nor pure.

O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,

And elevating spirit, of a friend,

For twenty summers rip'ning by my side;

All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;

All social virtues rising in his soul;

As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!

Here Nectar flows ; it sparkles in our sight ;
 Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
 High-flavour'd bliss for Gods ! on earth how rare !
 On earth how *lost* !—*PHILANDER* is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song ?
 Am I too warm ?—Too warm I cannot be.
 I lov'd him much ; but now I love him more.
 Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
 'Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
 Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold ;
 How blessings brighten as they take their flight !
 His flight *PHILANDER* took ; his upward flight,
 If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
 (That Eagle genius !) O had he let fall
 One feather as he flew ! I, then, had wrote,
 What friends might flatter ; prudent foes forbear ;
 Rivals scarce damn ; and *ZOILUS* reprieve.
 Yet what I can, I must : It were profane
 To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
 And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
 Strange ! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
 Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung !
 And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian* ; to the blush of wit.
 Man's highest triumph ! Man's profoundest fall !
 The *death-bed* of the just ! is yet undrawn
 By mortal hand : It merits a divine :
 Angels should paint it, angels ever *there* ;
 There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

Dare I presume, then ? But *PHILANDER* bids ;
 And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
 Yet am I struck ; as struck the soul, beneath
 Aërial groves' impenetrable gloom ;
 Or, in some mighty ruin's solemn shade ;
 Or gazing by pale lamps on *high-born dust*,
 In vaults ; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings !
 Or, at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.
 It is religion to proceed : I pause—
 And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
 Is it his *death-bed* ? No : It is his shrine :
 Behold him, there, just rising to a God.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
 Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
 Fly, ye profane ! If not, draw near with awe,
 Receive the blessing and adore the chance,
 That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease ;
 If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
 For, *here*, resistless demonstration dwells ;
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here, tir'd *dissimulation* drops her mask,
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene
Here, real, and apparent, are the same.
 You see the *man* ; you see his hold on heav'n ;
 If sound his virtue ; as PHILANDER's sound.
 Heav'n waits not the *last* moment ; owns her friends
 On *this* side death ; and points them out to men ;
 A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r !
 To vice, confusion ; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death ;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
 PHILANDER ! he severely frown'd on thee.
 " No warning giv'n ! Unceremonious fate !
 A sudden rush from life's meridian joys !
 A wrench from all we *love* ! from all we *are* !
 A restless bed of pain ! a plunge opaque
 Beyond conjecture ! Feeble *nature's* dread !
 Strong *reason's* shudder at the dark unknown !
 A sun extinguish'd ! a just op'ning grave !
 And oh ! the last, last ; what ? (can words express ?
 Thought reach ?) the last, last—*Silence* of a friend !"
 Where are those horrors, that amazement where,
 This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
 Demand from man ?—I thought him man till *now*.
 Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
 (Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom)
 What gleams of joy ! what more than human peace !
 Where, the frail mortal ? the poor abject worm ?
 No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.
 His conduct is a legacy for all.
 Richer than *mammon's* for his single heir.

His comforters he comforts ; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime ; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene !
Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man ?
His God sustains him in his final hour !
His final hour brings glory to his God !
Man's glory heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze ; we weep ; mixt tears of grief and joy !
Amazement strikes ! Devotion bursts to flame !
Christians adore ! and *Infidels* believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the sun, illustrious from its height ;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vale,
Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
PHILANDER, thus, augustly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng :
Sweet *peace*, and heav'nly *hope*, and humble *joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre, bright.



THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THIRD,

NARCISSA.

To her Grace the Dutchess of P——.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.—Virg.

FROM *dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze
runs mad,
To *reason*, that heav'n lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.
O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Communion sweet! Communion large, and high!
Our *reason*, *guardian angel*, and our *God*!
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote, but *these*.
How dreadful *then*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! Unacknowledg'd! Unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;

To win thy wish, creation has no more.

Or, if we wish a *fourth*, it is a friend—

But friends, how mortal! Dang'rous the desire.

Take PHEBUS to yourselves, ye basking bards!

Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head;

And reeling through the wilderness of joy!

Where *sense* runs savage, broke from *reason's* chain,

And sings false peace, 'till smother'd by the pall.

My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;

Unlike the Deity my song invokes.

I to *day's* soft ey'd sister pay my court,

(ENDYMION's rival!) and her aid implore;

Now first implor'd in succour to the *muse*.

Thou, who didst lately borrow CYNTHIA's * form,

And modestly forego thine own! O thou

Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!

Say, why not CYNTHIA, patroness of song?

As thou her crescent, she thy character

Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute

This revolution in the world *inspir'd*?

Ye train *Pierian*! to the *Lunar* sphere,

In silent hour, address your ardent call

For aid immortal; less her brother's right.

She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads

The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain;

A strain for Gods, deny'd to mortal ear.

Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heav'n!

What title, or what name, endears thee most!

CYNTHIA! CYLLENE! PHOEBE!—or dost hear

With higher gust, fair P——d' of the skies?

Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,

More pow'rful than of old *Circean* charm?

Come; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring

The soul of song, and whisper in mine ear

The theft divine; or in propitious dreams

(For dreams are thine) transfuse it thro' the breast

Of thy first votary——But not thy last;

If, like thy *namesake*, thou art ever kind.

* At the Duke of Norfolk's Masquerade.

And kind thou wilt be ; kind on such a theme ;
 A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !
 A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
 'Twas *night* ; on her fond hopes perpetual night ;
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
 Than that which smote me from PHILANDER'S tomb.
 NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
 Woes cluster ; rare are *solitary* woes ;
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel ;
 Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
 The grief that started from my lids for him :
 Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
 Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
 Sorrow he more than causes, he confounds ;
 For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
 And make distress, distraction. Oh PHILANDER !
 What was thy fate ? A double fate to me ;
 Portent, and pain ! a menace, and a blow !
 Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
 Not less a bird of omen than of prey.
 It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour ;
 It call'd her tender soul by break of bliss,
 From the first blossom, from the buds of joy ;
 Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
 In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist ! and beautiful as sweet !
 And young as beautiful ! and soft as young !
 And gay as soft ! and innocent as gay !
 And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good !
 For fortune fond, had built her nest on high.
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
 Transfix'd by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark)
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious ! All its charm
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song !
 Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her !) thrilling through my heart !
 Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy ! this group
 Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,

As yet unforfeit ! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the skies ; as all
 We guess of heav'n ; And *these* were all her own.
 And she was mine ; and I was—*was* most blest—
 Gay title of the deepest misery !
 As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life ;
Good, lost, weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy.
 Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
 Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier there ;
 Far lovelier ! Pity swells the tide of love.
 And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?
 Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep :
 Our tears *indulg'd*, indeed deserve our shame.
 Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;
 And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
 Pale Omen sat ; and scatter'd fears around
 On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,
 That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
 And bore her nearer to the sun ; the sun
 (As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
 Deny'd his wonted succour nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
 Of lilies ! Fairest lilies not so fair.

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ;
 In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun ; which gives your cheeks to glow,
 And out-blush (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair ;
 You gladder grew, ambitious of her hand,
 Which often crop'd your odours, incense meet
 To thought so pure. Ye lovely fugitives !

VARIATION.

"To thought so pure," &c.—In the early editions, thus:
 To thought so pure ; *her flow'ry state of mind*
In joy unsal'n. Ye lovely fugitives

Coëval race with man ! for man you smile ;
 Why not smile *at* him too ? You share indeed
 His sudden pass ; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
 But what his glowing passions can engage ;
 And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
 Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;
 And anguish, after rapture, how severe !
 Rapture ! Bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine,
 By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
 Whilst *here*, presuming on the rights of heav'n,
 For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
 LORENZO ? At thy friend's expence be wise ;
 Lean not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
 A broken reed, at best ; but, oft, a spear ;
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
 Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her : Thought
 repell'd,

Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
 Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
 And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd !
 And when high-flavour'd thy fresh op'ning joys !
 And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete !
 And on a foreign shore ; where strangers wept !
 Strangers to thee ; and, more surprising still,
 Strangers to kindness, wept : Their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears ; strange tears ; that trick'led down
 From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe ;
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd ;
 While *nature* melted, *superstition* rav'd ;
 That mourn'd the dead, and *this* deny'd a grave.

Their sighs incens'd ; sighs foreign to the will !
 Their will the *Tyger* suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
 For Oh ! the curst ungodliness of zeal !
 While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurst
 In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
 The *sainted spirit* petrify'd the breast ;
 Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
 O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do ? What succour ? What resource ?

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole ;
 With impious piety that grave I wrong'd ;
 Short in my duty ; coward in my grief !
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
 With soft-suspended step ; and, muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
 I *whisper'd* what should echo through their realms :
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the
 skies.

Presumptuous fear ! how durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade ! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;
 Half execration mingled with my prayer ;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ;
 Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;
 Stamp'd the curst soil ; and with humanity
 (Denied NARCISSA) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow's my resentment into guilt ? What guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead ?
 The dead, how sacred ! Sacred is the dust
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine !
 This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.
 When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend ;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt ;
 When man can wreak his rancour *uncontroul'd*,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will ;
 Then, spleen to *dust* ! the dust of innocence !
 An angel's dust !—This *Lucifer* transcends ;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride ;
 The strife of Pontiff pride, not Pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race
 Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love ;
 And *uncreated*, but for love divine ;
 And, but for love divine, this moment, *lost*,
 By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
 Man hard of heart to man ! Of horrid things
 Most horrid ! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange !

Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs ;
 Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
 And contumelious his humanity :
 What then his vengeance ? Hear it not ye stars !
 And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the sound :
 Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.

A previous blast foretels the rising storm ;
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ;
 Volcano's bellow ere they disembody ;
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;
 And smoke betrays the wide consuming fire :
 Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of fancy ? Would it were !
 Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings but himself,
 That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.

Fir'd is the muse ? And let the muse be fir'd :
 Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
 And in the nerve most tender, in his friends ?
 Shame to mankind ! PHILANDER had his foes ;
 He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.
 But he, nor I, feel more : Past ills, NARCISSA !
 Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart !
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs ;
 Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
 O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clust'ring there
 Thick as the locust on the land of Nile,
 Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
 How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd !
 An aspic, each ; and all, an *Hydra*-woe.
 What strong *Herculean* virtue could suffice ?
 Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here ?
 This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews ;
 And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress ;
 And each distress distinctly mourn'd, demands
 Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
 A grief like *this* proprietors excludes ;
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore :
 They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs
 Far as the fatal *fame* can wing her way ;

And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down the right channel, through the vale of death.

The vale of death ! that hush'd *Cimmerian* vale,
Where *darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day !) that interdicts all future change !
That subterranean world, that land of ruin !
Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought !
There let my thought expatiate ; and explore
Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.
For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,
My soul ! " The fruits of dying friends survey ;
Expose the *vain* of life ; weigh life and death :
Give death his eulogy ; thy fear subdue ;
And labour that first palm of noble minds,
A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy NARCISSA's grave.
As poets feign'd, from AJAX' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r ;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends ; what fruit from these ?
It brings us more than triple aid ; an aid
To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.
X Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours ; and abate ;
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Cross our obstructed way ; and thus to make
Welcome, as *safe*, our port from ev'ry storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,

VARIATION.

After line 22, in one edition, these are found:

" Rich fruit this tempest in our bosom throws,

" Few minds will gather in our life serene :"

Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up,
 * O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love ;
 For *us* they languish, and for *us* they die :
 And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address ;
 Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r ?
 Senseless as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
 Tread underfoot their agonies and groans ;
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?

LORENZO ! no ; the thought of death indulge ;
 Give it its wholesome empire ! let it reign,
 That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy !
 Its reign will spread thy glorious conquest far,
 And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast ;
 Auspicious *Æra* ! Golden days begin !
 The thought of death, shall, like a god, inspire.
 And why not think on death ? Is life the theme
 Of ev'ry thought ? and wish of ev'ry hour ?
 And song of ev'ry joy ? Surprising truth !
 The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
 To wave the num'rous *ills* that seize on life
 As their own property, their lawful prey ;
 Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
 His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
 No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights ;
 On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists,
 And in the tasteless *present*, chews the *past* ;
 Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
 Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
 Have disinherited his future hours,
 Which starve on *orts*, and *glean* their former field.
 Live ever here, LORENZO !—Shocking thought !
 So shocking, they who wish, disown it too ;
 Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
 Live ever in the womb, nor see the light !
 For what live ever here ?—With lab'ring step

* In the early editions—"O'er putrid *pride*," &c.

To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
 Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
 Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat,
 The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
 The former mock? To surfeit on the same,
 And yawn our joys; or thank a misery
 For change, tho' sad? To see what we have seen?
 Hear, 'till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
 To taste the tasted, and at each return
 Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
 Another vintage? Strain a flatter year,
 Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
 Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted! Load, not life!
 'The *rational* foul kennels of excess!
 Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch!
 Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the
 bowl.

Such of our *fine ones* is the wish refin'd!
 So would they have it: Elegant desire!
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
 But such examples might their riot awe.
 Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
 (Tho' on *bright thought* they father all their flights,)
 To what are they reduc'd? To love and hate,
 The same vain world; to censure and espouse,
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
 Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
 Thro' dread of worse? To cling to this rude rock,
 Barren, *to them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
 Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
 Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!
 'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
 This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure?
 One only: but that one, what all may reach;
 VIRTUE—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
 That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted shrew*;
 And what will more surprise, LORENZO! gives
 To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change;
 And straitens nature's circle to a line.

Believ'st thou this, LORENZO? Lend an ear,
A patient ear; thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste: The cuckow-seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
To doating *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence possess,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliss*;
Virtue, which christian motives best inspire!
And *bliss*, which christian schemes alone ensure!

And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates? and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
"He sins against *this* life, who slights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their fav'rite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value, as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our *all*, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;

In prospect richer far ; important ! awful !
 Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise !
 Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy !
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss !

Where now the *barren rock* ? the *painted shrew* ?
 Where now, LORENZO ! Life's *eternal round* ?
 Have I not made my triple promise good !
 Vain is the world ; but only to the vain.
 To what compare we then this varying scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines ?
 Waxes, and wanes ? (In all propitious, *night*
 Assists me here :) compare it to the moon ;
 Dark in herself, and indigent ; but rich
 In *borrow'd* lustre from a higher sphere.
 When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy ;
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that glory distant : Oh LORENZO !
 A good man, and an angel ! these between
 How thin the barrier ? What divides their fate ?
 Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year ;
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still ;
 A moment, or eternity's forgot.
 Then be, what once they were, who now are gods ;
 Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies.
 Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass ?
 The *soft transition* call it, and be cheer'd :
Such it is often, and why not to thee ?
 To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise ;
 And may itself *procure* what it *presumes*.
 Life is much flattered, death is much traduc'd :
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
 “ *Strange competition !* ”—True, LORENZO !

Strange !
 So little *life* can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependant on the dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 Thro' chinks, styl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light ;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day ;
 All eye, all ear, the disembod' d pow'r.
Death has feign'd evils, *nature* shall not feel ;

Life, ill's substantial, *wisdom* cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of heav'n,
 By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
 By *death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but entombs the body; *life* the soul.

"Is *death* then guiltless? How he marks his way
 "With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!

"Art, genius, fortune, elevated pow'r!

"With various lustres *these* light up the world,

"Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."

I grant, LORENZO! this indictment just:

The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!

Death humbles these; more barb'rous *life* the man.

Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;

Death, of the spirit infinite, divine!

Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;

Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.

No bliss has *life* to boast, 'till *death* can give

Far greater; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,

Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.

LORENZO! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,

Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,

To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,

Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps

Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.

Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,

In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!

LORENZO! blush at *terror* for a *death*,

Which gives thee to repose in festive bow'rs,

Where nectars sparkle; angels minister,

And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,

And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.

What need I more? O *death*, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,

Age and *disease*; disease, though long my guest,

That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;

Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,

That calls my few friends to my funeral;

Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,

While reason and religion, better taught,

Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb

With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;

It binds in chains the raging ills of life ;
Lust and *Ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his pow'r.
 That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
 Are not *immortal* too, O death ! is thine.
 Our day of dissolution !—Name it right ;
 'Tis our great pay-day ; 'tis our harvest, rich
 And ripe : What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
 Just scars us as we reap the golden grain ?
 More than thy balm, O *Gilead* ! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death's* deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-taxt nature pays
 For mighty gain : The gain of each, a life !
 But O ! the last, the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd ! *Life* lives beyond the grave.
 And feel I, *Death* ! no joy from thought of thee ?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
 With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed !
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man !
Death, the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns !
Death, that absolves my birth ! a curse without it !
 Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes ; without it a chimera !
Death, of all *pain* the period, not of joy ;
 Joy's *source*, and *subject*, still subsist unhurt ;
 One, in my soul ; and one, in her great sire ;
 Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
 Yes, and from winds and waves, and central night,
 Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
 (To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
 And live *entire*. *Death* is the crown of life :
 Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death deny'd, to live would not be life ;
 Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure : We fall ; we rise ; we reign !
 Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ;
 Where blooming *Eden* withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in *Eden* lost ;
 This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
 When shall I die ?—When shall I live for ever ?

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT FOURTH.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

*Containing our only Cure for the fear of Death,
and proper Sentiments of Heart on that inestimable Blessing.*

To the Honourable Mr. Yorke.

A MUCH indebted Muse, O YORKE! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a *serious* song.

How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sov'reign cure.

Why start at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is past; not come, or gone; He's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *sensation* fails; black-boding man
Receives, not *suffers*, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,
Man makes a death, which Nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in *fearing* one.

But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
 If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
 And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
 I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
 My younger; ev'ry date cries—"Come away."
 And what recalls me? Look the world around,
 And tell me what: The wisest cannot tell.
 Should any born of woman give his thought
 Full range, on just *dislike's* unbounded field;
 Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
 Flaws in the *best*; the many, flaw all o'er;
 As *Leopards*, spotted, or, as *Æthiops*, dark;
 Vivacious, *ill*; *good*, dying, immature;
 (How immature, *NARCISSA's* marble tells;)
 And at its death bequeathing endless pain;
 His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
 And spend itself in sighs for *future* scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant
 To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy;
 A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
 [And that of no great moment, or delight,]
 Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more.
 But from our *comment* on the comedy,
 Pleasing *reflections* on parts well-sustain'd,
 Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
 Toss *fortune* back her tinsel, and her plume,
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.
 With *me*, that time is come; *my* world is dead;
 A new world rises, and new manners reign:
 Foreign comedians (a spruce band) arrive,
 To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
 What a pert race starts up! The strangers gaze,
 And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
 Nor that the worst: Ah me! the dire effect
 Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long;
 Of old so gracious (and let that suffice)
 My very master knows me not.—

Shall I dare say, Peculiar is the fate?
 I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.

An object ever pressing, dims the sight,
 And hides behind its ardour to be seen.
 When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
 They drink it as the nectar of the great;
 And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow :
Refusal! can'st thou wear a smoother form?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme :
 Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death* :
 Twice-told the period spent on stubborn *Troy*,
 Court-favour, yet untaken, I besiege ;
 Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
 Alas ! *Ambition* makes my little, *less* ;
 Embitt'ring the possess'd : Why wish for more ?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst ;
 Philosophy's reverse ; and health's decay !
 Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
 Were I as wealthy as a *south-sea* dream
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant *hectic* of a fool ;
 Caught at a court ; purg'd off by purer air,
 And simpler diet ; gifts of rural life !

Blest be that Hand Divine, which gently laid
 My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
 The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril :
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms ;
 And meditate on scenes, more silent still ;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager *ambition's* fiery chace I see ;
 I see the circling hunt of noisy men,
 Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's prey ;
 As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;
 'Till *death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
 Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
 What, though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,

Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies:"
 And "dust to dust" concludes her *noblest* song.
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One (though in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred)
 Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late;
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church or state;
 Some avocation deeming it—to die;
 Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*;
 Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.
 O my coëvals! Remnants of yourselves!
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
 With av'rice and convulsions, grasping hard?
 Grasping at *air*! for what has earth beside?
 Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
 How soon must he resign his very dust,
 Which frugal Nature lent him for an hour!
 Years *inexperient*'d rush on num'rous ills;
 And soon as man, *expert* from time, has found
 The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
 When in this vale of years I backward look,
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
 I still survive: And am I fond of life,
 Who scarce can think it possible I live?
 Alive by miracle, or, what is next,
 Alive by MEAD! If I am still alive,
 Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
 Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
 Life's lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*
 And *rapid*; sense and reason shew the door,
 All for my bier, and point me to the dust.
 O Thou great Arbiter of life and death!
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!

Whose all prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence; and couldst know
 No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
 I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust;
 Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
 All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!
 Though *Nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repress;
 Still frowns grim *death*; guilt points the tyrant's
 spear.

And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
 Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm
 Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
 And smil'd, unsmitten: Small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upward shot,
 More dreadful by delay: the longer ere
 They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
 O think how deep, *LORENZO!* *here* it stings:
 Who can appease its anguish? How it burns!
 What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can draw?
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
 And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?
 With joy—with grief, that *healing hand* I see;
 Ah! too conspicuous! It is fix'd on high.
 On *high*?—What means my frenzy? I blaspheme;
 Alas! how *low*! how far beneath the skies!
 The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*.
 Draw the dire steel—Ah no!—the *dreadful* blessing
 What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
 There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
 The falling universe: That gone, we drop!
 Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
 Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
 Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!

In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell?
 O what a groan was there! a groan *not his*.
 He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
 And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
 A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear.
 Sensations *new* in angels' bosoms rise;
 Suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss.

O for *their* song to reach my lofty theme!
 Inspire me, *night*! with all thy tuneful spheres!
 [Much rather *thou*! who dost these spheres in-
 spire!]*

Whilst I with *seraphs* share seraphic themes,
 And shew to men the dignity of Man;
 Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
 Shall *Pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
 And *Christian*, languish? On our hearts, not heads,
 Falls the foul infamy: My heart! awake.
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
 "Expended Deity on human weal?"
 Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold night
 Of *Heathen* error, with a golden flood
 Of endless day: To feel, is to be fir'd;
 And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Pow'r!
 Still more tremendous for thy wond'rous love!
 That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
 And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night;
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
 In love immense, inviolably just,
 Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
 Didst stain the *cross*; and, work of wonders far
 The greatest! that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought! shall I dare speak it, or repress?
 Should Man more *execrate*, or *boast* the guilt
 Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love in-
 flam'd?
 O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-stretch'd
 arms,

* This line is found in only one edition that has been examined.

Stern *justice* and soft-smiling *love*, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost.

What, but the *fathomless* of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? Both rescue! Both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the *deed*!

The wond'rous deed! or shall I call it *more*?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself!

A mystery, no less to gods than men!

Not *thus*, our Infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
A God all o'er consummate, absolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds Heav'n's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim Heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye baptis'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains!
The ransom was paid down! the fund of Heav'n,
Heav'n's inexhaustible exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: Though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.

And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: *Midnight* veil'd his face;
Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;
A *midnight*, Nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his
cross;

Made groan the centre ; burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs ! deliver'd of her dead ?
 Hell howl'd ; and Heav'n *that* hour let fall a tear ;
 Heav'n wept, that men might smile ! Heav'n bled,
 that man

Might never die !—

And is devotion virtue ? 'Tis *compell'd* :

What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts like
 these ?

Such contemplations mount us ; and should mount
 The mind still high'r ; nor ever glance on man,
 Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
 To rest from wonders ? Other wonders rise !

And strike where'er they roll : My soul is caught :
 Heav'n's sov'reign blessings, clust'ring from the
 cross,

Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
 The pris'ner of amaze !—In his blest *life*,

I see the *path*, and, in his *death*, the *price*,

And in his great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme
 Of immortality.—And did he rise ?

Hear, O ye nations ! hear it, O ye dead !

He rose ! He rose ! He burst the bars of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !

And give the King of Glory to come in.

Who is the King of Glory ? He who left

His Throne of Glory, for the pang of death :

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !

And give the King of Glory to come in.

Who is the King of Glory ? He who slew

The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race !

The King of Glory, He, whose glory fill'd

Heav'n with amazement at his love to man ;

And with divine complacency beheld

Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain ?

Oh the burst gates ! crush'd sting ! demolish'd
 Throne !

Last gasp ! of vanquish'd death, shout Earth and
 Heav'n !

This *sum of good* to man : *Whose* nature, then,
 Took wing, and mounted with Him from the tomb !
 Then, then I rose ; then first *humanity*
 Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
 (Stupendous guest !) and seiz'd eternal youth,
 Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
 To call man mortal. Man's mortality
 Was, then, transferr'd to death ; and Heav'n's du-
 ration

Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
 This child of dust.—Man, all immortal ! hail ;
 Hail, Heav'n ! all-lavish of strange gifts to man !
 Thine all the glory ; man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
 On Christian joy's exulting wing ? above
 Th' *Aonian* mount !—Alas, small cause for joy !
 What if to pain immortal ? If extent
 Of being, to preclude a close of woe ?
 Where, then, my boast of immortality ?
 I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt ;
 For *guilt*, not innocence, his life he pour'd !
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death ;
 Nor that, unless his death can justify
 Relenting guilt in Heav'n's indulgent sight.
 If, sick of folly, I relent ; he writes
 My name in Heav'n, with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood !) which pierc'd his side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind,
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live :
This, only this, subdues the *fear of death*.

And what is *this* ?—Survey the wond'rous cure ;
 And at each step, let higher wonder rise !
 " Pardon for infinite offence ! and pardon
 Through means, that speak its value infinite !
 A pardon bought with blood ! with blood *divine* !
 With blood divine of him, I made my foe !
 Persisted to provoke ! though woo'd and aw'd,
 Blest and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still !
 A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne !
 Nor I alone ! a rebel universe !
 My species up in arms ! not one exempt !

Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies ;
 Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt !
 As if our race were held of highest rank ;
 And godhead dearer, as more kind to man !"

Bound, ev'ry heart ! and ev'ry bosom, burn !

Oh what a scale of miracles is here !

Its lowest round, high planted in the skies ;

Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought

Of man or angel ! Oh that I could climb

The wonderful ascent with equal praise !

Praise ! flow for ever, (if astonishment

Will give thee leave) my praise ! for ever flow ;

Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heav'n

More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd,

And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to Heav'n, shall *praise* descend,

With her soft plume (from *plausible* angel's wing

First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,

Thus diving in the pockets of the great ?

Is *praise* the perquisite of ev'ry paw,

Tho' black as hell, that grapples well for gold ?

Oh love of gold ! thou meanest of amours !

Shall *praise* her odours waste on VIRTUE's dead !

Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,

Earn dirty bread by washing *Æthiops* fair,

Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,

A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts,

Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect

Their future ornaments ? From courts and thrones,

Return, apostate *praise !* thou vagabond !

Thou prostitute ! to thy first love return,

Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd theme.

There flow redundant ; like *meander* flow,

Back to thy fountain ; to that parent pow'r,

Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,

The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,

Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow

In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,

Of guilt to guilt ; and turn their backs on thee,

Great Sire ! whom Thrones celestial ceaseless sing ;

To prostrate angels, an amazing scene !

Oh the presumption of man's awe for man !
 Man's author ! end ! restorer ! law and judge !
 Thine, all ; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
 With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds :
 What, night eternal, but a frown from thee ?
 What, Heav'n's meridian glory, but thy smile ?
 And shall not *praise* be thine ? Not human praise !
 While Heav'n's high host on *hallelujahs* live ?

O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
 My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,
 Cut thro' the shades of hell, *great love* ! by Thee,
 Oh most adorable ! most unador'd !
 Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should
 end ?

Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause !
 How is *night's* sable mantle labour'd o'er,
 How richly wrought with attributes divine !
 What *wisdom* shines ! what *love* ! this midnight
 pomp,

This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd !
 Built with divine ambition ! nought to thee ;
 For others this profusion : Thou, apart,
 Above ! Beyond ! O tell me, mighty mind !
 Where art thou ? Shall I dive into the *deep* ?
 Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
 For their Creator ? Shall I question loud,
 The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells ?
 Or holds the furious *storms*, in straiten'd reins,
 And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car ?

What mean these questions ?—Trembling, I re-
 tract ;

My prostrate soul adores the *present* God.
 Praise I a distant Deity ? He tuncs
 My voice (if tun'd ;) the nerve that writes sustains :
 Wrap'd in his being, I resound his praise :
 But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence ; *local* is his throne (as meet)
 To gather the disperst (as standards call
 The listed from afar ;) to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,

Since *finite* ev'ry nature, but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth;
And *nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile!

The great *First-Last*! pavilion'd high he sits
In darkness, from excessive splendour, borne,
By gods unseen, unless thro' lustre lost.

His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; He looks down
On all that soars; and spans immensity.

Tho' *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his Majesty.

And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of Heav'n?
Down to the centre should I send my thought,
Through beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness: If, on tow'ring wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars,
(The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to

Thee,

Great, good, wise, wonderful, eternal King!)
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.

Still more—This theme is Man's and Man's alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not: They see
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;

And *downward* look for Heav'n's superior praise!
First-born of ether! high in fields of light!

View Man, to see the glory of your God!

Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;

And some *did* envy; and the rest, though gods,

Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs Man,

Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)

They less would *feel*, tho' more adorn my theme.

They sung *creation*, (for in that they shar'd;)

How rose in melody, the child of love !
Creation's great superior, Man ! is thine ;
 Thine is *redemption* ; they just gave the key ;
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song ;
 Though human, yet divine ; for should not *this*
 Raise Man o'er Man, and kindle seraphs *here* ?
Redemption ! 'twas Creation more sublime ;
Redemption ! 'twas the labour of the skies ;
 Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in Heav'n.
 A truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;
 If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

Here pause, and ponder : Was there death in
 Heav'n ?

What then on earth ? On *earth*, which struck the
 blow ?

Who struck it ? Who ?—O how is Man enlarg'd,
 Seen thro' this medium ! how the pigmy tow'rs !
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust !
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return !
 How voided his vast distance from the skies !
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing !
 Which is the seraph ? Which the born of clay ?
 How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud
 Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the Son of Heav'n !
 The *double* Son ; the made, and the re-made !
 And shall Heaven's double property be lost ?
 Man's double madness only can destroy ;
 To Man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all* ;
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace ;
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny ?
 O ye ! who, from this *Rock of ages*, leap,
 Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep !
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
 Our interest in the Master of the storm ?
 Cling there, and in wreck'd Nature's ruins *smile* ;
 While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.

Man ! Know thyself. All wisdom centres there !
 To none, Man seems ignoble, but to Man ;
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :
 How long shall human nature be *their* book,
 Degen'rate mortal ! and *unread* by thee ?

The beam dim *reason* sheds, shews wonders there ;
 What high contents ! Illustrious faculties !
 But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from Divine,
 By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *cross*.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial god ?

A glorious partner with the Deity

In that high attribute, immortal life ?

If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm :

I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul

Catches strange fire, eternity ! at thee ;

And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys :

How chang'd the face of nature ! how improv'd !

What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,

Or, what a world, an *Eden* ; heighten'd all !

It is another scene ! another self !

And still another, as time rolls along ;

And that a *self* far more illustrious still.

Beyond long ages yet roll'd up in shades

Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,

What evolutions of surprising fate !

How nature opens, and receives my soul

In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! Where gods

Encounter, and embrace me ! What new births

Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,

Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,

Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot !

Is this extravagant ? Of Man we form

Extravagant conception, to be just :

Conception unconfin'd, wants wings to reach him

Beyond its reach, the God-head only, more.

He, the great Father ! kindled at one flame

The world of rationals ; one spirit pour'd

From spirit's awful fountain ; pour'd himself

Through all their souls ; but not in equal stream,

Profuse, or frugal, of the inspiring God,

As his wise plan demanded ; and when past

Their various trials, in their various spheres,

If they *continue* rational, as made,

Resorbs them all into himself again ;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,
Tho' yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?

Angels are men of a superior kind ;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;
And men are angels loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise ;
While *here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the *glorious standard* soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent ; but not absent from their love.

MICHAEL has fought our battles ; RAPHAEL sung
Our triumphs ; GABRIEL on our errands flown,
Sent by the SOV'REIGN : and are these, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? And thou (shame
burn

The cheek to cinder !) Rival to the brute ?

Religion 's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out *this* world, and in her right, the *next* ;
Religion ! the sole voucher Man is Man ;
Supporter sole of Man above himself ;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul, a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! Providence ! and after-state !

Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock ;
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the *good* man fastens on the *skies*,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elysian* prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;

As if new-born, he triumphs in the change !
 So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
 And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
 Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
 To *Reason's* region, her own element,
 Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.
Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
 And, groaning *Calvary*, of thee ! *There* shine
 The noblest truths ; *there* strongest motives sting ;
 There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
 There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborne.
 Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun ;
He sighs !—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
 If in his love so terrible, what then
 His wrath inflam'd ? his tenderness on fire ;
 Like soft, smooth oil, out blazing other fires ?
 Can pray'r, can praise avert it ?—Thou, my *all* !
 My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
 My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world !
 My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
 My boast through time ! Bliss through eternity !
 Eternity ! too short to speak thy praise !
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man ;
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me !
 My sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these !
 What then art THOU ? by what name shall I call
 thee ?
 Knew I the name devout archangels use,
 Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
 By me unrival'd ; thousands more sublime,
 None half so dear, as that, which, though unspoke,
 Still glows at heart : O how Omnipotence
 Is lost in love ! thou great PHILANTHROPIST !
 Father of angels ! but the friend of Man !
 Like *Jacob*, fondest of the younger born !
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !
 How art thou pleas'd by bounty to distress !
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude,

Too big for birth ! to favour, and confound ;
 To challenge, and to distance all return !
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale !
 Thy right too great, defrauds thee of thy due ;
 And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
 But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,
 Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
 And future life symphonious to my strain,
 (That noblest hymn to Heav'n !) for ever lie
 Entomb'd my *fear of death* ! and ev'ry fear,
 The dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?
 Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
 Ye quietists, in homage to the skies !
 Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make
 An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
 Abhorring violence ! who *halt* indeed ;
 But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with Heav'n !
 Think you my song too turbulent ? too warm ?
 Are *passions*, then, the Pagans of the soul ?
Reason alone baptiz'd ? alone *ordain'd*
 To touch things sacred ? Oh for warmer still !
 Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs ;
 Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song !
 Thou, my much injur'd theme ! with that soft eye
 Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast ;
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.
 Oh, ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists !
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;
 Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
 Shall Heav'n which gave us ardour, and has shewn
 Her own for Man so strongly, not disdain
 What smooth emollients in theology,
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?
 Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd* ?
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to Heav'n ;
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;

High Heav'n's *Orchestra* chants *Amen* to man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of Heav'n,
Soft-wafted on celestial *Pity's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will *death* (now stingless,) like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? Oh when will *death*
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down!
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great *future*! glorious patron of the *past*,
And *present*! when shall I thy shrine adore?
From Nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
This dark, incarcerating *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to Nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne;
Who hears our advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Christian Triumph* a command:
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise;
'Tis impious, in a good man, to be sad.

Seest thou, **LORENZO**! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *cross*, we live, or *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that, which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory; partial *touch*!
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and sov'reign through the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From Heav'n through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *Nature*! and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to Heav'n, to heav'nly thrones trans-
forms

The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb !

Dost ask me when ? when HE who dy'd returns ;
Returns, how chang'd ! Where then the man of
woe ?

In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns ;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in Heav'n ;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude ; a radiant band
Of angels new ; of angels from the tomb.

Is this by fancy thrown remote ? and rise
Dark doubts between the promise and event ?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure ;
Read Nature ! Nature is a friend to truth ;
Nature is Christian ; preaches to mankind ;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze :
And, with him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point ;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes ;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct ; ev'n *Adders* hear,
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death,
To break the shock, blind *Nature* cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the *farther* shore.
Death's terror, is the mountain *faith* removes ;
That mountain-barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction ; and absolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve ? LORENZO ;—" *Reason* bids,
" All-sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still ;

Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame :
 All-sacred *Reason* ; source, and soul, of all
 Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above !
 My heart is thine : Deep in its inmost folds,
 Live thou with life ; live *dearer* of the two.
 Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp'd
 On passive Nature, before thought was born ?
 My birth's blind bigot ! fir'd with *local* zeal !
 No ; *Reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult ;
 Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale ;
 My heart became the convert of my head ;
 And made that *choice*, which once was but my *fate*.
 " On argument alone my faith is built : "

Reason pursu'd is *Faith* ; and unpursu'd
 Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more :
 And such our *proof*, that, or our *Faith* is *right*,
 Or *Reason* lies, and Heav'n design'd it *wrong* :
 Absolve we this ? What, then, is blasphemy ?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of *Faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard ;
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root ; fair *Faith* is but the flow'r ;
 The fading flow'r shall die ; but *Reason* lives
 Immortal as her Father in the skies.

When *Faith* is virtue, *Reason* makes it so.
 Wrong not the Christian ; think not *Reason* *yours* ;
 'Tis *Reason* our great *Master* holds so dear ;
 'Tis *Reason*'s injur'd rights his wrath resents ;
 'Tis *Reason*'s voice obey'd, his glories crown ;
 To give lost *Reason* life, he pour'd his own ;
Believe, and shew the reason of a man ;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a god ;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.
 Through *Reason*'s wounds alone thy *Faith* can die ;
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
 And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.

Learn hence what honours, what loud *peans* due
 To those, who push our *antidote* aside ;
 Those boasted friends to *Reason*, and to *Man*,
 Whose fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
 Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.

These pompous sons of *Reason* idolized
 And vilify'd at once ; of Reason dead,
 Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old ;
 What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?
 While *love of truth* through all their camp resounds,
 They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
 Spike up their inch of Reason, on the point
 Of philosophic wit, call'd argument ;
 And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
 " Behold the Sun ;" and, *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *morals* ? O thou bleeding Love !
 Thou Maker of *new* morals to mankind !
 The *grand* morality, is love of thee.
 As wise as SOCRATES, if such they were,
 (Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown ;)
 As wise as SOCRATES, might justly stand
 The definition of a modern fool.

A CHRISTIAN, is the highest style of man.
 And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
 As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow ?
 If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :
 The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
 More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell !

Ye sold to sense ! ye citizens of earth !
 (For such alone the Christian banner fly ;)
 Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain ?
 Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :

" He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,
 " And says he call'd another ; that arrives,
 " Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on ;
 " 'Till *One* calls him, who varies not his call,
 " But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
 " 'Till Nature dies, and judgment sets him free ;
 " A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;
 Add to life's highest prize, her latest hour ;
 That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
 That, like a post, comes on in full career :
 How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud !
 Where is the fable of thy former years ?
 Thrown down the gulph of time ; as far from thee

As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,
 Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;
 Scarce *now* possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;
 And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
 By strides as swift : Eternity is all ;
 And whose eternity ? Who triumphs there ?
 Bathing for ever in the font of bliss !
 For ever basking in the Deity !
 LORENZO ! who ?—Thy *conscience* shall reply.
 O give it leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,
 Thy leave unask'd : LORENZO ! hear it now,
 While useful its advice, its accent mild.
 By the great edict, the Divine decree,
Truth is deposited with man's *last hour* ;
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust ;
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity ;
Truth of his council, when he made the worlds ;
 Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;
 Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
 Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,
 That Heav'n-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
 But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
 Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,
 The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame ;
 Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
 Dark *Dæmons* I discharge, and *Hydra*-stings ;
 The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell :
 Just definition ! though by schools untaught.
 Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this parson'd page,
 And trust, for once, a prophet and a priest ;
 " Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT FIFTH.

THE RELAPSE.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Litchfield.

LORENZO ! to recriminate is just.
Fondness of fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.
As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *muse*
Has often blush'd at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause ;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd :
As if to magic numbers' pow'rful charm
'Twas giv'n, to make a *civit* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride* :
These share the man, and these distract him too ;
Draw diff'rent ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an Eagle, builds among the stars ;
But *pleasure*, Lark-like, nests upon the ground.

Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
 And both *at once*: A point how hard to gain!
 But what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
 Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *Reason's* taste;
 In subtle *sophistry's* laborious forge.

Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
 To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.

Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose;

Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:

A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,

A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,

To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,

And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.

Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no
 more;

That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.

Pleasure and *pride*, by nature, mortal foes,

At war eternal, which in man shall reign,

By *wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,

And, hand in hand, lead on the rank debauch,

From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.

Art, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush

From Nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.

Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,

And infamy stands candidate for praise.

All writ by man in favour of the soul,

These *sensual Ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.

The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd

O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.

Can pow'rs of genius exorcise their page,

And consecrate enormities with song?

But let not these inexpressible strains

Condemn the muse that knows her dignity;

Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world

As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,

A point in her esteem; from whence to start,

And run the round of universal space,

To visit being universal there,

And being's source, that utmost flight of mind!

Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
 Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
 Sing *Syrens* only? Do not angels sing?
 There is in *Poesy* a decent pride,
 Which well becomes her when she speaks to *Prose*,
 Her younger sister; haply, not more wise.

Think'st thou, LORENZO! to find pastimes here?
 No guilty passion blown into a flame,
 No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
 No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r,
 No rainbow colours, *here*, or silken tale:
 But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
 With double weight, through these revolving spheres,
 This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade;
Thoughts, such as shall re-visit your last hour;
 Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
 And thy dark pencil, *midnight*! darker still
 In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, ev'n *this*, my laughter-loving friends!
 LORENZO! and thy brothers of the smile!
 If what imports you most, can most engage,
 Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
 Or, if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
 The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
 And, feeling, give assent; and their assent
 Is ample recompense; is more than praise.
 But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD! nor mistake;
 Think not un introduc'd I force my way;
 NARCISSA, not unknown, not unall'd,
 By virtue, or by blood, illustrious Youth!
 To thee, from blooming *Amaranthine* bow'rs,
 Where all the language *harmony*, descends
 Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse:
 A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise;
 Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.

O thou! blest spirit! *whether* the supreme,
 Great ante-mundane Father! in whose breast
 Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
 And all its various revolutions roll'd
 Present, though future; prior to themselves;

Whose breath can blow it into nought again ;
 Or, from his throne some delegated pow'r,
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
 From vain and vile, to solid and sublime !

Unseen, thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,

And fuller of the God, than that which burst
 From fam'd *Castalia* : Nor is yet allay'd

My sacred thirst ; though long my soul has rang'd
 Through pleasing paths of *moral* and *divine*,
 By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the STARS.

By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought* ;
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.

By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
 Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
 Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.

By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
 Impos'd, precarious, broken, e're mature.

By *night* from objects free, from passion cool,
 Thoughts uncontroll'd, and unimpress'd, the births
 Of pure election, arbitrary range,
 Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd ;
 But from *ethereal* travels, light on *earth*,
 As voyages drop anchor, for repose.

Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore :

Darkness has more divinity for me ;

It strikes thought inward ; it drives back the soul
 To settle on herself, our point supreme !

There lies our theatre ! there sits our judge.

Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene ;

'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out

'Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis *Reason's* reign,

And *virtue's* too ; these tutelary shades

Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.

Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too ;

It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,

Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,

Nor touches on the world, without a stain :

The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,

Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we *thought*, is blotted ; we *resolv'd*,
 Is shaken ; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
 Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange : *Light, motion, concourse, noise*,
 All scatter us abroad ; thought outward-bound,
 Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe..
Present example gets within our guard,
 And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition ; *love of gain*
 Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast ;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe ;
 And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
 From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
 And shot at random, often has brought home
 A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
 Of *envy, rancour, or impure desire*.
 We see, we hear, with peril ; *Safety* dwells
 Remote from *multitude* ; the world's a school
 Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around !
 We must or imitate, or disapprove ;
 Must list as their accomplices, or foes ;
That stains our innocence ; *this* wounds our peace.
 From Nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
 With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.
 This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it ?
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
 Few are the faults we flatter, when *alone*,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
 And looks, like other objects, black by night.
 By *night*, an atheist half-believes a God.
 Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend ;
 The conscious moon, through ev'ry distant age,
 Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
 On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
 The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from Heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
 And form their manners, not inflame their pride,

While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
 His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
 And seem all gazing on their future guest,
 See him soliciting his ardent suit
 In private audience: All the live-long night,
 Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;
 Nor quits his theme, or posture, 'till the sun
 (Rude drunkard, rising rosy from the main!)
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
 And gives him to the tumult of the world.
 Hail, precious moments! stoll'n from the black waste
 Of murder'd Time! Auspicious *midnight*, hail!
 The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
 And open'd a calm intercourse with Heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
 Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm;
 All her lies answers, and *thinks* down her charms.

What awful joy! What mental liberty!
 I am not pent in darkness; rather say
 (If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
 Delightful gloom! the clust'ring thoughts around
 Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade;
 But droop by day, and sicken in the *Sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere; from that *first* fire,
 Fountain of animation! whence descends
 URANIA, my celestial guest! who deigns
 Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *now*
 Conscious how needful discipline to man,
 From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
 My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
 Far other beat of heart; NARCISSA's tomb!

Or is it feeble Nature calls me back,
 And breaks my spirit into grief again?
 Is it a *Stygian* vapour in my blood?
 A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
 Or is it *thus* with all men?—Thus with *all*.
 What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
 And now we sink; to be the *same*, transcends
 Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
 For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.

Reason, a baffled counsellor, but adds
 The blush of weakness, to the bane of woe.
 The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
 In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
 But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
 Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
 Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
 And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
 Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
 Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
 Where *grief* detain'd me pris'ner, mounting high,
 Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
 And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure,
 And struck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
 They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
 Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
 In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
 How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
 I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream:
 Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves;
 Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
 (Inestimable gain!) and gives Heav'n leave
 To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
 Ennobles man? What else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficient in thy school are made,
 Than *genius*, or *proud learning* e'er could boast.
Voracious learning, often over-fed,
 Digests not into sense her motley meal.
 This *book-case*, with dark booty almost burst,
 This *forager* on others' wisdom, leaves
 Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
 With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
 Dung'd, but not drest; and rich to beggary.
 A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
 Her *servant's* wealth incumber'd *wisdom* mourns.

And what says *genius*? "*Let the dull be wise.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;

And loves to boast, where blush, men less inspir'd.
 It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense* ;
 Considers *reason* as a leveller ;
 And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
 That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
 To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
 CRASSUS but sleeps, ARDELIO is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
 When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
 And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning show'r ;
 Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows ;
 Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
 If so, NARCISSA ! welcome my *Relapse* ;
 I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
 And reap rich compensation from my pain.
 I'll range the plenteous intellectual field ;
 And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign pow'r
 To chase the moral maladies of man ;
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
 Though natives of this coarse penurious soil ;
 Nor wholly wither *there*, where *Seraphs* sing,
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in Heav'n ;
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
 In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.
 These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
 Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb ;
 And, peradventure, of no fading flow'rs.

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?
 " Th' importance of contemplating the tomb ;
 " *Why* men decline it ; *suicide's* foul birth ;
 " The various *kinds of grief* ; the *faults of age* ;
 " And *death's dread character*—invite my song."

And, first, th' importance of our end survey'd.
 Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief :
 Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal *too soon*.

Are *they* more kind than *he* who struck the blow ?
 Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
 And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,
 And bring it back a true and endless peace ?
 Calamities are *friends* : As glaring day

Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight ;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
 Of import high, and light divine, to man.

The man how blest ! who, sick of *gaudy* scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves,)
 Is led by choice, to take his fav'rite walk,
 Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
 Unpiere'd by vanity's fantastic ray ;
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs.
 LORENZO ! read with me NARCISSA's stone ;
 (NARCISSA was thy fav'rite ;) let us read
 Her moral stone : few doctors preach so well ;
 Few orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date* !
 Apt words can strike ; and yet in them we see
 Faint images of what we *here* enjoy.

What cause have *we* to build on length of life ?
Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep ;
 And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess ! sallies on my soul,
 And puts *delusion's* dusky train to flight ;
 Dispels the mist our sultry *passions* raise,
 From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene ;
 And shews the *real* estimate of things ;
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw ;
 Pulls off the veil from *virtue's* rising charms ;
 Detects *temptation* in a thousand lies.

Truth bids me look on men, as *Autumn* leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driv'n by the whirlwind : Lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,
 See things invisible, feel things remote,
 Am present with futurities ; think nought
 To man so foreign, as the joys *possess'd* ;
 Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight ;
 Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms ;
 In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,
 If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,

Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss !
 At the first blast it vanishes in air.
 Not so, *celestial* : Wouldst thou know, *LORENZO* ?
 How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine* ?
 Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.
 More empty *worldly wisdom* ev'ry day ;
 And ev'ry day more fair her *rival* shines.
 When *later*, there's less time to play the fool.
 Soon our whole term for wisdom is expir'd
 ('Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave :)
 And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
 Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble *Sibyl's* leaves,
 The good man's days to *Sibyl's* books compare
 (In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale)
 In price still rising, as in number less,
 Inestimable quite his final hour.
 For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones ;
 Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
 " Oh let me die his death ! " all Nature cries.
 " Then live his life " — All Nature falters there.
 Our great physician daily to consult,
 To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.

What grave prescribes the best ? — A *friend's* ; and
 yet

From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage !
 Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
 Why are friends ravish'd from us ? 'Tis to bind,
 By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts,
 The thought of death, which *reason*, too supine,
 Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*.
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
 Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
 Behold th' inexorable hour at hand !
 Behold th' inexorable hour forgot !
 And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
 Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.

Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
 That all-important, and that only sure,
 (Come when he will) an *unexpected* guest
 Nay, though invited by the loudest calls

Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still ;
 Though num'rous messengers are sent before,
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
 The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill ?
 All Heav'n looks down, astonish'd at the sight.
 Is it, that life has sown her *joys* so thick,
 We can't thrust in a single care between ?
 Is it, that life has such a swarm of *cares*,
 The thought of death can't enter for the throng ?
 Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet,
 Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream ?
To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats ;
 We take the lying sister for the same.
 Life glides away, LORENZO ! like a brook ;
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
 In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice :
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the brook the same ; the same we think
 Our life, though still more rapid in its flow ;
 Nor mark the *much* irrevocably laps'd,
 And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say,
 (Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
 That life is like a vessel on the stream ?
 In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
 Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent ;
 Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave ;
 'Till on a sudden we perceive a shock ;
 We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ?
 Our brittle bark is burst on *Charon's* shore.
 Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought ?
 Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,
 That domineering mistress of the soul,
 Like *him* so strong, by *Dalilah* the fair ?
 Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,
 From looking down a precipice so steep ?
 'Tis dreadful ; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
 By Nature, conscious of the make of man.
 A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
 A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
 By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
 The *good* man would repine ; would *suffer* joys,

And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
 The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
 Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
 Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
 And mar the scenes of Providence below.

What groan was that, *LORENZO*?—Furies! rise;
 And drown, in your less execrable yell,
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
 On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
 Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
 Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
 So call'd, so thought—And *then* he fled the field,
 Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
 O *Britain*, infamous for suicide!

An *island* in thy manners! far disjoin'd
 From the whole world of *rational*s beside!
 In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
 Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
 Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
 And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
 Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
 The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd:
Immoral climes kind Nature never made.
 The cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
 And proves it is thy *folly*, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
 Who names his *soul*) a native of the skies!
 High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain.
 Unsold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
 Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
 Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
 Studious of home, and ardent to return,
 Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
 With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
 On *immortality*, her godlike taste;
 There take large draughts; make her chief banquet
there.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
 To beggarly vile appetites descend;
 Ask alms of *earth*, for guests that came from *Heav'n*;

Sink into slaves; and sell for *present* hire,
 Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
 Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
 This nether world. And when his payments fail,
 When his foul basket gorges them no more,
 Or their pall'd palates loathe the basket full;
 Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
 For breaking all the chains of Providence,
 And bursting their confinement; though fast barr'd
 By laws divine and human; guarded strong
 With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
 The blackest, *Nature*, or *dire guilt* can raise;
 And moated round with fathomless *destruction*,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, *Britons!* is the *cause*, to you unknown,
 Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
 Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
 Is madness; but the madness of the heart.
 And what is that? Our utmost bound of guilt.
 A sensual unreflecting life, is big
 With monstrous births, and *suicide*, to crown
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break
 Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush
 Through sacred *Nature's* murder, on their own,
 Because they never *think of death*, they die.
 'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
 At once to shun, and meditate his end.
 When by the bed of languishment we sit,
 (The seat of *wisdom!* if our choice, not fate,)
 Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
 Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
 Start at the voice of an eternity;
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into death,
 That most pathetic herald of our own;
 How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
 In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
 To melt him down like wax, and then impress,
 Indelible, *death's* image on his heart;

Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
 We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile.
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
 As the tide rushing razes what is writ
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh*?
 Or study'd the philosophy of *tears*?
 (A science yet unlectur'd in our schools!)
 Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
 And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
 And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.
 Our fun'ral tears from diff'rent causes rise.
 As if from sep'rate cisterns in the soul,
 Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
 By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
 And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious *art* distill'd.
Some hearts in secret hard, unapt to melt,
 Struck by the magic of the public eye,
 Like MOSES' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
 So high in merit, and to them so dear.
 They dwell on praises, which they think they share;
 And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn in proof that something they could love;
 They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *shew*.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
 As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappris'd.
 Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
 With what address the soft *Ephesians* draw
 Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
 As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
 While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek!
 Of her's not prouder *Egypt's* wanton queen,
 Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
 And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own decease.
 By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
 Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain ;
 As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion, impotently pours
 Tears, that deserve more tears ; while *Reason* sleeps ;
 Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd ;
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm ;
 Knows not it speaks to *her*, and *her alone*.
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
 That noble gift ! that privilege of man !
 From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy.
 But *these* are barren of that birth divine :
 They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
 And full as short ! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
 They make a pastime of the stingless tale ;
 Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
 No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.

Half-round the globe, the tears pumpt up by *death*
 Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life ;
 In making *folly* flourish still more fair.
 When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
 Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust ;
 Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
 Tho' there thrown down her true support to learn,
 Without Heav'n's aid impatient to be blest,
 She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
 Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell :
 With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
 The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
 In all the fruitless fopperies of life :
 Presents her *weed*, well-fancy'd, at the ball,
 And raffles for the *death's-head* on the ring.

So wept AURELIA, 'till the destin'd youth
 Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
 And blanching sables into bridal bloom.
 So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate ;
 Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats ;
 And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth !
 Not such, NARCISSA, my distress for thee.
 I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
 To sacrifice to wisdom.—What wast thou ?

"*Young, gay, and fortunate !*" Each yields a theme.
 I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe ;
 (Heav'n knows I labour with severer still !)
 I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
 A soul without *reflection*, like a pile
 Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And first, thy *youth*. What says it to grey hairs ?
 NARCISSA, I'm become *thy pupil now*—

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
 She sparkled, was exha'd, and went to Heav'n.
Time on this head has snow'd ; yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft ; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
 Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe,
 Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair ;
 With graceless gravity chastising youth,
 That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
 Father of all, forgetfulness of death :
 As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen :
 Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right ;
 And men might plead prescription from the grave ;
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
 Deathless ? far from it ! *such* are dead already ;
 Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.

Tell me, some god ! my guardian angel ! tell,
 What thus infatuates ? what enchantment plants
 The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death
 Already at the door ? He knocks, we hear him,
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
 Our untouch'd hearts ? What miracle turns off
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd ?
 We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling ; wounded oft ourselves ;
 Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still !
 We see time's furrows on another's brow,
 And death intrench'd, preparing his assault ;
 How few *themselves* in that just mirror see !
 Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong !
There death is certain ; doubtful *here* : He *must*,
 And *soon* ; we *may*, within an age, expire.

Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are
green ;
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,
Folly sings six, while *Nature* points at twelve.
Absurd *longevity* ! More, more, it cries :
More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?
Object and *appetite* must club for joy ;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *Nature* is relaxing ev'ry string ?
Ask *thought* for joy ; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed ?
Contract the taste immortal ; learn ev'n now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.
That wish is *praise* and *promise* ; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires
Grand-climacterical absurdities !
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking ! It makes *folly* thrice a fool ;
And our *first* childhood might our *last* despise.
Peace and *esteem* is all that *age* can hope.
Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first* ; the *last*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
Folly bars both ; our *age* is quite undone.
What *folly* can be ranker ? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port ;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*, and the *will* subdue ;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;
And put *good works* on board ; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown :

If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene !

All should be *prophets* to themselves ; foresee
 Their *future* fate ; their *future* fate foretaste ;
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.
 The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
 A disaffection to that precious thought
 Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, LORENZO, why so warmly prest,
 By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
 The thought of *death* ? That thought is the machine,
 The grand machine, that heaves us from the dust,
 And rears us into men. That thought ply'd home,
 Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
 O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
 And gently slope our passage to the grave :
 How warmly to be wish'd ! What heart of flesh
 Would trifle with tremendous ? dare extremes ?
 Yawn o'er the fate of infinite ? What hand,
 Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
 (To speak a language *too well* known to thee,)
 Would at a moment give its *all* to chance,
 And *stamp* the die for an eternity ?

Aid me, NARCISSA ! aid me to keep pace
 With *destiny* ; and ere her scissars cut
 My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
 Of *moral* death, that ties me to the world.
 Sting thou my slumb'ring *reason* to send forth
 A thought of observation on the foe ;
 To sally, and survey the rapid march
 Of his ten thousand messengers to man ;
 Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.
 All *accident* apart, by *Nature* sign'd,
 My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet ;
 Perhaps behind *one moment* lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death ?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
 Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.
 Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
 Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.

My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his ; my *yesterday* ;
 The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
 Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
 While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;
 As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
 Which comes to pass each moment of our lives ?
 If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,
 Which murders *strength* and *ardour* ; what remains
 Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
 Ye partners of my fault, and my decline !
 Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's
 knell

(Rude visitant !) knocks hard at your dull sense,
 And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear !
 Be *death* your theme in ev'ry place and hour ;
 Nor longer want, ye monumental sires !
 A brother tomb to tell you, you shall die.
 That death you *dread* (so great is Nature's skill !)
 Know, you shall *court*, before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in volumes, deep you sit ;
 In wisdom, shallow : Pompous ignorance !
 Would you be still more learned than the learn'd ?
 Learn well to know how much need not be known,
 And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
 Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
 Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field ;
 And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
 You scorn what lies before you in the page
 Of *Nature* and *experience*, moral truth !
 Of indispensable, eternal fruit !
 Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods ;
 And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
 Dishonest fomentation of your pride ;
 Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
 Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
 Light, but not heat ; it leaves you undevout,
 Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
 Awake, ye curious indagators ! fond

Of knowing all, but what avails you, known ;
 If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
 All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
 All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
 Together shook in his impartial urn,
 Come forth at *random* : Or if *choice* is made,
 The choice is quite *sarcastic*, and insults
 All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
 What countless multitudes, not only *leave*,
 But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths !
 Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.

Like other tyrants, *death* delights to smite,
 What smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;
 The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud ;
 And weeping fathers build their children's tomb ;
 Me, thine, NARCISSA !—What tho' short thy date ?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
 That life is long, which answers life's great end.
 The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name ;
 The man of *wisdom* is the man of years.
 In hoary youth METHUSALEMS may die ;
 O how *misdated* on their flatt'ring tombs !

NARCISSA'S *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
 And can her gaiety give counsel too ?
 That, like the *Jews'* fam'd oracle of gems,
 Sparkles instruction ; such as throws new light,
 And opens more the *character of death*,
 Ill known to thee, LORENZO ! this thy vaunt :
 "Give death his due, the wretched, and the old ;
 Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave ;
 Let him not violate kind Nature's laws,
 But own man born to *live*, as well as *die*."
Wretched and old thou giv'st him ; *young and gay*
 He takes ; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
 What if I prove, "The farthest from the *fear*,
 Are often nearest to the *stroke of fate* ?"

All, more than common, menaces an end.
 A blaze betokens brevity of life :
 As if bright embers should emit a flame :

Glad spirits sparkled from NARCISSA's eye,
 And made youth younger; and taught life to live.
 As Nature's opposites wage endless war,
 For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
 Inviolable stupor of his reign.

Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition* sleep,
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
 More life is still more odious; and, reduc'd
 By conquest, aggrandizes more his pow'r.
 But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By Heav'n's decree,
 To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
 In awful expectation of our end.

Thus runs death's dread commission: "Strike, but *so*,
 As most alarms the living by the dead."

Hence *stratagem* delights him, and surprise,
 And cruel sport with man's securities.

Not simple conquest, *triumph* is his aim;
 And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs
 most;

This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?

Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up

In deep dissimulation's darkest night.

Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,

Who travel under cover, *death* assumes

The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.

He takes all shapes that serve his black designs:

Though master of a wider empire far

Than that, o'er which the *Roman* eagle flew;

Like *Nero*, he's a fiddler, charioteer,

Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guise;

Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,

His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,

His slender self. Hence burly corpulence

Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.

Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,

Or ambush in a smile: or wanton dive

In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in

Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.

Such, on NARCISSA's couch he loiter'd long

Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen
To *smile*; such peace has *innocence* in death!

Most happy they, whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *Heav'n*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dream'd I saw, the tyrant *dress*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.

Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And shew *LORENZO* the surprising scene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood:
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* push'd him
back;

Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismiss'd*
The sage; for *death* design'd to be conceal'd.

He gave an old vivacious *usurer*,
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,

A pamper'd *spendthrift*; whose fantastic air,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.

His crooked bow he straightened to a cane;
And hid his deadly shafts in *MYRA*'s eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equip'd
Out sallies on adventures. Ask you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* suffice; sure as night follows day,

Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the world,
When *pleasure* treads the paths, which *reason* shuns.

When, against *reason*, *riot* shuts the door,
And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,

Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.

Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: And when the revel burns,
When *fear* is banish'd, and triumphant thought,

Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
 Against him turns the key, and bids him sup
 With their progenitors—He drops his mask;
 Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
 From his black masque of Nitre, touch'd by fire,
 He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
 And is not this triumphant treachery,
 And, *more than simple conquest*, in the fiend?

And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap thy soul
 In soft security, because unknown
 Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
 In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
 Is *death* uncertain? Therefore thou be fix'd;
 Fix'd as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
 All expectation of the coming foe.
 Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
 Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
 And *fate* surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
 Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
 Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)
 Hide too from thee the precious *use* of life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's fate.
 Soon, not surprising, *death* his visit paid.
 Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
 Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
 Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme,
 As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
 And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight,
 To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
 And ev'ry thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety* conspir'd
 To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness
 (If happiness on earth) to crown her brow.
 And, could *death* charge thro' such a *shining* shield?

That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
 As if to damp our elevated aims,
 And strongly preach humility to man.
 O, how portentous is prosperity!

How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !
 Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 The gaudy centre of the public eye,
 When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
 How often have I seen him dropp'd at once,
 Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh !
 As if her bounties was the signal giv'n,
 The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
 And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

High fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*.
 Ask you for what ? To give his war on man
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;
 Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
 And burns LORENZO still for the sublime
 Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high,
 On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
 Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall ?
 Granting grim *death* at equal distance *there* ;
 Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.
 What makes man wretched ? Happiness deny'd ?
 LORENZO ! no : 'Tis happiness *disdain'd*.
She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile ;
 And calls herself *Content*, a homely name !
 Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
 And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead ;
 A *tempest* to warm *transport* near akin.
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
 Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise ;
 And all our ecstacies are wounds to peace :
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth !
 Of fortune fond, as thoughtless of thy fate !
 As late I drew *death's* picture, to stir up
 Thy wholesome fears ; now, drawn in contrast, see

Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
 See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her casket, spreads her glitt'ring ware,
 And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
 Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
 All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
 Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
 Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
 (Still more ador'd) to snatch the golden show'r.

Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more;
 As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.

O what a precious pack of votaries,
 Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,
 Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praise!
 All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
 And, wide expanding their voracious jaws,
 Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
 Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
 Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still.
 Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
 And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
 Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they
 fly,

O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
 Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r,
 Stauneh to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
 Their manners, thou their various *fates* survey.
 With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
 Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
 Through fury to possess it: Some succeed,
 But stumple, and let fall the taken prize;
 From some, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
 And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dream'd of gain;
 To some it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
 Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
 Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
 Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
 Together some (unhappy rivals!) seize,
 And rend abundance into poverty;
 Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:

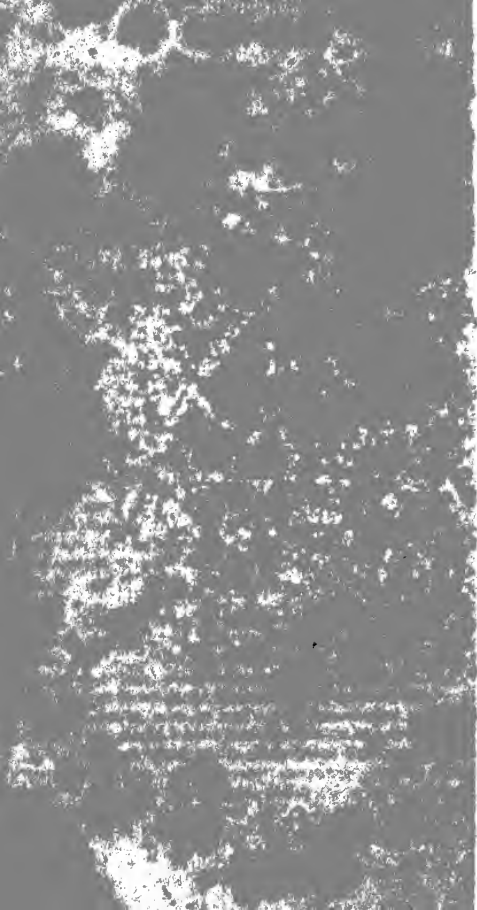
Smiles too the goddess : but smiles most at those,
 (Just victims of exorbitant desire !)
 Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd,
 Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
 The number small, which happiness can bear.
 Though *various* for a while their fates ; at last
 One curse involves them all : At death's approach,
 All read their riches backward into loss,
 And mourn in just proportion to their store.

And *death's* approach (if orthodox my song)
 Is hasten'd by the lure of *fortune's* smiles.
 And art thou still a glutton of bright gold ?
 And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin ?
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;
 A blow, which, while it executes, *alarms* ;
 And startles thousands with a single fall.
 As when some stately growth of oak or pine,
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
 The sun's defiance, and the flocks' defence ;
 By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,
 Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
 In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground :
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
 And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.

These high-aim'd darts of *death*, and these alone,
 Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
 A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,
 Or near Heav'n's *archer*, in the Zodiac, hung,
 (So could it be) *should* draw the public eye,
 The gaze and contemplation of mankind !
 A constellation awful, yet benign,
 To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave,
 Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
 " From greater danger to grow more secure,
 And wrapp'd in happiness, forget their fate."

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,
 Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
 He woo'd the fair ASPASIA : She was kind :
 In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were
 bless'd :

All who knew, envy'd ; yet in envy lov'd :
 Can fancy form more finish'd happiness ?
 Fix'd was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
 Rose on the sounding beach. The glitt'ring spires
 Float in the wave, and break against the shore :
 So break those glitt'ring shadows, *human* joys.
 The faithless morning smil'd : He takes his leave,
 To re-embrace in ecstasies, at eve.
 The rising storm forbids. The news arrives :
 Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
 She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel ;)
 And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
 In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
 The guilty billows innocently roar ;
 And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
 A tear ! Can *tears* suffice ?—But not for *me*.
 How vain our efforts ! and our arts, how vain !
 The *distant* train of thought I took, to shun,
 Has thrown *me* on my fate—*these* dy'd together ;
 Happy in ruin ! *undivorc'd* by death !
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
 NARCISSA ! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
 Yet thou wast only *near* me ; not *myself*.
 Survive *myself* ?—*That* cures all other woe.
 NARCISSA lives ; PHILANDER is forgot.
 O, the soft commerce ! O, the tender ties,
 Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart !
 Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the soul
 Of human joy ; and make it pain to live—
 And is it then to live ? When *such* friends part,
 'Tis the *survivor* dies—My heart ! no more.



PREFACE

TO NIGHT SIXTH.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about Religion than this. The dispute about Religion, and the *practice* of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, *Is man immortal, or Is he not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, *truth, reason, religion*, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them. But, if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about *eternal* consequences: or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the *real* source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men, much more than *abstract reasonings*; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the *soul* is invisible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment*, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest, that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they rather *hoped*, than firmly *believed*, immortality! and how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel; But by how many is the gospel

rejected, or overlooked ! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded, that most, if not all, our Infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious *eternal* pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping the one, and securing the other ; and of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered ; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers ; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible ; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, *here*, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points, the *most* important. For, as to the being of a *God*, that is no longer disputed ; but it is undisputed for this reason only ; viz. Because, where the least pretence to *reason* is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And, of consequence, no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature, by *vanity*, which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of Immortality.

PART I.

Where, among other things, Glory and Riches are particularly considered.

To the Right Honourable Henry Pelham.

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in Heav'n)
Not early, like NARCISSA, left the scene ;
Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What avail ?
This seeming mitigation but inflames ;
This fancy'd med'cine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew ;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts
By tardy pressure's still-increasing weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress.

O the long, dark approach, through years of pain,

• Referring to Night Fifth.

Death's gallery ! (might I dare to call it so,)
 With dismal *doubt*, and sable *terror*, hung ;
 Sick *hope's* pale lamp, its only glimm'ring ray :
 There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
 Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter, *there*.
 How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad !
 How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles !
 In smiles she sunk *her* grief, to lessen *mine*.
 She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
 Like pow'rful armies trenching at a town,
 By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege in spite of *art*,
 Of all the balmy blessings Nature lends
 To succour frail humanity. Ye stars !
 (Not now *first* made familiar to my sight,)
 And thou, O Moon ! bear witness ; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Ty'd down my sore attention to the shock,
 By ceaseless depredations on a life
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation ! darker ev'ry hour !
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below ;
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity ;
 When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up *life* ; my title to more woe.

But why more woe ? More comfort let it be.
 Nothing is dead, but that which *wish'd* to die ;
 Nothing is dead, but *wretchedness* and *pain* ;
 Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
 Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wise !
 Too dark the sun to see it ; highest stars,
 Too low to reach it ; *death*, great *death* alone,
 O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.
 Nor dreadful our *transition* ; though the mind,
 An artist at creating self-alarms,
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take

Death's portrait true ? The tyrant never *sat*.
 Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all ;
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
 Bear faint resemblance ; never are alike ;
Fear shakes the pencil ; *fancy* loves excess ;
 Dark *ignorance*, is lavish of her shades :
 And *these* the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst ; 'tis past ; new prospects
 rise ;

And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
 Far other views our contemplation claim ;
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life ;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
 Wrap'd in the thought of *immortality*,
 Wrap'd in the single, the triumphant thought !
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on ;
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.
 Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my song.
 O that my song could emulate my soul !
 Like her, immortal. No !—the soul disdains
 A mark so mean ; far nobler hope inflames ;
 If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
 Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inspire.

Thy *Nature*, *immortality* ! who knows ?
 And yet who knows it not ! It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever ; dip'd by cruel fate
 In *Stygian* dye, how *black*, how *brittle here* !
 How short our correspondence with the sun !
 And while it lasts, inglorious ! Our best deeds,
 How wanting in their weight ! Our highest joys,
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*
 To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
 With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, wherever born,
 Howe'er endow'd ! To live free citizens
 Of universal Nature ; to lay hold
 By more than feeble *faith*, 'on the *Supreme* !
 To call Heav'n's rich unfathomable mines

(Mines, which support archangels in their state,)
 Our own ! to rise in science, as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies !
 To read creation ; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity !
 The plan, and execution, to collate !
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow, blown remote ; and leave
 No mystery—but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene !
 Love's element ! true joy's illustrious home !
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd,) more fair !
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate !
 Bless'd absolution of our blackest hour !

LORENZO, these are thoughts that make man, man,
 The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod *we* tread ; soon trodden by our sons,)
 How great, in the wild whirl of *time's* pursuits,
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine !
 To prophesy our own futurities !
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends !
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception, as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale !

LORENZO, swells thy bosom at the thought ?
 The swell becomes thee : 'tis an honest pride.
Revere thyself ; and yet thyself despise.
 His *nature* no man can o'er-rate ; and none
 Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
 Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud ;
 That almost universal error shun.
 How *just* our pride, when we behold *those* heights,

Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
 And angels emulate; our pride how just!
 When mount we? When these shackles cast? When
 quit

This cell of the creation? This small nest,
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrap'd up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
 Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
 Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
 Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther shore,
 Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
 While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
 Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
 With half the dignity, with half the gain,
 The gust, the glow of rational delight,
 As on *this* theme, which angels praise and share?
 Man's fates and favours are a theme in *Heav'n*.

What wretched repetition cloy's us *here*!
 What periodic potions for the sick!
 Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!
 In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike!
 Adventures thicken! Novelties surprise!
 What webs of wonder shall unravel *there*!
 What full day pour on all the paths of *Heav'n*,
 And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
 How shall the blessed day of our discharge
 Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
 And straighten its inextricable maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in man
 To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there*!
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds:
 The world *material* lately seen in shades,
 And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
 And seen those fragments by the *lab'ring* eye,
 Unbroken, then, illustrious and entire,
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
 And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.

From some superior point (where, who can tell?
 Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
 How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
 In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
 Behold an infinite of floating worlds
 Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
 In endless voyage, without port! The *least*
 Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
 Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
 Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small race,
 Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
 He swallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous* these!
 Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole*?
 As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd;
 As circulating globules in our veins;
 So vast the plan! Fecundity divine!
 Exub'rant source! perhaps I wrong thee still.

If admiration is a source of joy,
 What transport hence! Yet this the least in Heav'n.
 What *this* to that illustrious robe *he* wears,
 Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
 A specimen, an earnest, of his pow'r?
 'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
 As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
 Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of Heav'n?
 This bliss supreme of the supremely bless'd?
 Death, only *death*, the question can resolve.
 By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
 The *bare* ideas! solid happiness
 So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
 And toil we still for sublunary pay?
 Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
 Or spider-like, spin out our precious all,
 Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
 To great futurity,) in curious webs
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
 (Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a *Flg!*
 The momentary buz of vain renown!
 A *name!* a mortal immortality!

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
 For sordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire?
 Drudge, sweat, through ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,
 For vile contaminating trash; throw up
 Our hope in Heav'n, our dignity with man?
 And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, av'rice; the two *dæmons* these,
 Which goad through ev'ry slough our human herd,
 Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
 How low the wretches stoop! How steep they climb!
 These *dæmons* burn mankind; but most possess
 LORENZO'S bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in *time* to hide *eternity*?
 And why not in an atom on the shore,
 To cover ocean? or a mote, the sun?
Glory and wealth! have they this blinding pow'r?
 What if to *them* I prove LORENZO blind?
 Would it surprise thee? be thou then surpris'd;
 Thou *neither* know'st: Their nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
 What close connection ties them to my theme.
 First, what is *true ambition*? The pursuit
 Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.
 Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
 As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
 Their arts and conquests, *animals* might boast,
 And claim their laurel crowns, as well as we;
 But not *celestial*. *Here* we stand alone;
 As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
 If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame;
 And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
 The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
 A slender portion and a narrow bound!
 These, *reason*, with an energy divine,
 O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*!
 The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
 When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
 Leaving gross *Nature's* sediments below,
 Then, and then only, *Adam's* offspring quits
 The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man.

This is ambition : *This* is *human* fire.

Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders !) make
LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng ?

Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid !

Dedalian engin'ry ! If these alone

Assist our flight, *fame's* flight is *glory's* fall.

Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,

Our height is but the gibbet of our name.

A celebrated wretch when I behold,

When I behold a genius bright, and base,

Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;

Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,

The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,

With rubbish mix'd, and glitt'ring in the dust.

Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight !

At once *Compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise—

But wherefore *envy* ? Talents, angel bright,

If wanting worth, are shining instruments

In false ambition's hand, to finish faults

Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great *ill* is an achievement of great *pow'rs*.

Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.

Reason the means, *affections* choose our end ;

Means have no merit, if our end amiss.

If wrong our *hearts*, our *heads* are right in vain ;

What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart ?

Hearts are proprietors of all applause.

Right ends, and means, make wisdom : Worldly-wise

Is but *half-witted*, at its highest praise.

Let *genius* then, despair to make thee great ;

Nor flatter *station* : What is station high ?

'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;

It begs an alms of homage from the throng,

And oft the throng denies its charity.

Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names ;

Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.

Religion, public order, both exact

External homage, and a supple knee,

To beings pompously set up, to serve

The meanest slave ; *all* more is merit's due,

Her sacred and inviolable right ;
 Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth* ;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
 And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
 Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur ;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his sires.
 Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
 And souls in *ermine* scorn a soul without ?
 Can *place*, or lessen us, or aggrandize ?
 Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on *alps* ;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself ;
Virtue alone out-builds the *pyramids* ;
 Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.
 Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause ?
 The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r ;
 What station charms thee ? I'll instal thee there ;
 'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before* ?
 Then thou before wast something *less* than man.
 Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ?
 That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity ;
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
 The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.
 That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
 From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies.
 'Tis born of *Ignorance*, which knows not Man :
 An angel's second ; nor his second, long.
 A *NERO* quitting his imperial throne,
 And courting Glory from the tinkling string,
 But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
 With Empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
 If *nobler* motives minister no cure,
 Ev'n *vanity* forbids thee to be vain.
 High worth is elevated place : 'Tis more ;
 It makes the post stand candidate for thee ;
 Makes more than monarchs ; makes an honest man ;
 Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis *wealth* ;

And though it wears no *ribband*, 'tis *renown* ;
 Renown, that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd,
 Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.

Other ambition nature interdicts ;
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
 By pointing at his origin, and end ;
 Milk and a swathe, *at first*, his whole demand ;
 His whole domain, *at last*, a turf or stone ;
 To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.

Souls *truly* great, dart forward on the wing
 Of *just* ambition, to the grand result,
 The *curtain's fall* ; *there*, see the buskin'd chief
 Unshod behind this momentary scene,
 Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
 As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;
 And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
 This antic prelude of grotesque events,
 Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
 A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
 And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
 To *Christian* pride ! which had with horror shock'd
 The darkest *Pagans*, offer'd to their gods.

O thou *most christian* enemy to peace !
 Again in arms ? Again provoking fate ?
 That prince, and that *alone*, is truly great,
 Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths ;
 On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
 And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why *this* so rare ? Because forgot of all
 The day of death ; that venerable day,
 Which sits as judge ; *that* day, which shall pronounce
 On *all* our days, absolve them, or condemn.
 LORENZO, never shut thy thought against it ;
 Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
 And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
 That friend consulted, (flatteries apart)
 Will tell thee fair, if thou art great or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
 Is that *ambition* ? Then let flames *descend*,
 Point to the centre their inverted spires,
 And leave no humiliation from a soul,

Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
 Yet *these* are they, the world pronounces wise ;
 The world, which cancels Nature's right and wrong,
 And casts *new* wisdom : Ev'n the grave man lends
 His solemn face to countenance the coin.
 Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
 This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
 To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
 The most ambitious, unambitious, mean ;
 In triumph, mean ; and abject, on a throne.
 Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
 To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
 And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
 But reaching *him*, who gave her wings to fly.
 When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
 And downward pores, for that which shines above,
 Substantial happiness, and true renown ;
 Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud ;
 At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition ! pow'rful source of good and ill !
 Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
 When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease,
 And swifter flight, transports us to the skies :
 By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
 It turns a curse ; it is our chain, and scourge,
 In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
 Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense* ;
 All prospect of eternity shut out ;
 And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
 Find we LORENZO wiser in his *wealth* ?
 What if thy rental I reform ? and draw
 An inventory *new* to set thee right ?
 Where, thy *true* treasure ? Gold says, " Not in *me* :"
 And, " Not in *me*," the diamond. Gold is poor ;
India's insolvent : Seek it in *thyself*,
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;
 In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd ;
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race !
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine !

In *senses*, which inherit earth, and Heav'n's;
 Enjoy the various riches *Nature* yields;
 Far nobler; *give* the riches they enjoy;
 Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves;
 Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright sire:
 Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
 At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
 And half create the wondrous world they see.
 Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.
 But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
 Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, still.
Objects are but th' occasion; our's th' *exploit*;
 Our's is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
 Which *Nature's* admirable picture draws;
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.
 Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,
 Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
 Say then, Shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad
 (Superior wonders in himself forgot,)
 His admiration waste on objects round,
 When Heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees?
 Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.
 What wealth in *senses* such as these! What wealth
 In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than *sense* surveys! In *mem'ry's* firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
 In colours fresh, originally bright,
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
 What wealth in *intellect*, that sov'reign pow'r!
 Which *sense*, and *fancy*, summons to the bar;
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
 And from the mass those *underlings* import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
 And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms *art* and *science*, *government* and *law*;
 The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
 And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
 Of *his* idea, whose indulgent thought,
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliss.

What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time ;
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' Almighty *fiat*, and the *trumpet's* sound !
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be ;
 Commanding, with Omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in fancy's field to rise !
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
 And wander wild through things impossible !
 What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
 In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
 In *liberty* to choose, in *pow'r* to reach,
 And in *duration* (how thy riches rise !)
 Duration to *perpetuate*—boundless bliss !

Ask you, what *pow'r* resides in feeble man
 That bliss to gain ? Is *virtue's* then, unknown ?
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
 Man's unprecious, natural estate,
 Improvable at will, in *virtue* lies ;
 Its tenure sure ; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?
 To breed new wants and beggar us the more ;
 Then, make a richer scramble for the throng.
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
 Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
 Like rubbish from dislodging engines thrown,
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly ;
 Fly diverse ; fly to foreigners, to foes ;
 New masters court, and call the former, fool,
 (How justly !) for dependence on their stay.
 Wide scatter, first, our play-things ; then, our dust.

Dost thou court abundance for the sake of peace ?
 Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme :
 Riches enable to be richer still ;
 And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist ?
 Thus wealth (a cruel task master !) enjoins
 New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !
 And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
 The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich ;
 Whose proud and painful privilege it is,

At once, to bear a double load of woe ;
To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want ! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content.

Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;
Sick, or encumber'd, is our happiness.

A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.

O be content, where heav'n can give no more !

More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour ;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flow'rs ; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.

Much learning shews how little mortals *know* ;

Much wealth, how little worldings can *enjoy* ;

At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.

As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find, what they so plainly see ;

Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of Happiness, nor know it is a shade ;

But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want !

Who lives to *Nature*, rarely can be poor ;

Who lives to *Fancy*, never can be rich.

Poor is the man in debt ; the man of gold,

In debt to *Fortune*, trembles at her pow'r.

The man of *Reason* smiles at her, and death.

O what a patrimony this ! A *being*

Of such inherent strength and majesty,

Not worlds possess'd can raise it ; worlds destroy'd

Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,

When thine, O *Nature* ! ends ; too bless'd to mourn

Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this* !

The *monarch* is a beggar to the man.

Immortal ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !

Morn, without eve ! a race, without a goal !

Unshorten'd by progression infinite !
 Futurity for ever future ! Life
 Beginning still, where computation ends !
 'Tis the description of a *Deity* !
 'Tis the description of the *meanest slave* ;
 The meanest slave dares then LORENZO scorn ?
 The meanest slave thy *sov'reign* glory shares.
 Proud Youth ! fastidious of the *lower* world !
 Man's *lawful* pride includes humility ;
 Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find
 Inferiors ; all immortal ! Brothers all !
 Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.

IMMORTAL ! What can strike the *sense* so strong,
 As this the *soul* ? It thunders to the thought ;
Reason amazes ; *gratitude* o'erwhelms ;
 No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;
 Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
 And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds
 Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires ;
 Quick-kindles all that is divine within us ;
 Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame ?
Immortal ! Were but *one* immortal, how
 Would others envy ! How would thrones adore !
 Because 'tis *common*, is the blessing lost ?
 How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of Heav'n !
 O vain, vain, vain, all else !—*Eternity* !
 A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
 From vile imprisonment in abject views.
 'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
 Amid life's *pains*, *abasements*, *emptiness*,
 The soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
 That only, and that amply, this performs ;
 Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above ;
 Their terror *those* ; and *these* their lustre lose ;
Eternity depending, covers all ;
Eternity depending, all achieves ;
 Sets earth at distance ; casts her into shades ;
 Blends her distinctions ; abrogates her pow'rs :
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
 Fortune's dread frowns, und fascinating smiles,

Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
 The *man* beneath ; if I may call him man,
 Whom immortality's full force inspires,
 Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought ;
 Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
 Their present province, and their future prize ;
 Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost.

Doubt you this truth ? Why labours your belief ?
 If earth's whole orb, by some due-distanc'd eye
 Were seen at once, her tow'ring *alps* would sink,
 And level'd *Atlas* leave an even sphere.
 Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in *eternity's* vast round.
 To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside ; and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastic, this ? Then all are weak,
 But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
 Some souls have soar'd ; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
 And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
 Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
 Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
 Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd ?
 What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn
 Expects an empire ? He forgets his chain,
 And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us ! what a throne !
 Her own immense appointments to compute,
 Or comprehend her high prerogatives !
 In this her dark minority, how toils,
 How vainly pants, the human soul divine !
 Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy :
 What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss ?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
 Truths touching ! marvellous ! and full of Heav'n !
 Ne'er to be priz'd enough ! enough revolv'd !
 Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
 They see no farther than the clouds ? and dance
 On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,

'Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and
song?

Are there LORENZO? Is it possible?

Are there on earth (let me not call them men)

Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;

Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;

Or rock, of its inestimable gem?

When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*

Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then*, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist

The rising thought? Who smother, in its birth,

The glorious truth? Who struggle to be *brutes*?

Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way;

And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink?

Who labour downwards through th' opposing pow'rs

Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,

To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock

Of endless night? Night darker than the grave's!

Who fight the proofs of immortality?

With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,

Work all their engines, level their black fires,

To blot from man *this* attribute divine,

(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise).

Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves*?

To contradict them, see all Nature rise!

What object, what event, the moon beneath,

But argues, or endears, an *after scene*?

To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?

All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance

One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.

A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,

From *Heav'n*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few,

By Nature, as her *common habit*, worn;

So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,

Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

THOU! whose all-providential eye surveys,

Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms

Creation, and holds empire far beyond!

Eternity's inhabitant august!

Of two eternities amazing Lord!

One past, ere man's or angel's, had begun ;
 Aid ! while I rescue from the foe's assault
 Thy glorious immortality in *man* :

A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
 Of moment infinite ! but relish'd most
 By those who love thee most, who most adore.

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
 Of Thee the great *Immutable*, to man
 Speaks wisdom ; is his oracle supreme ;
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.
 LORENZO, to this heav'nly *Delphos* haste ;
 And come back all-immortal ; all-divine :
 Look *Nature* through, 'tis *revolution* all ;
 All change, no death. Day follows night ; and night
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;
 Earth takes th' example. See, the *summer* gay,
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
 Droops into pallid *autumn* : *Winter* grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows *autumn* and his golden fruits, away :
 Then melts into the *spring* : Soft *spring*, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the *first*. All, to reflowerish, fades ;
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend.
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man *advances* ; both
 Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul
 Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends ;
 Zeal, and humility, her wings to Heav'n.
 The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel charges the Most High.
 What hence infers LORENZO ? Can it be ?
 Matter immortal ? And shall *spirit* die ?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise ?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know ? Shall man alone,

Imperial man, be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds ?
Is man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death's* single unredeem'd ?

If Nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.
Look Nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends !
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce : What love of union reigns !
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life ;
Half-life, half-death, join there ; here, life and sense ;
There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray ;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life ? Those realms of bliss,
Where death hath no dominion ? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal ; earthy, part ;
And part ethereal ; grant the soul of man
Eternal ; or in man the series ends.
Wide yawns the gap ; connection is no more ;
Check'd *reason* halts ; her next step wants support ;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme ;
A scheme, *analogy* pronounc'd so true ;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.
Thus far, *all Nature* calls on thy belief.
And will LORENZO, careless of the call,
False attestation on all Nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with *death* ?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the *risk* of Heav'n ?
O, what indignity to deathless souls !
What treason to the majesty of man !
Of man *immortal* ! Hear the lofty style :
" If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust : The *soul* is safe ;

The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
 As tow'ring flame from *Nature's* fun'ral pyre;
 O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
 His charter, his inviolable rights,
 Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
 Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

But these chimera's *touch* not thee, **LORENZO!**
 The glories of the world, thy sev'nfold *shield*.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
 And superlunary felicities,
 Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
 And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.
 What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
 If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.

Come, my *ambitious!* let us mount together
 (To mount **LORENZO** never can refuse;)
 And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
 Look down on earth—What seest thou? Wondrous
 things!

Terrestrial wonders that eclipse the skies.
 What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
 Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war!
 Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
 His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
 Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand;
 What level'd mountains, and what lifted vales!
 O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
 And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.
 Some 'mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise;
 And *Neptune* holds a mirror to their charms.
 Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
 See wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
 The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
 Or southward turn, to *delicate*, and *grand*;
 The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
 How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
 Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
 Shews us half Heav'n beneath its ample bend.
 High thro' mid air, *here*, streams are taught to flow;
 Whole rivers, *there*, lay'd by in basons, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vast oceans join

Thro' kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore ;
 And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
 Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
 Where fame and empire wait upon the sword ?
 See fields in blood ; hear naval thunders rise ;
 BRITANNIA'S voice ! that awes the world to peace.
 How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
 The mid-sea furious waves ! Their roar amidst,
 Out speaks the Deity, and says, " O main !
 Thus far, nor farther ; *new* restraints obey."
 Earth's disembowel'd ! measur'd are the skies ?
 Stars are detected in their deep recess !
 Creation widens ! vanquish'd *Nature* yields !
 Her secrets are extorted ; *Art* prevails !
 What monument of genius, spirit, pow'r !

And now, LORENZO ! raptur'd at this scene,
 Whose glories render Heav'n superfluous ? say,
 Whose footsteps these !—*Immortals* have been here.
 Could *less* than souls immortal this have done ?
 Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal ;
 And proofs of immortality *forgot*.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
 These are *ambition's* works : and these are great :
 But *this*, the least immortal souls can do ;
 Transcend them all.—But what can these transcend ?
 Dost ask me, what ?—One sigh for the *distress'd*.
 What then for *infidels* ? A deeper sigh.
 'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man :
 How *little* they, who think aught *great* below !
 All our ambitions death defeats, but one ;
 And that it crowns.—Here cease we : But, ere long,
 More pow'rful *proof* shall take the field against thee,
 Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

PREFACE

TO NIGHT SEVENTH.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of *France*. A land of *levity*, is a land of *guilt*. A *serious mind* is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The *soul's immortality* has been the favourite theme with the *serious* of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always *was*, and always *will be*. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of *increase*, at this day; a sort of *occasional* importance is superadded to the *natural* weight of it; if that opinion, which is advanced in the preface to the preceding *Night*, be just. It is there supposed, that all our *Infidels*, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a *future* is a strange error; yet it is an error into which *bad* men may *naturally* be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two within the compass of human thought. And these are,—That either God *will* not, or *can* not, punish. Considering the Divine attributes, the *first* is too gross to be digested by our

strongest wishes. And, since *Omnipotence* is as much a Divine attribute as *Holiness*, that God *can not* punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish, as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner almost incredible. And since on *this* member of their *alternative*, there are some very small *appearances* in their favour, and none at all on the *other*, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.

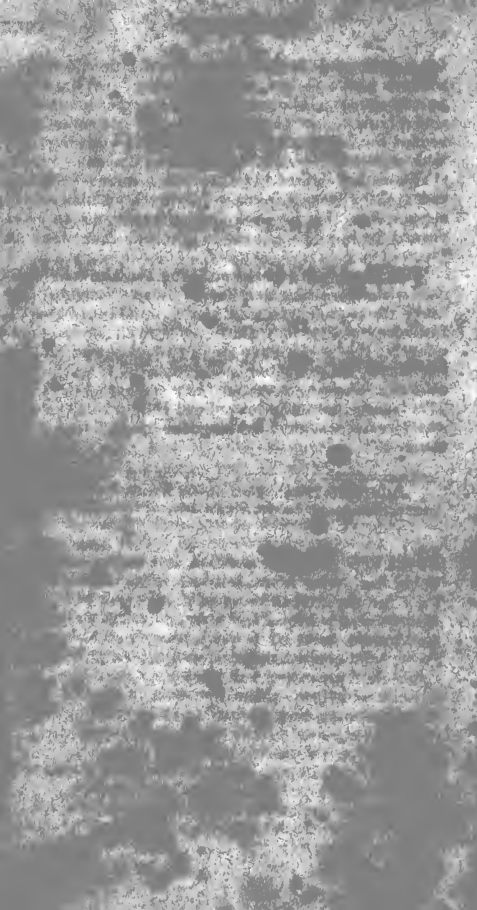
On reviewing my subject, by the light which *this* argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of *all* our infidelity. In the following pages, it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new (at least to me,) are ventured on, in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of *annihilation* in a fuller and more affecting view, than is, (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of Heathen antiquity: What pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence, their notions would have been received by *those* whom they so much admire? What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen worthies, *Socrates* (it is well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: Yet this great master of temper was angry! and angry at his *last* hour: and angry with his *friend*; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry,

for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious regard for *immortality*: For his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposite his remains?" it was resented by *Socrates*, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have regard for any thing, even in himself, that was not IMMORTAL.

This fact, well considered, would make our Infidels withdraw their admiration from *Socrates*; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for *their* sakes; For I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced Infidel must necessarily receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7th, 1744.



THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT SEVENTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the Nature, Proof and Importance of Immortality.

PART II.

To the Right Honourable Henry Pelham.

HEAUV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of *future* scenes?
Deaths stand, like *Mercuries*, in ev'ry way;
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
POPE, who couldst make immortals; art *thou* dead?
I give thee joy: Nor will I take my leave;
So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so;
Through various parts our glorious story runs;
Time gives the preface, *endless age* unrolls
The volume (ne'er unroll'd) of human fate.

This, earth and skies * already have proclaim'd,
 The world's a prophecy of worlds to come ;
 And who, what Gon foretels (who speaks in *things*,
 Still louder than in *words*) shall dare deny ?
 If *Nature's* arguments appear too weak,
 Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.
 If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,
 Can he prove Infidel to what he *feels* ?
 He, whose blind thought *futurity* denies,
 Unconscious bears, BELLEROPHON ! like thee,
 His own indictment ; he condemns himself ;
 Who reads his *bosom*, reads immortal life ;
 Or, *Nature*, there, imposing on her sons,
 Has written fables ; man was made a *lie*.

Why *discontent* for ever harbour'd there ?
 Incurable consumption of our peace ?
 Resolve me, why, the *cottager*, and *king*,
 He whom sea-serv'd realms obey, and he
 Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
 Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
 Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
 In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?

Is it that things *terrestrial* can't content ?
 Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain ?
 Not so ; but to their master is deny'd
 To share their sweet *serene*. Man, ill at ease,
 In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
 Where Nature foddors him with other food,
 Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
 Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
 Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.
 Is Heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee ?
 Not so ; thy pasture richer, but remote ;
 In part, remote ; for that remoter part
 Man bleats from *instinct*, though perhaps debauch'd
 By *sense*, his *reason* sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
 The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes !
 His grief is but his grandeur in disguise ;
 And discontent is *immortality*.

Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of Heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and stable *here*,
With brutal acquiescence in the mire?

LORENZO! no! they shall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreigners* distress'd, shall sigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the sigh:
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His *anxious* heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the *sceptic* in his head the lie.

Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our
pow'rs,

Speak the same language, call us to the skies;
Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake;
And for this land of trifles *those* too strong
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life:
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our *passions* Heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: Bless'd Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss;
O for a bliss *unbounded*! Far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.

Nor are our *pow'rs* to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

Reason progressive, *instinct* is complete;
Swift *instinct* leaps; slow *reason* feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once: in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *man* to live coeval with the sun,
The Patriarch pupil would be learning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half-unlearn'd.
Men perish in advance, as if the sun
Should set ere noon, in Eastern oceans drown'd;
If fit, with *dim*, *illustrious* to compare,
The sun's *meridian*, with the soul of man.
To man, why step-dame *Nature*! so severe?

Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
 Or, if *abortively*, poor man must die,
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *dread*?
 Why curs'd with *foresight*? Wise to misery?
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
 Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
 His *immortality* alone can tell;
 Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
 And turn the scale in favour of the just!

His *immortality* alone can solve
 That darkest of *enigmas*, human *hope*;
 Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
 All *present* blessings treading under-foot,
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*.
 With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why, more tasteless than *pursuit*?
 Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
 That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?
 Because, in the *great future* bury'd deep,
 Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
 Lies *all* that man with ardour should pursue:
 And HE who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart th' ALMIGHTY to the *future* sets,
 By secret and inviolable springs;
 And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
 Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
 "More, more!" the glutton cries: For something
new

So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
 He *will* descend. He starves on the possess'd.
 Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
 In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
 In that rank sty he wallow'd empire's son
 Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
 His riot was *ambition* in despair.

Old Rome consulted *birds*; LORENZO! thou,
 With more success, the flight of *hope* survey;
 Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.

High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
 To fly at all that rises in her sight ;
 And, never stooping, but to mount again
 Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
 And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
 If *being* fails,) more mournful riddles rise,
 And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.

Why *virtue*? Where its praise, its being fled?
 Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd :

What true self-interest of *quite*-mortal man?
 To close with all that makes him happy *here*.

If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
 Then vice is *virtue*; 'tis our *sov'reign* good.

In *self-applause* is *virtue*'s golden prize ;

No self-applause attends it on *thy* scheme :

Whence self-applause? From conscience of the right;

And what is right, but means of happiness?

No means of happiness when *virtue* yields ;

That basis failing, falls the building too,

And lays in ruins ev'ry *virtuous* joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,

So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,

Is weak ; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.

Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams

Of self-exposure, laudable and great?

Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death?

Die for thy country?—Thou romantic fool!

Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink :

Thy *country*! what to thee? The *Godhead*, what?

(I speak with awe!) tho' He should bid thee bleed?

If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is spilt,

Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow ;

Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience : Know, LORENZO !

Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY's subsequent command,

His first command is *this* :—"Man, love thyself."

In this alone, free agents are *not* free.

Existence is the basis, bliss the prize ;

If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime ;

Bold violation of our law *supreme*,

Black suicide ; though nations, which consult
Their gain, at thy expense, resound applause.

Since *virtue's* recompense is doubtful, *here*,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man *suffer'd* to be good in *vain* ?
Why to be good in vain, is man *enjoin'd* ?
Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd* ?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt ?
Why whispers *Nature* lies on *Virtue's* part ?
Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat ?
Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise ?
Can man by *reason's* beam be led astray ?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God* ?
Since virtue *sometimes* ruins us on earth,
Or *both* are true ; or, man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, LORENZO,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit ; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man *immortal*, and thy scorn is just.
The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death—because he *cannot* die.
But if man loses *all*, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A *daring* infidel, (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought,)
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise ; for *worth*, whose noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs ;
Dream we, that lustre of the *moral* world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close ?
Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,
And strenuous to *transcribe* in human life,
The mind ALMIGHTY ? Could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,

And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the draught,
With night *eternal* blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest *angels* too might die !

If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd ? and a *solitary* God,
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne ?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man ?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust ?
From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes* ;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom and *worth*, how boldly he commends !
Wisdom and *worth*, are sacred names ; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd ; applauded ! deify'd !
Why not *compassion'd* too ? if spirits die,
Both are calamities, *inflicted* both
To make us but more wretched : *Wisdom's* eye
Acute, for what ? To spy more miseries ;
And *worth* so recompens'd, new-points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And *worth* exalted *humbles* us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness, and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.

“ Has virtue, then, no joys ? ” — Yes, joys *dear*—
bought ;

Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
Virtue, and vice, are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat ; and who fights for nought ?
Or for precarious, or for small reward ?
Who virtue's *self-reward* so loud resound,
Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' *unfading* crown, her soul inspires :
'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
The body's treach'ries, and the *world's* assaults :
On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies.
Truth incontestable ! In spite of all
A BAYLE has preach'd, or a V——E believ'd,
In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heav'n's signet stamping an *immortal* make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base

Sustaining all ; what find we ? *Knowledge, love.*
 As light, and heat, essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And *why*, if *souls expire* ?
 How little lovely *here* ? How little known ?
 Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil !
 And *love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
 Why starv'd on earth, our *angel* appetites ;
 While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome fill ?
 Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd
 As a mock-diadem, in savage sport,
 Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair ?
 In future age lies no redress ? And shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint ?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made !
 The worst to *wallow*, and the best to *weep* ;
 The man who merits most, must most complain :
 Can we conceive a disregard in Heav'n,
 What the worst *perpetrate* or best *endure* ?

This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r ;
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
 Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n suits in all ;
 Nor, *Nature* through, e'er violates this sweet,
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
 Is *man* the sole exception from her laws ?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
 (I speak with truth, but veneration too,)
 Man is a monster, the reproach of Heav'n,
 A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
 On Nature's beauteous aspect ; and deforms,
 (Amazing blot !) deforms her with her *Lord*.
 If such is man's allotment, *what* is Heav'n ?
 Or own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
 All *order*. Go, mock-majesty ! go, man ;
 And bow to thy superiors of the stall ;
 Through ev'ry scene of *sense* superior far :
 They graze the turf untill'd ; they drink the stream
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
 With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs ;

Mankind's peculiar ! *Reason's* precious dow'r !
 No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes ;
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar ;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd ;
 They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
 On boughs *forbidden* where no curses hang :
 Their *ill*, no more than strikes the *sense* ; unstretch'd
 By *previous* dread, or murmur in the rear ;
 When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd ; one stroke
 Begins, and ends, their woe : They die but *once* ;
 Blest, incommunicable privilege ! for which
 Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.
 No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,
 But what beams on it from *eternity*.
 O sole and sweet solution ! *That* unties
 The difficult, and softens the severe ;
 The cloud on *Nature's* beauteous face dispels ;
 Restores bright *order* ; casts the brute beneath ;
 And re-enthrones us in supremacy
 Of joy, ev'n *here* : Admit *immortal* life,
 And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more ;
 Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dow'r,
 Far richer in reversion : *Hope* exults ;
 And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
 Predominates, and gives the taste of Heav'n.
 O wherefore is the DEITY so kind ?
 Astonishing beyond astonishment !
 Heav'n our reward—for Heav'n enjoy'd *below*.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn *heart* ?—For *there*
 The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless ; *will* alone rebels.
 What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
 New, unexpected witnesses against thee ?
Ambition, *pleasure*, and the *love of gain* !
 Canst thou suspect, that *these*, which make the soul
 The *slave* of earth, should own her *heir* of Heav'n ?
 Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*
 Our immortality, should prove it *sure* ?

First, then, *ambition* summon to the bar.

Ambition's *shame, extravagance, disgust,*
 And *inextinguishable Nature*, speak.
 Each much *deposes*; hear them in their turn.

Thy soul, how passionately fond of *fame*!
 How anxious, that fond passion to conceal!
 We blush, detected in designs on praise,
 Though for best deeds, and from the best of men;
 And why? Because *immortal*. Art divine
 Has made the body tutor to the soul:
 Heav'n kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
 Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
 Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
 Which stoops to court a character from man;
 While o'er us, in tremendous judgment sit
 Far more than man, with *endless* praise, and blame.

Ambition's *boundless appetite* out-speaks
 The verdict of its *shame*. When souls take fire
 At high presumptions of their own desert,
 One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
 The thunder by the living *few* begun,
 Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
 We wish our names *eternally* to live:
 Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
 Had not our natures been *eternal* too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
 But our blind *reason* sees not where it lies;
 Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
 And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
 Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
 Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
 "And is this all?" cry'd *Cæsar* at his height,
Disgusted. This *third* proof ambition brings
 Of immortality. The first in fame,
 Observe him near, your envy will abate:
 Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
 The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
 At *such* success, and blush at his renown.
 And why? Because far richer prize invites
 His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
 It calls in whispers, yet the dearest hear.

And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply?
 It can, and stronger than the former three;
 Yet quite o'erlook'd by some *reputed* wise.
 Though disappointments in ambition *pain*,
 And though success *disgusts*; yet still, LORENZO!
 In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
 By Nature planted for the noblest ends.
 Absurd the fam'd advice to PYRRHUS giv'n,
 More prais'd, than ponder'd; specious, but unsound:
 Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd,
 Than *reason*, his ambition. Man *must* soar.
 An obstinate activity within,
 An insuppressive spring, will toss him up
 In spite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
 Each villager has his ambition too;
 No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:
 Slaves build their little *Babylons* of straw,
 Echo the proud *Assyrian*, in their hearts,
 And cry—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
 And why? Because *immortal* as their lord;
 And souls *immortal* must for ever heave
 At something great; the glitter, or the gold:
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heav'n.
 Nor absolutely vain is *human* praise,
 When human is supported by *divine*.
 I'll introduce LORENZO to himself:
Pleasure and *pride* (bad masters!) share our hearts.
 As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
 And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
 The love of *praise* is planted to protect
 And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it, but the *love of praise*, inspires,
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
 Earth's happiness? From *that*, the delicate,
 The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life.
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
 The basis, on which *love of glory* builds,
 Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue*! less in debt
 To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
 Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss!
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.

Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
 And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
 Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard ;
Reason, her first ; but reason wants an aid ;
 Our *private* reason is a flatterer ;
 Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in,
 To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
 And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

Here a *fifth* proof arises, stronger still :
 Why this so nice construction of our *hearts* ;
 These delicate moralities of *sense* ;
 This *constitutional* reserve of aid
 To succour virtue, when our *reason* fails ;
 If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
 And oft the mark of injuries on earth,
 When labour'd to maturity (its bill
 Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must *die* ?
 Why freighted rich to dash against a rock ?
 Were man to perish when most fit to *live*,
 O how mis-spent were all these stratagems,
 By skill divine inwoven in our frame ?
 Where are Heav'n's holiness and mercy fled ?
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man* ?
 If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd ?

Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice* ?
 This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *thine* :
 "The wise and wealthy are the same."—I grant it.
 To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
 This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.
 To this great end, keen instinct stings him on.
 To guide that instinct, *reason* ! is thy charge :
 'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treasure lies :
 But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
 Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
 A blunder follows ; and blind *industry*,
 Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
 (The course where stakes of more than gold are
 won)

O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,
 The jaded spirits of the *present* hour,
 Provides for an *eternity* below.

"Thou shalt not covet," is a wise command ;
 But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys ;
 Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,
 And *av'rice* is a virtue most divine.
 Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness* ?
 Most sure : and is it not for *reason* too ?
 Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.
 Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain ?
 From inextinguishable *life* in man :
 Man, if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *skies*,
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in *guilt*.
 Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice* :
 Yet still their root is *immortality*.
 These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,
 (Pain and reproach !) *Religion* can reclaim,
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
 And make them sparkle in the bowl of *bliss*.
 See the *third witness* laughs at bliss remote,
 And falsely promises an *Eden* here :
 Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie,
 A common cheat, and *Pleasure* is her name.
 To pleasure never was *LORENZO* deaf ;
 Then hear her now ; now *first* thy *real* friend.
 Since Nature made us not more fond than *proud*
 Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy,
 Makers of mirth, artificers of smiles,)
 Why should the joy, most poignant *sense* affords,
 Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride ?—
 Those Heav'n-born blushes tell us man *dēscends* ;
 Ev'n in the zenith of his *earthly* bliss :
 Should *reason* take her infidel repose,
 This honest *instinct* speaks our lineage high ;
 This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
 Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
 Our *glory* covers us with noble *shame*,
 And he that's unconfounded, is *unman'd*.
 The man that blushes is not quite a *brute*.
 Thus far with thee, *LORENZO* ! will I close ;
Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made ;
 But pleasure full of glory, as of joy ;
 Pleasure, which neither *blushes*, nor *expires*.

The witnesses are heard ; the cause is o'er ;
 Let *conscience* file the sentence in her court,
 Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey :
Thus, seal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs :

“ Know, *all* ! know, *Infidels*—unapt to know !

'Tis *immortality* your nature soives ;

'Tis *immortality* decyphers man,

And opens all the myst'ries of his make.

Without it, half his *instincts* are a riddle ;

Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream.

His very *crimes* attest his dignity ;

His sateless thirst of *pleasure*, *gold*, and *fame*,

Declares him born for blessings *infinite* :

What less than infinite, makes un-absurd

Passions, which *all* on earth but more inflames ;

Fierce passions, so mis-measur'd to *this* scene,

Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,

Far, far beyond the worth of all below,

For *earth* too large, presage a nobler flight,

And evidence our title to the *skies*.”

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind !

Whose constitution dictates to your pen,

Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from
 hell !

Think not our passions from *corruption* sprung,

Though to corruption *now* they lend their wings ;

That is their *mistress*, not their *mother*. All

(And justly) *Reason* deem divine ; I see,

I feel a *grandeur* in the *passions* too,

Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end,

Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.

In paradise itself they burnt as strong,

Ere ADAM fell ; though wiser in their aim.

Like the proud *Eastern*, struck by Providence,

What though our *passions* are run mad, and stoop

With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze

On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire ?

Yet still, through their disgrace, a feeble ray

Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell :

But *these* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd)

When *reason* moderates the rein aright,

Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere,
Where once they soar'd illustrious; ere seduc'd
By wanton EVE's debauch, to stroll on earth,
And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their frenzy lasts; their frenzy fails
To disappoint *one* providential end,
For which Heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were *reason* silent; boundless passion speaks
A future scene of boundless *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day:
Eternal Day! 'Tis that enlightens all:
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.

Consider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible all; and all is great;
A crystalline transparency prevails,
And strikes full lustre through the human sphere:
Consider man as *mortal*, all is dark,
And wretched; *Reason* weeps at the survey.

The learn'd LORENZO cries, "And let her weep,
Weak, *modern* reason: *Ancient* times were wise,
Authority, that venerable guide,
Stands on my part; the fam'd *Athenian* porch
(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)
Deny'd this immortality to man."

I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring through their romantic wisdom's page,
Make us, at once despise them, and admire!
Fable is flat to these high-season'd sires;
They leave th' extravagance of song below.
"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy
The dagger, or the rack; to them, alike
A bed of roses, or the burning bull."

In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, this!—As *doctrine*, it was strange;
But not, as *prophecy*; for such it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmness *Christians* need not feign.
The *Christian* truly triumph'd in the flame:
The *Stoic* saw, in double wonder lost,

Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,
To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? Those tow'ring
thoughts, that flew
Such monstrous heights?—From *instinct*, and from
pride,

The glorious *instinct* of a deathless soul,
Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
Suggested truths they could not understand.
In *lust's* dominion, and in passion's storm,
Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
(As light in chaos, glimm'ring through the gloom :)
Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reason* disbeliev'd.
Pride, like the *Delphic* priestess, with a swell,
Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be *future* sense,
When life *immortal*, in full day should shine ;
And *death's* dark shadows fly the Gospel sun.
They spoke, what nothing but *immortal* souls
Could speak ; and thus the truth they question'd,
prov'd.

Can then *absurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
Speak man *immortal* ? All things speak him so.
Much has been urg'd ; and dost thou call for more ?
Call ; and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if *earth* is all.

“ Why life, a *moment* ? Infinite, desire ?
Our wish, eternity ? Our home, the *grave* ?
Heav'n's *promise* dormant, lies in human *hope* ;
Who *wishes* life immortal, *proves* it too.
Why happiness pursu'd though never found ?
Man's thirst of happiness declares *it is*,
(For Nature never gravitates to nought,)
That thirst unquench'd, declares *It is not here*.
My LUCIA, thy CLARISSA, call to thought ;
Why *cordial friendship* rivetted so deep,
As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour ?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy ?
Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *sense* ?

Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
 And putting all our *present* joys to death ?
 Why labours *reason* ? *Instinct* were as well ;
 Instinct, far better ; what can *choose*, can *err* :
 O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute !
 'Twere well his *holiness* were half as sure.
Reason with *inclination*, why at war ?
 Why sense of *guilt* ? Why *conscience* up in arms ?"
 Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
 And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.
Reason with *inclination* ne'er had jarr'd,
 If nothing *future* paid forbearance *here*.
 Thus on—These, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
 All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene ;
 Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
 Than all things else most *certain* ; were it *false*,
 What *truth* on earth so precious as the lie ?
 This world it gives us, let what will ensue ;
 This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope* :
 The future of the present is the soul :
 How *this* life groans, when sever'd from the *next* !
 Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves !
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,
 In *both* parts perishes ; *life* void of joy,
 Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain !
 Couldst thou persuade me, the *next* life could fail
 Our ardent wishes ; how should I pour out
 My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep !
 Oh ! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
 Abhor'd ANNIHILATION ! blasts the soul,
 And wide extends the bounds of human woe !
 Could I believe LORENZO's system true,
 In *this* black channel would my ravings run.
 " Grief from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere-while,
 The future *vanish'd* ! and the present *pain'd* !
 Strange import of unprecedented ill !
 Fall, how profound ! like LUCIFER's the fall !
 Unequal fate ! His fall, without his guilt !
 From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
 The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 To night ! To *nothing* ! Darker still than night.

If 'twas a *dream*, why *wake* me, my worst foe?

LORENZO! boastful of the name of friend!

O for delusion! O for error still!

Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant,

A *thinking* being in a world like this,

Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;

More curst than at the *fall*?—The Sun goes out!

The thorns shoot up! What thorns in ev'ry thought!

Why sense of *better*? It embitters worse.

Why sense? Why life? If but to sigh, then sink

To what I was! *Twice* nothing! and much woe!

Woe, from Heav'n's bounties! Woe, from what was
wont

To flatter most, high *intellectual pow'rs*,

Thought, virtue, knowledge! Blessings, by *thy*
scheme,

All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once

My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread.

To *know myself*, true wisdom?—No, to shun

That shocking science. Parent of despair!

Avert thy mirror: If I *see*, I die.

"*Know my Creator?* Climb his blest abode

By painful speculation, pierce the veil,

Dive in his nature, read his attributes,

And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,

Obtruding life, with-holding happiness!

From the full rivers that surround his throne,

Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;

(Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease

To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!)

Ye sable clouds! Ye darkest shades of night!

Hide *him*, for ever hide him, from my thought,

Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!

Now leagu'd with furies, and with *thee*,* against me.

Thee, mankind's boasted friend, and blackest foe.

"*Know his achievements?* Study his renown?

Contemplate this amazing universe,

Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!

For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,

To find one miracle of *misery*?

To find the being, which alone can *know*
 And *praise* his works, a blemish on his praise?
 Thro' Nature's ample range, in thought to stroll,
 And start at *man*, the *single* mourner there,
 Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs and
 death?

Knowing is suff'ring: And shall *virtue* share
 The sigh of *knowledge*? *Virtue* shares the sigh.
 By straining up the steep of *excellent*,
 By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
 What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
 With ev'ry vice, and swept to *brutal* dust?
 Merit is madness; *virtue* is a crime;
 A crime to *reason*, if it costs us pain
Unpaid: What pain, amidst a thousand more,
 To think the most *abandon'd*, after days
 Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
 As *soft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!

Duty! Religion!—These, our duty done,
 Imply reward. *Religion* is mistake.
Duty!—There's none, but to repel the cheat.
 Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
 Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies:
 Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
 That toss, and struggle, in my *lying* breast,
 To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
 As I were heir of an *eternity*;
 Vain, vain ambitious! trouble me no more.
 Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
 As bounded as my being, be my wish.
 All is inverted, *wisdom* is a fool.
Sense, take the rein; blind *passion*, drive us on;
 And, *ignorance*, befriend us on our way;
 Ye new, but *truest* patrons of our peace!
 Yes; give the *pulse* full empire; live the *brute*,
 Since, as the brute, we die. The *sum* of man,
 Of godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.

“But not on equal terms with other brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
 And safer too; *they* never poisons choose.

Instinct, than *reason*, makes more wholesome meals,
And sends all-marring murmur far away.

For *sensual* life they best philosophize;

Theirs, that *serene*, the *sages* sought in vain:

'Tis *man* alone expostulates with *Heav'n*;

His, all the *pow'r*, and all the *cause*, to mourn.

Shall *human* eyes alone dissolve in tears?

And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts?

The wide-stretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,

Surpassing *sensual* far, is all our own.

In *life* so fatally distinguish'd, why

Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death*?

“E're yet in being, was mankind in guilt?

Why thunder'd this peculiar *clause* against us?

All-mortal, and *all-wretched*!—Have the skies

Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,

Nor *humbly* reason, when they *sorely* sigh?

All-mortal, and *all-wretched*!—'Tis too much;

Unparallel'd in Nature: 'Tis too much

On being *unrequested* at thy hands,

OMNIPOTENT! for I see nought but *pow'r*.

And why see that? Why *thought*? To toil, and eat,

Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.

What *superfluities* are *reas'ning* souls!

O give *eternity*! or *thought* destroy.

But without thought our curse were half unfelt:

Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;

And, *therefore*, 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, *Reason*!

For aiding life's too small calamities,

And giving being to the dread of *death*.

Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much

For *me*, to trespass on the brutal rights?

Too much for *Heav'n* to make one emmet more?

Too much for *chaos* to permit my mass

A longer stay with essences unwrought,

Unfashion'd, *untormented* into *man*?

Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!

Wretched capacity of frenzy, *thought*!

Wretched capacity of dying, *life*!

Life, *thought*, *worth*, *wisdom*, all (O foul revolt!)

Once friends to *peace*, gone over to the foe.

Death, then, has chang'd its nature too : O death !
 Come to my bosom, thou *best* gift of Heav'n !
 Best friend of man ! since man is man no more.
 Why in this thorny *wilderness* so long,
 Since there's no *promis'd land's* ambrosial bow'r,
 To pay me with its honey for my stings ?
 If needful to the selfish schemes of Heav'n
 To sting us sore, why *mock'd* our misery ?
 Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads ?
 Why this illustrious canopy display'd ?
 Why so magnificently lodg'd *despair* ?
 At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
 These *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
 Their length of labours, and of pains ; nor lose
 Their misery's full measure ?—Smiles with flow'rs,
 And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming *earth*,
 That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes,
 And in an *Eden* mourn his wither'd joys ?
 Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
 For *such* delights ? Blest *animals* ! too wise
 To wonder ; and too happy to *complain* !

“ Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful scene :
 Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd* ?
 Why not the dragon's subterraneous den,
 For man to howl in ? Why not his abode
 Of the same dismal colour with his fate ?
 A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vast expense
 Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
 Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high de-
 sire ;
 If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
 The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there* ;
 And, round us, *death's* inexorable hand
 Draws the dark curtain close ; *undrawn* no more.

“ *Undrawn no more* !—Behind the cloud of *death*,
 Once, I beheld a Sun ; a Sun which gilt
 That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold :
 How the *Grave's* alter'd ! fathomless, as hell !
 A *real* hell to those who dreamt of Heav'n.

ANNIHILATION ! How it yawns before me !
 Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sense*,
 The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
 An outcast from existence ! And this spirit,
 This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 This particle of energy divine,
 Which travels Nature, flies from star to star,
 And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,
 For ever is extinguish'd. Horror ! Death !
 Death of *that* death I *fearless* once survey'd !
 When horror *universal* shall descend,
 And Heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
 On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
 How just this verse ! this monumental sigh !

" Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass
 Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
 Here lie proud *Rationals* ; the sons of Heav'n !
 The lords of earth ! the property of worms !
 Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow !
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd !
 All gone to rot in *chaos* ; or, to make
 Their happy transit into *blocks* or *brutes*,
 Nor longer sully their Creator's name."

LORENZO ! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history ? If *such* is man,
 Mankind's historian, though *divine*, might *weep*.
 And dares LORENZO smile ? I know thee proud :
 For once let *pride* befriend thee ; pride looks pale
 At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
 Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
 And art thou then a shadow ? Less than shade ?
 A nothing ? *Less* than nothing ? To *have* been,
 And *not to be*, is lower than unborn.
 Art thou *ambitious* ? Why then make the worm
 Thine equal ? Runs thy taste of *pleasure* high ?
 Why patronize sure death of ev'ry joy ?
 Charm *riches* ? Why choose begg'ry in the grave,
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt ! and *for ever* ?
 Life's joy so rich, thou canst not wish for more ?
Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee

To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They* lately *prov'd*, thy soul's supreme desire.

What art thou made of? Rather how unmade?
Great *Nature's* master appetite destroy'd!
Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
Or both wish'd, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with Heav'n!
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour!
Bubbles of a fantastic Deity, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful LORENZO!
Destroys thy scheme the *whole* of human race?
Kind is fell LUCIFER, compar'd to thee:
Oh! spare this *waste* of being half-divine;
And vindicate th' *economy* of Heav'n.

Heav'n is all *love*; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created but to *bless*:
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life
A being blest, or worthy *so* to be?
Heav'n starts at an *annihilating* God.
Is that, all nature starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
Of *Nature*, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
Nature's *first* wish is *endless happiness*;
Annihilation is an *after-thought*,
A monstrous wish, unborn 'till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies enclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But, first, he wish'd the DEITY destroy'd.

If so; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,

All hell invited, and all hell in joy
 At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
 Did thy foul *fancy* whelp so black a scheme
 Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
 And *Deities* begun, reduc'd to dust?

'There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
 Of feeble essences, tumultuous driv'n
 Through *time's* rough billows into *night's* abyss.
 Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
 Is there no *rock*, on which man's tossing thought
 Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
 And boldly think it *something* to be born?
 Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
 Is there no central, all-sustaining *base*,
 All-realizing, all-connecting *pow'r*,
 Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
 And force *destruction* to refund her spoil?
 Command the grave restore her taken prey?
 Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
 And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,
 True to the grand deposit trusted *there*?
 Is there no *potentate*, whose out-stretcht arm
 When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
 Pluck'd from foul *devastation's* famish'd maw,
 Binds *present*, *past*, and *future*, to his throne?
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
 By germinating beings clust'ring round!
 A garland worthy the divinity!
 A throne, by Heav'n's Omnipotence in *smiles*,
 Built (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the waves)
 Amidst immense effusions of his love!
 An ocean of *communicated* bliss!

An all-prolific, all-preserving God!
 This were a God indeed. And such *is* man,
 As here presum'd: He rises from his fall.
 Think'st thou Omnipotence a *naked* root,
 Each blossom fair of *DEITY* destroy'd?
 Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
 That ever animated human clay,
 Now wakes; is on the wing: And where, O where,
 Will the swarm settle?—When the *trumpet's* call,

As sounding brass, collects us, round Heav'n's throne
Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,
(Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever.

Had not the soul this *outlet* to the skies,
In this vast vessel of the universe,
How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famish'd *hope* expire!

How bright *my* prospect shines! How gloomy
thine!

A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *lost*. LORENZO! can it be?

This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*,
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial, but our misery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,
So soon to perish, and revive no more?

The greater such a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, when dark, mysterious vanity,
Of *good* and *ill* the distant colours blends,
Confounds all *reason*, and all *hope* destroys;
Reason and hope, our sole asylum *here*!

A world, so far from *great* (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a shadow! *Consciousness*, a dream!

A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *night*,
His sad, sure, sudden, and *eternal* tomb!

LORENZO! dost thou *feel* these arguments?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
How hast thou dar'd the DERTY dethrone?
How dar'd *indict* him of a world like this?
If *such* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime, but cause of misery?
Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,

Without us, and within, the short result—

“If man’s immortal, there’s a God in Heav’n.”

But wherefore such redundancy? Such waste
Of argument? *One* sets *my* soul at rest;
One obvious, and at hand, and, Oh!—at heart.
So just the skies, PHILANDER’S life so pain’d,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne’er had he been born.

“What an old tale is this!” LORENZO cries.—

I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis’d it for its age.

Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys: Be wise, nor make
Heav’n’s highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.

Say, know’st thou what *it* is? Or what *thou* art?
Know’st thou th’ *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: Worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; *one* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th’ astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation *poor*.

For this, believe not *me*; no man believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the SUPREME; nor his, a few;
Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
Thy *soul’s* importance: Tremble at thyself;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak’d so long:
Has wak’d, and work’d, for ages; from the birth
Of Nature to this *unbelieving* hour.

In this small province of his vast domain
(All *Nature* bow, while I pronounce his name) ♀
What has God done, and not for *this* sole end,
To rescue souls from death? The *soul’s high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The *soul’s high price* is the *creation’s key*,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of ev’ry deed divine:
That, is the *chain of ages*, which maintains

Their obvious correspondence, and unites
 Most distant periods in one bless'd design :
That, is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
 All revolutions, whether we regard
 The *nat'ral*, *civil*, or *religious*, world ;
 The former two, but servants to the third :
 To that their duty done, they both expire,
 Their *mass* new-cast, forgot their *deeds* renown'd ;
 And angels ask, "*Where once they shone so fair ?*"

To lift us from *this* abject, to sublime ;
 This flux, to permanent ; this dark, to day ;
 This foul, to pure ; this turbid, to serene ;
 This mean, to mighty !—for *this* glorious end
 Th' ALMIGHTY, rising, his long Sabbath broke ;
 The world was made ; was ruin'd ; was restor'd ;
 Laws from the skies were publish'd ; were repeal'd ;
 On *earth*, kings, kingdoms, rose ; kings, kingdoms
 fell ;

Fam'd sages lighted up the *Pagan* world ;
 Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen glance
 Through distant age ; saints travell'd ; martyrs bled ;
 By wonders sacred nature stood controul'd ;
 The living were translated ; dead were rais'd ;
 Angels, and *more* than angels, came from Heav'n ;
 And, oh ! for *this*, descended lower still ;
 Gilt was hell's gloom ; astonish'd at his guest,
 For one short moment LUCIFER ador'd :
 LORENZO ! and wilt thou do less ?—For *this*,
 That *hallow'd page*, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
 Of all these truths thrice venerable code !

Deists ! perform your quarantine ; and then
 Fall prostrate, e'er you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent *infernal* pow'rs
 To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
 O what a scene is here !—LORENZO ! wake,
 Rise to the thought ; exert, expand thy soul
 To take the vast idea : It denies
 All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds,
 Not *Europe* against *Afric* ; warring worlds,
 Of *more* than mortal ! mounted on the wing !
 On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,

High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife !
 This sublunary ball—But strife, for what ?
 In their *own* cause conflicting ? No ; in *thine*,
 In *man's*. His *single* int'rest blows the flame ;
 His the sole stake ; his fate the trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns !
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms !
 Force, force opposing, 'till the waves run high,
 And tempest Nature's universal sphere.
 Such opposites eternal, stedfast, stern,
 Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill* ;
 Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between
 them.

Think not this fiction. "*There was war in Heav'n.*"
 From Heav'n's high crystal mountain, where it hung,
 Th' ALMIGHTY's out-stretcht arm took down his bow,
 And shot his indignation at the *deep* :
 Re-thunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires.
 And seems the stake of little moment still ?
 And slumbers *man*, who singly caus'd the storm ?
 He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at *mysteries* ?
 The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
 What ardour, care, and counsel, *mortals* cause
 In breasts *divine* ! How little in their own !

Where'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me !
 How happily this wondrous view supports
 My former argument ! How strongly *strikes*
Immortal life's full demonstration, *here* !
 Why this exertion ? Why this strange regard
 From Heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man ?—
 Because, in man, the glorious, dreadful pow'r,
 Extremely to be pain'd, or blest for *ever*,
Duration gives importance ; swells the price.
 An angel, if a creature of a *day*,
 What would he be ? A trifle of no weight ;
 Or stand, or fall ; no matter which ; he's gone.
Because IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd
 This strange regard of deities to dust.
 Hence, Heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes :
 Hence, the souls mighty moment in her sight :
 Hence, ev'ry soul has partisans above,

And ev'ry thought a critic in the skies :
 Hence, *clay*, vile clay ! has angels for its guard,
 And ev'ry guard a passion for his charge :
 Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
 Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.
 Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid.
 Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
 And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet mankind ;
 In various modes of emphasis and awe,
 He spoke his will, and trembling *Nature* heard ;
 He spoke it loud, in thunder, and in storm.
 Witness, thou *Sinai* !* whose cloud-cover'd height,
 And shaken basis, own'd the present God :
 Witness, ye *billows* !† whose returning tide,
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
 Swept *Egypt*, and her menaces to hell ;
 Witness, ye *flames* th' *Assyrian* tyrant blew ‡
 To sev'nfold rage, as impotent, as strong ;
 And thou, *earth* ! witness, whose expanding jaws
 Clos'd o'er *presumption's* sacrilegious sons : ||
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
 The *soul's high price*, and sworn it to the wise ?
 Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove
 To strike *this truth*, through adamantinè man ?
 If not *all-adamant*, LORENZO ! hear ;
 All is delusion, *Nature* is wrapt up,
 In tenfold night, from *reason's* keenest eye ;
 There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
 In all beneath the sun, in all above,
 (As far as man can penetrate,) or Heav'n
 Is an immense, inestimable prize ;
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is *all*.
 And shall each *toy* be still a match for Heav'n !
 And full equivalent for groans below ?
 Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
 What he would give a *thousand* worlds to *cure* ?
 LORENZO ! Thou hast seen (if thine, to see)
 All *Nature*, and her God (by *Nature's* course,

* Exod. xix. 16, 18. † Exod. xiv. 27. ‡ Dan. iii. 19.

|| Numb. xvi. 32.

And Nature's course *controul'd*) declare for me :
 The skies above proclaim "*Immortal man !*"
 And "*Man immortal !*" all below resounds.
 The world's a system of theology,
 Read, by the greatest strangers to the schools ;
 If *honest*, learn'd : and *sages* o'er a plough.
 Is not, LORENZO ! then, impes'd on thee
 This hard alternative ; or, to renounce
 Thy *reason*, and thy *sense* ; or, to *believe* ?
 What then is *unbelief* ? 'Tis an exploit ;
 A strenuous enterprize : To gain it, man
 Must burst through ev'ry bar of common sense,
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong.
 And what rewards the sturdy combatant ?
 His prize, *repentance* ; *infamy* his crown.
 But wherefore, *infamy* ? For want of *faith*,
 Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides ;
 There's nothing to support him in the *right*.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
 In *Embryo*, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt ;
 And strong temptation ripens it to *birth*.
 If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
 Why not his country sold, his father slain ?
 'Tis virtue to pursue our good *supreme* ;
 And his supreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, *av'rice*, by the *wise* disdain'd,
 Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
 And think a turf, or tombstone, covers all :
These find employment, and provide for *sense*
 A richer pasture, and a larger range ;
 And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne,
 When *virtue's* prize and prospect are no more ;
Virtue no more we think the will of Heav'n.
 Would Heav'n quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd ?
 "Has *virtue* charms ?"—I grant her heav'nly fair ;
 But if unportion'd, all will *int'rest* wed ;
 Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
 The virtues grow on *immortality* ;
 That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
 A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail ;
 Rewards and punishments make God ador'd ;

And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her pow'r.
 As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with *immortality*, expires.
 Who tells me he denies his soul *immortal*,
 Whate'er his boast, has told me, *He's a knave*.
 His *duty* 'tis, to love himself *alone* ;
 Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
 Who thinks ere-long the man shall *wholly* die,
 Is dead already ; nought but *brute* survives.

And are there such ?—Such candidates there are
 For *more* than death ; for utter loss of being ;
 Being, the basis of the *DEITY* !
 Ask you the *cause* ?—The cause they will not tell ;
 Nor *need* they : Oh the sorceries of *sense* ;
They work this transformation on the soul,
 Dismount her like the serpent at the fall,
 Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd
 Ere-while ethereal heights) and throw her down,
 To lick the dust, and *crawl*, in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you ? O ye fall'n !
 Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope* !
 Erect in stature, prone in appetite !
 Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain !
 Lovers of argument, averse to sense !
 Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains !
 Lords of the wide creation, and the shame !
 More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn !
 More *base* than those you rule ! Than those you
 pity,
 Far more *undone* ! O ye most infamous
 Of beings, from superior dignity !
 Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss !
 Ye curst by blessings infinite ! Because
 Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost !
 Ye motley mass of *contradiction* strong !
 And are you, too, coavinc'd, your souls fly off
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,
 From the full flood of evidence *against* you ?
 In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*,
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of Heav'n
 By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own :

But though you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;
To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your pow'r.

LORENZO! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. *Evremont*,* and read St. *Paul*.
Ere rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in Heav'n.
This is freethinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
From first to last (but *last* there none shall be!)
To dart her flight, through the whole sphere of
man;

Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of *space* and *time*, at home;
Familiar with her wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless int'rests *there*,
Still most ambitious of the most remote;
To look on *truth* unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the *system*, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
More firm; who most *examine*, most *believe*.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the *whole*
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race:
Read his *whole* volume, sceptic! then reply.

This, this is thinking free, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike *man*?
Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in Heav'n, can roll at large
In *man's* capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs; for *new* creations, there.
Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe

* An Infidel writer.

A point of no dimension, of no weight?

It can; it does; the *world* is such a point:

And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves!

How small a part!—of *nothing*, shall I say?

Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! How they drop!

LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone!

The *grave*, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd

A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,

Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.

How the world falls to pieces round about us!

And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!

What says this *transportation* of my friends!

It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,

And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.

Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;

There, there, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA sails.

Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,

That rock of souls *immortal*; cut thy cord;

Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;

Eye thy great *pole-star*; make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,

And two of death; the *last* far more severe.

Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun;

Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.

Life *rational* subsists on higher food,

Triumphant in *his* beams, who made the day.

When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*

(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt,)

'Tis *utter* darkness; strictly *double* death.

We sink by no *judicial* stroke of Heav'n,

But Nature's *course*; as sure as plummets fall.

Since God, or *man*, must alter, ere they meet

(For light and darkness blend not in one sphere,)

'Tis manifest, LORENZO! *who* must change.

If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,

Blame not the bowels of the DEITY;

Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.

Not *man* alone, all *rational*s, Heav'n arms

With an illustrious, but tremendous pow'r

To counteract its own most gracious ends;

And this of strict *necessity*, not choice :
That pow'r deny'd, *men, angels* were no more,
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
 A nature *rational* implies the pow'r
 Of being bless'd, or wretched, as we please ;
 Else idle *reason* would have nought to do ;
 And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
 Heav'n *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom ;
Invites us ardently, but not *compels* ;
 Heav'n but *persuades*, almighty Man *decrees* ;
 Man is the maker of *immortal* fates.
 Man falls by man, if *finally* he falls ;
 And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,
 The dreadful secret—That he *lives* for ever.

Why *this* to thee ! Thee yet, perhaps in doubt
 Of *second* life ! But wherefore doubtful still !
 Eternal life is Nature's ardent wish :
 What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe ;
 Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd :
 What has destroy'd it !—Shall I tell thee, what ?
 When *fear'd* the *future*, 'tis no longer *wish'd* ;
 And, when *unwish'd*, we *strive* to disbelieve.
 “ *Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.* ”
 Nor that the sole detection ! Blush LORENZO !
 Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
 The *future fear'd* ?—an *Infidel* ! and fear !
 Fear what ? a *dream* ? a *fable* ?—How thy dread
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *strong*,
 Affords my cause an undesign'd support !
 How *disbelief* affirms, what it denies !
 “ *It, unawares asserts immortal life.* ”

Surprising ! *Infidelity* turns out
 A *creed*, and a *confession of our sins* :
 Apostates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.

LORENZO ! with LORENZO clash no more :
 Nor longer a *transparent* vizar wear.
 Think'st thou, RELIGION *only* has her mask ?
 Our Infidels are *Satan's* hypocrites,
Pretend the worst, and at the bottom, *fail*.
 When visited by thought (thought will intrude)

Like him they serve, they *tremble* and *believe*.
 Is their hypocrisy so foul as this?
 So fatal to the welfare of the world?
 What *detestation*, what *contempt*, their due!
 And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape
 That Christian candour they *strive* hard to scorn.
 If not for that asylum, they might find
 A hell on *earth*; nor 'scape a worse *below*.
 With insolence, and impotence of thought,
 Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,
 Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.
 But shall I dare confess the dire result?
 Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand?
 From purer manners, to sublimer faith,
 Is Nature's unavoidable ascent;
 An *honest* Deist, where the Gospel shines,
 Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends.
 When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
 This song superfluous; *Life immortal* strikes
 Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
 A *Christian* dwell like *URIEL*,* in the sun.
 Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight;
 And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.
 Of *that* bright sun, *LORENZO*! scale the sphere,
 'Tis easy; it invites thee; it descends
 From Heav'n to woo and waft thee whence it came!
 Read and revere the *sacred page*; a page
 Where triumphs immortality; a page
 Which not the whole creation could produce;
 Which not the conflagration shall destroy;
 In Nature's ruins not one letter lost:
 'Tis printed in the mind of gods, for ever.
 In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
 Dost *smile*? Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
 Angels, and men, assent to what I sing;
 Wits smile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
 How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain!
 Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
 Pert *infidelity* is wit's cockade,
 To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,

By *loss of being*, dreadfully secure.

LORENZO! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *this* is all, if earth a *final* scene,

Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*;

A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*;

Shouldst thou be *good*—how infinite thy loss!

Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.

Bless'd scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*,
death

Of *hope*; and which *VICE* only, recommends.

If so; *where* Infidels! your bait thrown out

To catch weak converts? *Where* your lofty boast

Of *zeal* for *virtue*, and of *love* to *man*?

ANNIHILATION! I confess, in *these*.

What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a *song*?

Yet know, *its title** flatters *you*; not *me*;

Yours be the praise to make *my* title good;

Mine, to bless Heav'n, and triumph in *your* praise.

But since so pestilential your disease,

Though sov'reign is the med'cine I prescribe,

As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair:

But hope, ere long, my *midnight dream* will wake

Your hearts, and teach you *wisdom*—to be wise:

For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,

E'er wish (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?

What ne'er *can* die. Oh! grant to *live*; and crown

The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies;

Increase, and *enter* on the joys of Heav'n:

Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,

Receive an *imprimatur* from above,

While angels shout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd!*

To close, LORENZO! Spite of all my pains,

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live *for*
ever?

Is it *less* strange that thou shouldst live *at all*?

This is a miracle; and *that* no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.

Deny thou art : Then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.
 A miracle with miracles enclos'd,
 Is man : And starts his faith at what is *strange* ?
 What less than wonders, from the *wonderful* ;
 What less than miracles from God, can flow ?
Admit a God—that mystery Supreme !
 That cause uncaus'd ! All other wonders cease ;
 Nothing is marvellous for *Him* to do :

Deny him—all is mystery besides ;
 Millions of mysteries ! *each* darker far,
 Than *that* thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
 If *weak* thy faith, why choose the harder side ?
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous ;
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
 So weak our *reason*, and so great our God,
 What most surprises in the *sacred page*,
 Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.
Faith is not *reason's* labour, but *repose*.

To *faith*, and *virtue*, why so backward, man ?
 From hence ; The *present* strongly strikes us all ;
 The *future* faintly : Can we, then, be *men* ?
 If men, LORENZO ! the reverse is right.
Reason is man's peculiar : *Sense*, the brute's.
 The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense* ;
 The *future*, *reason's* empire unconfin'd :
 On *that* expending all her god-like pow'r,
 She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there* ;
 There builds her *blessings* ; there expects her
praise ;

And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *men* ;
 And what is *reason* ? Be she thus defin'd :
Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.

Oh ! be a *man* !—and strive to be a *God*.

“ For what ? (thou sayst :) To damp the joys of
life ? ”

No ; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.
 That tyrant, *hope*, mark, how she domineers ;
 She bids us quit realities, for dreams :
 Safety and peace, for hazard and alarm ;
 That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
 She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize,

Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits,
 Though bearing *crowns*, to spring at *distant* game;
 And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.
 If *hope* precarious, and if things, when gain'd,
 Of little moment, and as little stay,
 Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;
 What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
 Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!
 Bliss, past *man's* pow'r to paint it! *time's*, to close!

This hope is earth's most estimable prize:
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*;
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her *tears*; and *transport* has her *death*;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
 Man's heart, at once, *inspirits* and *serenes*;
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys:
 'Tis all, our present state can *safely* bear,
 Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
 A joy attemper'd! a *chastis'd* delight!
 Like the fair summer evening, mild, and sweet!
 'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

A bless'd hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
 Is *all*; our *whole* of happiness; Full proof,
 I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
 And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men,
 Though quite forgotten * half your *bible's* praise!)
Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please:
Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too
 much:

If there is weight in an ETERNITY,
 Let the *grave* listen; and be *graver* still.

* The Poetical parts of it.

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY.

OR

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

In which are considered, the Love of this Life ; the
Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom
of the World.

To the Right Honourable Henry Pelham.

AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part ?
Have I brib'd Heav'n and earth, to plead against
thee !
And is thy soul *immortal* ?—What remains ?
All, all, LORENZO ; make immortal, bless'd.
Unbless'd immortals ! what can shock us more ?
And yet, LORENZO still affects *the world* ;
There, stows his treasure ; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world ! (for such wouldst thou be
call'd ;)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style ?
Proud of reproach ? For a reproach it *was*,

In ancient days ; and Christian—in an age,
 When men were men, and not asham'd of Heav'n,
 Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
 Sprinkled with dews from the *Castalian* font,
 Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
 A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal, and inflam'd,
 Point out my path, and dictate to my song :
 To thee, *the world how fair !* How strongly strikes
Ambition ! and gay *pleasure* stronger still !
 Thy triple bane ! the triple bolt, that lays
 Thy virtue dead ! Be *these* my triple theme ;
 Nor shall thy *wit* or *wisdom* be forgot.

Common the theme ; not so the song ; if she
 My song invokes, URANIA, deigns to smile.
 The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
 If she dissolves, *the man of earth*, at once,
 Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes :
 Scenes, where these sparks of night, these *stars*
 shall shine

Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they *are*,
 The *bless'd* behold) and, in one glory, pour
 Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight ;
 A blaze—the least illustrious object *there*.

LORENZO ! since *eternal* is at hand,
 To swallow *time's* ambitions ; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
 High on the foaming billow ; what avail
 High titles, high descent, attainments high,
 If unattain'd our *highest* ? O LORENZO !
 What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
 What tow'ring hopes, what sallies from the Sun,
 What grand surveys of destiny divine,
 And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
 Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
 Bound for *eternity* ! In bosoms read
 By *Him*, who foibles in archangels sees !
 On human hearts He bends a jealous eye,
 And marks, and in Heav'n's register enrols,
 The rise, and progress, of each option there ;
 Sacred to doomsday ! *That*, the page unfolds,

And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
 And what an option, O LORENZO! thine?
 This world! and this, unrivall'd by the skies!
 A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
 Three *Dæmons* that divide its realms between them,
 With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
 Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;
 'Till, with the giddy circle sick and tir'd,
 It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
 Such is the world LORENZO sets above
 That glorious *promise*, angels were esteem'd
 Too *mean* to bring; a promise, their Ador'd,
 Descended to communicate, and press,
 By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
 Such is the world LORENZO's wisdom woos,
 And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
 A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
 Intoxicates but not composes; fills
 The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
 All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest;
 What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
 How frail, men, things! How momentary both!
 Fantastic chase of shadows hunting shades!
 The *gay*, the *busy*, equal, though unlike;
 Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
 Through flow'ry meadows, and through dreary
 wastes,
 One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
 There's not a *day*, but, to the man of thought,
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
 The scenes of *bus'ness* tell us—"What are men;"
 The scenes of *pleasure*—"What is all beside?"
There, others we despise; and *here*, ourselves.
 Amid *disgust* eternal, dwells delight?
 'Tis *approbation* strikes the string of joy.
 What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
 Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the dust,
 On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
 The *proud* run up and down in quest of eyes;
 The *sensua*l, in pursuit of something worse:

The *grave*, of gold ; the *politic*, of pow'r ;
 And all, of other butterflies as vain !
 As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
 How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in !
 On the swift circle of returning toys,
 Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then in-
 gulph'd,

Where gay delusion darkens to despair !

"*This is a beaten track.*" —Is this a track
 Should *not* be beaten ? Never beat enough,
 'Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire.
 Shall truth be silent, because folly *frowns* ?
 Turn the world's history ; what find we there,
 But *fortune's* sports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
 Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
 And endless inhumanities on man ?
 Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
 It brings *bad* tidings ! How it hourly blows
 Man's misadventures round the list'ning world !
 Man is the tale of narrative old *time* ;
 Sad tale ! which high as Paradise begins :
 As if the toil of travel to delude,
 From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
 The *days*, his daughters, as they spin our hours
 On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought,
 Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
 Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
 With now and then, a wretched farce between ;
 And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us ;
 Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind :
 While in their *father's* bosom, not yet *ours*,
 They flatter our fond hopes ; and promise much
 Of amiable ; but hold *him* not o'erwise,
 Who dares to trust them ; and laugh round the
 year,

At still-confiding, still-confounded man ;
 Confiding, though confounded ; hoping on,
 Untaught by trial, unconvinced by proof,
 And ever looking for the never-seen :
 Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies ;

Nor owns itself a *cheat*, till it expires.
 Its little joys go out by one and one,
 And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night ;
 Night, darker than what, *now*, involves the pole.

O THOU, who dost permit these ills to fall,
 For gracious ends, and wouldst that man should
 mourn !

O THOU, whose hand this goodly fabric fram'd,
 Who know'st it best, and wouldst that man should
 know !

What is this sublunary world ? A vapour !
 A vapour all it holds ; itself, a vapour ;
 From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
 Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour
 In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom ;
 As mortal, tho' less transient, than her sons ;
 Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
 Were both eternal, solid ; THOU ! a dream.

They doat, on what ? Immortal views apart,
 A region of outsides ! a land of shadows !
 A fruitful field of flow'ry promises !
 A wilderness of joys ! perplex'd with doubts,
 And sharp with thorns ! A troubled *ocean*, spread
 With bold adventurers, their *all* on board ;
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns ;
 Frown soon it *must*. Of various rates they sail,
 Of ensigns various ; all alike in this,
 All restless, anxious ; toss'd with hopes and fears,
 In calmest skies ; obnoxious all to storm !
 And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life :
 All bound for happiness ; yet few provide
 The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies ;
 Or *virtue's* helm, to shape the course design'd :
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
 Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
 And farther from their wishes than before :
 All, more or less, against each other dash,
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driv'n,
 And suff'ring more from folly than from fate.

Ocean ! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home

Of dangers, at eternal war with man !
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
 (Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost,*)
 Wide op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more !
 Too faithful mirror ; how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life !
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still :
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
 By *moral truth*, in such a mirror seen,
 Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.
 Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers
 gay,
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our *friend* ;
 All, in some darling enterprise embark'd :
 But where is he can fathom its event ?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize,
 Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard,
 And puffs them wide of hope ; With hearts of proof,
 Full against wind and tide, *some* win their way ;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !
 Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
 They strike ; and while they triumph, they expire.
 In stress of weather, *most* : *Some* sink outright ;
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd ;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more ;
One Caesar lives ; a thousand are forgot.
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born !
 (Darlings of Providence ! fond fate's elect !)
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted ! Yet even these,
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain ;

Free from misfortune, not from Nature free,
 They still are *men*; and when is man *secure*?
 As fatal *time*, as *storm*! the rush of years
 Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
 In ruin end: And, now, their proud success
 But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be,
 From *mortal* man,) and fortune at our nod,
 The gay, rich, great, triumphant, and august,
 What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)
 Convince *me* most of human misery:
 What are they?—Smiling wretches of to-morrow!
 More wretched *then*, than e'er their slaves *can* be;
 Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
 Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
 What aggravated impotence in pow'r!
 High titles, *then*, what insult to their pain!
 If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
 Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
 And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?
 "But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
 Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
 Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
 Look on life's stages; They speak plainer still;
 The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
 Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
 The best that can befall the best on earth;
 The boy has virtue by his *mother's* side:
 Yes, on FLORELLO look: A Father's heart
 Is tender, though the *man's* is made of stone;
 The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
 Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.
 FLORELLO, lately cast on this rude coast
 A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
 To poor CLARISSA's throes, thy care succeeds;

Care full of love, and yet severe as hate !
 O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns !
 Needful austerities his will restrain ;
 As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
 As yet, his *reason* cannot go alone ;
 But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
 His little heart is often terrify'd ;
 The blush of morning, in his cheek turns pale ;
 Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye ;
 His harmless eye ! and drowns an *angel* there.
 Ah ! what avails his innocence ? The task
 Enjoin'd must discipline his early pow'rs ;
 He learns to sigh, e'er he is known to sin ;
 Guiltless, and sad ! A wretch before the fall !
 How cruel this ! more cruel to forbear.
 Our Nature such, with necessary pains,
 We purchase prospects of precarious peace :
 Though not a Father, this might steal a sigh.

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
 'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still ;)
 Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
 He leaps enclosure, bounds into the world ;
 The world is taken, after ten year's toil,
 Like ancient *Troy*, and all its joys his own.
 Alas ! the world's a tutor more severe ;
 Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains ;
 Unteaching all his virtuous Nature taught,
 Or books (fair *Virtue's* advocates) inspir'd.

For who receives him into public life ?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
 Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
 (Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight,)
 And in their hospitable arms, enclose :
 Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
 So rank knight-errant, as a *real* friend :
 Men, that act up to *reason's* golden rule,
 All weakness of *affection* quite subdu'd :
 Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere,
 And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want ;
 That love a lie, where truth would pay as well ;
 As if, to them, *vice* shone her own reward.

LORENZO ! canst thou bear a *shocking* sight ?
Such, for FLORELLO's sake, 'twill now appear :
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright ;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace ;
All soft sensation in the throng rubb'd off ;
All their keen purpose, in *politeness* sheath'd ;
His friends eternal—during *interest* ;
His foes implacable—when worth their while ;
At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own ;
As wise as LUCIFER ; and half as good ;
And by whom none, but LUCIFER, can gain—
Naked, through these (so common fate ordains,)
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all most amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles un-
feign'd ;

Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd ;
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown ;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to *joy* (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh ; 'till time and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, *Experience*,
And her assistant, pausing, pale *Distrust*,
Purchase a dear-bought clue, to lead his youth
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy, if the clue shall come so cheap ;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heav'nly *virtue* is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of curs'd necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below, call'd wisdom ; sinks him into safety ;
And brands him into credit with the *world* ;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace ;
And Nature's injuries are arts of life ;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes :
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts ;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt !

POOR MICHAEL! who labour'd hard his plan,
 Forgot, that genius need not go to school;
 Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,
 His plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.
 The world's all *title-page*, there's no *contents*;
 The world's all *face*; the man who shews his *heart*,
 Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.

A man I knew, who liv'd upon a *smile*;
 And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
 While rankest venom foam'd through ev'ry vein.

LORENZO! what I tell thee, take not ill!

Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry *fool* alive:

And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.

To such proficient thou art half a saint.

In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)

How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,

Studious their nests to feather in a trice,

With all the *Necromantics* of their art,

Playing the game of *faces* on each other,

Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,

In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;

Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd:

And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) *undone*!

Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame;

Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,

Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool!

And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?

For who can thank the man, he cannot see?

Why so much cover? It defeats itself.

Ye that know *all* things! know ye not men's *hearts*

Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd?

For why *conceal'd*?—The cause they need not tell,

I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie;

Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe;

His *incapacity* is his renown.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise*;

It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.

Thou say'st 'tis *needful*: Is it therefore *right*?

Howe'r, I grant it some small sign of grace,

To strain at an excuse: And wouldst thou then

Escape that cruel *need*? Thou may'st, with ease;

Think no post *needful* that demands a *knave*.
 When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
 So P—— thought : Think better if you can.

But this, how rare ! the *public* path of life
 Is dirty :—Yet, allow that dirt its due,
 It makes the *noble* mind more noble still :
 The world's no *neuter* ; it will wound, or save ;
 Our *virtue* quench, or *indignation* fire.
You say, the world, well-known, will make a *man* ;
 The world, well-known, will give our hearts to
 Heav'n,

Or make us *Dæmons*, long before we die.

To shew how fair the world (*thy* mistress) shines,
 Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice ;
 Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.

Not *virtue*'s self is deify'd on earth ;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes ;
 Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.

True ; friends to *virtue*, *last*, and *least*, complain ;
 But if *they* sigh, can others hope to smile ?

If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
 How can poor *folly* lead a happy life ?

And if *both* suffer, what has earth to boast,
 Where he's *most* happy, who the *least* laments ?
 Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envy'd state,
 And *some* forgiveness, needs the best of friends ?
 For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
 Of neither shall he find the shadow *here*.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
 LORENZO smartly, with a smile, replies :

“ Thus far thy song is right ; and all must own,
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.—

And joys peculiar who to *vice* denies ?

If *vice* it is, with Nature to comply :

If *pride*, and *sense*, are so predominant,

To check, not overcome them, makes a saint ;

Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim

Pleasure, and Glory, the chief good of man ? ”

Can *pride* and *sensuality*, rejoice ?

From purity of thought, all Pleasure springs ;

And, from an humble spirit, all our *peace*.
Ambition, pleasure! let us talk of these:
 Of these, the PORCH and ACADEMY, talk'd;
 Of these, each following age had much to say;
 Yet unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
 Who talks of *these*, to mankind all at once
 He talks; for where's the saint from either free?
 Are these thy refuge?—No; these rush upon thee;
 Thy vitals seize, and, Vulture-like, devour:
 I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
 PROMETHEUS! from this barren bail of earth;
 If *Reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy *caucasus*, ambition calls;
 Mountain of torments! Eminence of woes!
 Of courted woes! and courted through mistake!
 'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
 Will make thee start, as H—— at his *Moor*.
 Dost grasp at *greatness*? First, know what it is:
 Think'st thou thy greatness in *distinction* lies?
 Not in the *feather*, wave it e'er so high,
 By fortune stuck to mark us from the throng,
 Is *glory* lodg'd: 'Tis lodg'd in the reverse;
 In that which joins, in that which equals all,
 The monarch, and his slave;—"A deathless soul,
 Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
 A Father God, and brothers in the skies;"
Elder, indeed, in *time*; but less remote
 In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
 Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?

If still delirious, now, LORENZO! go;
 And with thy full-blown brothers of the world,
 Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
 Thy slaves, and equals: How scorn, cast on them,
 Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as *man*,
 Art thou a God? If *fortune* makes him so,
 Beware the consequence: A maxim *that*,
 Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
 Where, in the drapery, the *man* is lost;
 Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.
 Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
 Boast *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy :
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of *men* ?
 It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art ;
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite *Cutaneous*, foreign to the man.
 When, through death's streights, *earth's* subtle ser-
 pents creep,
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
 As crooked *Satan* the forbidden tree ;
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
 Of fortune's *fucus* strip them, yet alive ;
 Strip them of body too ; nay, closer still,
 Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds :
 And let, what then remains, impose their name,
 Pronounce them weak, or worthy ; great, or mean.
 How mean that snuff of glory *fortune* lights,
 And *death* puts out ! Dost thou demand a test
 (A test, at once infallible and short)
 Of *real* greatness ? That man *greatly* lives,
 Whate'er his fate, or fame, who *greatly* dies :
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair,
 If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
 Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
 Nought greater, than an *honest* humble heart ;
 An humble heart, *his* residence ! pronounce'd
His second seat ; and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If *noble*, far the noblest of our lives !
 How far above LORENZO's glory sits
 Th' illustrious Master of a name *unknown* ;
 Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
 Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men ;
 And *peace*, beyond the worlds conception, smiles !
 As thou (now dark) before we part, shalt see.

But thy great soul this *skulking* glory scorns.
 LORENZO's sick, but when LORENZO's seen ;
 And, when he shrugs at public bus'ness, lies ;
 Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,

As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
 Fain would he make the world his pedestal ;
 Mankind, the gazers, the sole figure, he.
 Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
 And mix as much detraction as they can ?
 Knows he, that faithless *fame* her *whisper* has,
 As well as trumpet ? That his vanity
 Is so much tickled from not hearing *all* ?
 Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
 Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
 Taking his country by five hundred ears ;
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,
 With modest laughter lining loud applause,
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame ?
 His *fame*, which (like the mighty *Cæsar*) crown'd
 With laurels, in full Senate, greatly falls,
 By *seeming* friends, that honour, and destroy.
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride ;
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins ;
 And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
 The blind LORENZO's proud—of being proud ;
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.
 An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain ;
 All vice wants *hellebore* ; but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl ;
 Because, all other vice unlike, it flies,
 In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* most pursu'd.
 Who court applause, oblige the world in *this* ;
 They gratify man's passion to *refuse*.
 Superior honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost* ;
 Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
 Like KOULI-KAN, in plunder of the proud.
 Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
 LORENZO cries—"Be, then, *ambition* cast ;
 Ambition's dearer far, stands unimpeach'd,
 Gay *pleasure* ! Proud *ambition* is her slave ;
 For her, he soars at *great*, and hazards *ill* ;
 For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes ;
 And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her smile :

Who can resist her charms?"—Or *should*? LO-
RENZO!

What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
And well it is for man that *pleasure* charms;
How would all stagnate, but for *pleasure's* ray!
How would the frozen stream of action cease!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of *pleasure*: That, through ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from
life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains:
Some most affect the black; and some the fair;
Some, *honest pleasures* court; and some, *obscene*.
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
Of passions, that can err in human hearts;
Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
Think you there's but *one* whoredom? Whore-
dom, *all*

But when our *reason* licences delight.
Dost doubt, LORENZO? Thou shalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others' *gold*;
And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
Where horrid *Epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleasure* is the mark:
For *her*, the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *single* sacrifice may fall;
For her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The *stoic* proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
For her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
And find, or *hope*, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death.
Thus universal her despotic pow'r.

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of pleasure ! Doter on delight !
 I am thy rival ; pleasure I profess ;
 Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name ;
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low ;
 Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r ;
 And honest EPICURUS' foes were fools.
 But this sounds harsh, and gives the *wise* offence ;
 If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the *name*.
 How knits *austerity* her cloudy brow,
 And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praise*
 Of *pleasure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear !
 Ye modern *stoics* ! hear my soft reply :—
 Their senses men *will* trust : We can't impose :
 Or, if we could, is imposition right ?
 Own *honey sweet* ; but, owning, add this *sting* ;
 " When mixt with poison, it is *deadly* too."
 Truth never was indebted to a lie.
 Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good ?
 Why then is health preferr'd before disease ?
 What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
 And, where no future drawback cries, "*Beware* ;"
Pleasure, though not from virtue, *should* prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heav'n ;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd !
 The *love of pleasure* is man's eldest-born,
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb ;
Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
 Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,
 Imperial *pleasure*, queen of human hearts.
 LORENZO ! thou her majesty's renown'd,
 Though uncoift, counsel, learned in *the world* !
 Who think'st thyself a MURRAY, with disdain
 May'st look on me. Yet, my DEMOSTHENES !*
 Canst thou plead *pleasure's* cause as well as I ?
 Know'st thou her *nature, purpose, parentage* ?
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all ;
 And know *thyself* ; and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth !) the most abstemious man alive.
 Tell not CALISTA ! she will laugh thee dead ;

Or send thee to her hermitage with L—— :
 Absurd presumption ! Thou, who never knew'st
 A serious thought ! shalt thou dare dream of joy ?
 No man e'er found a *happy life by chance* ;
 Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish ;
 Or, with the snout of grov'ling *appetite*,
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
 An *art* it is, and must be learnt ; and learnt
 With unremitting effort, or be lost ;
 And leave us perfect blockheads in our bliss.
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates ;
Wealth may seek us ; but *wisdom* must be sought ;
 Sought before all ; but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth !) tis never sought in vain.
 First, *Pleasure's* birth, rise, strength, and grandeur see :

Brought forth by *wisdom*, nurs'd by *discipline*,
 By *patience* taught, by *perseverance* crown'd,
 She rears her head majestic ; round her throne,
 Erected in the bosom of the just,
 Each virtue, listed, forms her manly guard.
 For what are *virtues* ? (formidable name !)
 What, but the fountain, or defence of joy ?
 Why, then, commanded ? need mankind commands,
 At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their bliss ?——
 Great Legislator ! scarce so great, as kind !
 If men are rational, and love delight,
 Thy gracious law but flatters human choice ;
 In the transgression lies the penalty ;
 And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of *pleasure*, next, the final cause explore ;
 Its mighty *purpose*, its important *end*.
 Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleasure* came from heav'n.
 In aid to *reason* was the goddess sent ;
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure, first, succours *virtue* ; in return,
Virtue gives *pleasure* an eternal reign.
 What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,

Supports life *nat'ral*, *civil*, and *divine* ? !

'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live ;

'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please ;

'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray ;

(All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize :)

It serves ourselves, our species, and our God ;

And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.

Glide, then, for ever, Pleasure's sacred stream !

Through *Eden* as *Euphrates* ran, it runs,

And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life ;

Makes a new *Eden* where it flows—but such

As *must* be lost, *LORENZO* ! by thy fall.

' *What mean I, by thy fall ?* '—Thou'lt shortly see,

While pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd :

Already sung her *origin* and *ends*.

Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,

When *pleasure* violates, 'tis then a vice,

And vengeance too ; it hastens into pain,

From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy ;

From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death ;

Heaven's justice *this* proclaims ; and *that*, her love.

What greater evil can I wish my foe,

Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask

Unbroach'd by *just authority*, unguag'd

By *temperance*, by *reason* unrefin'd ?

A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.

Heav'n, others, and ourselves ! uninjur'd *these*,

Drink deep ; the deeper, then, the more divine ;

Angels are angels from indulgence *there* ;

'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys ?

A victim rather ! shortly sure to bleed.

The wrong *must* mourn : can heav'n's appointments
fail ?

Can man outwit Omnipotence ? strike out

A self-wrought happiness unmeant by *him*

Who made us, and the world we would enjoy ?

Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence

Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.

Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire ;

Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul,

With unprecarious flows of vital joy ;
 And, without breathing, man as well might hope
 For life, as, without piety, for peace.

“ Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the same ? ” —

No : piety is more ; 'tis virtue's source ;

Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.

Men of the world this doctrine ill digest ;

They smile at piety ; yet boast aloud

Good will to men ; nor know they strive to part

What *nature* joins ; and thus confute themselves.

With *piety* begins all good on earth ;

'Tis the first-born of rationality.

Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies ;

Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good ;

A feign'd affection bounds her utmost pow'r.

Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's sake ;

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man ;

Some sinister intent taints all he does ;

And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built ;

And, on humanity, much happiness ;

And yet still more on piety itself.

A soul in commerce with her God, is heav'n ;

Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;

The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.

A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;

A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;

A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.

Each branch of *piety* delight inspires :

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,

O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides ;

Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,

That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;

Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream

Of glory on the consecrated hour

Of man, in audience with the Deity.

Who worships the *great God*, that instant joins

The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

LORENZO ! when wast thou at church *before* ?

Thou think'st the service long : but is it just ?

Though just, unwelcome : thou hadst rather tread

Unhallow'd ground ; the muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.

Good conscience ! at the sound the world retires ;
Verse disaffects it, and LORENZO smiles ;
Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms ;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected ? is thy mind o'ercast ?
Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom.—“ Go, fix some weighty truth ;
“ Chain down some *passion* ; do some *gen'rous good* ;
Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile ;
Correct thy *friend* : befriend thy greatest *foe* :
Or, with warm heart and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on *him* who made
thee.”

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow ;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter ? wretched comforters !
Physicians ! more than half of thy disease.

Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe,)
Is half immoral. Is it much indulg'd ?

By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a *scorner*, or it makes a *fool* ;

And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.

'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse ;

Of grief approaching, the portentous sign !

The house of laughter makes a house of woe.

A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight ;

A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.

What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound ?

What for *dejection*, where presides a pow'r,

Who call'd us into being to be bless'd ?

So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy ;

So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall.

Most true, a wise man never will be sad ;

But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,

A shallow stream of happiness betray :

Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh ? (but at thy own expense)
 This counsel strange should I presume to give—
 “ Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay.”
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace ;
 Ah ! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
 As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
 If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure, and the wonder of the wise !
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy *soul* alone at stake
 Alas !—Should men mistake thee for a *fool* ;
 What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
 Though tender of thy fame, could interpose ?
 Believe me, sense, *here*, acts a double part,
 And the true *critic* is a *christian* too.
 But *these*, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first ;
 They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please ;
 And travel only gives us sound repose.
 Heav'n *sells* all pleasure ; effort is the price ;
 The joys of conquest, are the joys of man ;
 And *glory* the victorious *laurel* spreads
 O'er *pleasure's* pure, perpetual, placid stream.
 There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
 Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.
 A man of *pleasure* is a man of *pains*.
 Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
False joys, indeed, are born for want of thought ;
 From thought's full bent, and energy, the *true* :
 And that demands a mind in equal poize,
 Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
 Much joy not only speaks *small* happiness,
 But happiness that shortly must expire.
 Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand ?
 And, in a tempest, can reflection live ?
 Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour ?
 Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd ?
 Or ope the door to honest poverty ?
 Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale ?
 In such a world, and such a nature, *these*
 Are needful fundamentals of delight :
 These fundamentals give delight *indeed* :

Delight, pure, delicate, and durable ;
 Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine ;
 A constant, and a sound, but *serious* joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity ?

It is :—Yet far my doctrine from severe.

“ Rejoice for ever : ” It becomes a man ;

Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.

“ Rejoice for ever,” *Nature* cries, “ Rejoice ; ”

And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,

Mix’d up of delicacies for ev’ry sense ;

To the great Founder of the bounteous feast,

Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise ;

And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.

Ill, firmly to support, *good*, fully taste,

Is the whole science of felicity :

Yet *sparing pledge* : Her bowl is not the *best*

Mankind can boast.—“ A rational repast ;

“ Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,

A military discipline of thought,

To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field ;

And ever-waking ardour for *the right* ; ”

’Tis *these*, first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.

Nought that is *right*, think *little* ; well aware,

What *reason* bids, God bids ; by *his* command

How aggrandiz’d, the smallest thing we do !

Thus, *nothing* is insipid to the wise ;

To thee, insipid all, but what is *mad* ;

Joys season’d high, and tasting strong of guilt.

“ *Mad* ! (thou reply’st, with indignation fir’d ;)

Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,

I follow *Nature*. ”—Follow *Nature* still,

But look it be thine *own* : Is *conscience*, then,

No part of nature ? Is she not *supreme* ?

Thou regicide ; O raise her from the dead !

Then, follow nature ; and resemble God.

When, spite of *conscience*, pleasure is pursu’d,

Man’s nature is *unnaturally* pleas’d :

And what’s unnatural, is painful too

At intervals, and must disgust ev’n thee !

The *fact* thou know’st ; but not, perhaps, the *cause*.

Virtue’s foundations with the *world*’s were laid ;

Heav'n mix'd her with our *make*, and twisted close
 Her sacred int'rests with the strings of life.
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
 His *better* self: And is it greater pain,
 Our *soul* should murmur, or our *dust* repine?
 And one, in their eternal war, *must* bleed.

If one *must* suffer, which should least be spar'd?
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense.
 Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
 The joys of *sense* to *mental* joys are mean:
 Sense on the *present* only feeds; the soul
 On past, and future, forages for joy.
 'Tis her's, by retrospect, through *time* to range;
 And forward *time's* great sequel to survey.
 Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
 Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets, fall:
 Guard, then, thy *mind*, and leave the rest to fate.

LORENZO! wilt thou never be a man?
 The man is dead, who for the *body* lives,
 Lar'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
 With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace;
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself, first know; then love: A *self* there is
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
 A *self* there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
Humility degrades it, *justice* robs,
 Bless'd *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
 And godlike *magnanimity* destroys.
 This self, when rival to the former, scorn;
 When not in competition, kindly treat,
 Defend it; feed it:—But when virtue bids,
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
 And why? 'Tis love of *pleasure* bids thee bleed;
 Comply, or own self-love *extinct* or *blind*.

For what is *vice*? Self-love in a mistake:
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
 And *virtue*, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread pow'r,
 From whom she springs, and all she can enjoy.

Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate ;
 More mortal than the malice of our foes :
 A self-hate, *now*, scarce felt ; *then*, felt full-sore,
 When being, curst ; extinction, loud implor'd ;
 And ev'ry thing preferr'd to what we *are*.

Yet *this* self-love, LORENZO makes his choice ;
 And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
 How is his want of happiness betray'd,
 By disaffection to the *present* hour !
 Imagination wanders far a-field :

The future pleases : Why ? the present pains.—

“ But that's a *secret*.”—Yes, which all men
 know ;

And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
 Thy ceaseless agitation, restless rolls
 From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause ;
 What is it ?—’Tis the cradle of the soul,
 From *instinct* sent, to rock her in disease,
 Which her physician, *reason*, will not cure.
 A poor expedient ! yet thy best ; and while
 It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.

Such are LORENZO's wretched remedies !
 The weak have remedies ; the wise have joys.
 Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
 And what sure mark distinguishes the wise ?
 Consistent wisdom ever wills the same ;
 Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
 Sick of herself is *folly's* character ;
 As *wisdom's* is, a modest *self*-applause.
 A change of evils is thy good supreme ;
 Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
 Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still.
 The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports ;
 Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*.
 The *true* is fix'd, and solid as a rock ;
 Slipp'ry the *false*, and tossing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like CAIN ;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,*

* Narcissus.

Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
 She dreads an interruption from without,
 Smit with her own condition; and the more
 Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
 There breathes not a *more* happy than himself:
 Then *envy* dies. and love o'erflows on all;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel *here*.
 Such angels all, entitled to repose
 On *him* who governs fate; though tempest frowns,
 Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n;
 To lean on *Him*, on whom Archangels lean!
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
 'Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
 For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
 In ISRAEL'S dream, come from, and go to, Heav'n:†
 Hence, are *they* studious of *sequester'd* scenes;
 While noise, and dissipation, comfort *thee*.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
 That opiate for inquietude within.
 LORENZO! never man was truly bless'd,
 But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
 As *folly* might mistake for want of joy;
 A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
 A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
 O for a joy from thy PHILANDER'S spring!
 A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
 And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream
 Of rapt'rous exultation swelling high;
 Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
 Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
 What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
 What, but prefer the bubble, to the stream?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight:
 Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.
 Joy's a fix'd state: a tenure, not a start.
 Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss:
 That is a gem: sell all, and purchase that.
 Why go a begging to contingencies,

Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd ?
 At good *fortuitous*, draw back, and pause ;
 Suspect it ; what thou canst *ensure*, enjoy ;
 And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
 And makes it as immortal as herself :
 To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth ! should *absolutely* reign
 And other joys ask leave for their approach ;
 Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
 Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys
 Wage war, and perish in intestine broils ;
 Not the least promise of internal peace !
 No bosom-comfort ! or unborrow'd bliss !
 Thy thoughts are vagabonds : All outward bound,
 Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure ;

If gain'd, dear-bought ; and better miss'd than gain'd.
 Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected shore,
 Thy cargo bring ; and pestilence the prize.
 Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst !
 By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more !)
Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.

Imagination is the *Paphian* shop,
 Where feeble happiness, like *VULCAN*, lame,
 Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,
 And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires)
 With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
 Which murder all thy time, health, wealth and fame.

Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,

On angel-wing, descending from above,
 Which these, with art divine, would counterwork,
 And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In *this* is seen imagination's *guilt* ;
 But who can count her *follies* ? She betrays thee,
 To think in grandeur there is something great.
 For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
 Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd ;

And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
 Hence, what disaster!—Tho' the price was paid,
 That persecuting priest, the *Turk of Rome*,
 Whose foot (ye gods!) tho' cloven, must be kiss'd,
 Detain'd thy dinner on the *Latian* shore;
 (Such is the fate of honest protestants!)
 And poor *magnificence* is starv'd to death.
 Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—
 Be pacify'd: if *outward* things are great,
 'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;
 Pompous expenses, and parades august,
 And courts; that insalubrious soil to peace.
 True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
 True happiness resides in things unseen.
 No smiles of *fortune* ever bless'd the bad,
 Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
 That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
 So tell his *holiness*,* and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
 Our only contest, what deserves the name.
 Give *pleasure's* name to nought, but what has pass'd
 Th' authentic seal of *reason* (which like *YORKE*,
 Demurs on what it passes) and defies
 The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our *future*, while it forms our present joy.
 Some joys the future overcast; and some
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
 Some joys endear *eternity*; some give
 Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms.
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
 Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe;
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
 Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
 Be good—and let *Heav'n* answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The *good man* has his clouds that intervene:
 Clouds that *obscure* his sublunary day,

* The Pope.

But never *conquer* : Ev'n the *best* must own,
Patience, and *resignation*, are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these :
 But those of *SETH* not more remote from thee,
 'Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learn'd ;
 To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
 Heav'n in reversion, like the Sun, as yet
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world ;
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

"This (says *LORENZO*) is a fair harangue :
 But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream ?
 Or stem the tide heav'n pushes through our veins,
 Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
 And lays his labour level with the *world* ?"

Themselves men make their comment on man-
 kind ;

And think nought is, but what they find at *home* :
 Thus, weakness to chimera turns the truth.
 Nothing romantic has the muse prescrib'd.

* Above, *LORENZO* saw the man of earth,
 The *mortal man* ; and wretched was the sight.
 To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
 Now see the *man immortal* : Him, I mean,
 Who lives as such : whose heart full bent on Heav'n,
 Leans all *that* way, his bias to the stars.
 The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
 His lustre more ; though bright without a foil :
 Observe his awful Portrait, and admire ;
 Nor stop at wonder ; *imitate*, and *live*.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than *angel* can exceed,
 A man on earth devoted to the *skies* ;
 Like ships at sea, while *in*, *above* the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm ;
 All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,

* In a former Night.

(Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet)

Excite his *pity*, not impair his *peace*.

Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd, and the slave,

A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! *he* sees,

Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!

His full reverse in all! What higher praise?

What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all *their* care; the future, *his*.

When public welfare calls, or private want,

They give to fame; his bounty *he* conceals.

Their virtues varnish nature; *his*, exalt.

Mankind's esteem *they* court, ; and, *he*, his own.

Theirs, the wild chase of *false* felicities;

His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.

Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,

All of one colour, and an even thread;

While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,

With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*

A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows

The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than *theirs*: Where *they*

Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity*;

What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.

Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees;

An *Empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.

They things terrestrial worship, as divine;

His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,

That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,

Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.

Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)

He lays aside to find his dignity;

No dignity *they* find in aught besides.

They triumph in *externals* (which conceal

Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse.

Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,

And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.

Too dear *he* holds his int'rest, to neglect

Another's welfare, or his right invade;

Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.

They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;

Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on Heav'n,

Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
Nought, but what wounds his *virtue*, wounds his
peace.

A cover'd heart *their* character defends ;
A cover'd heart denies *him* half his praise.
With nakedness *his* innocence agrees ;
While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where *his* full feast begins :
His joys create, *their's* murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, *his* alone ;
And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* existence is not yet begun.

His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,
Undaunted breast.—And whose is that high praise ?
They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude, but in the field ;
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn ;
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.
A cordial *his* sustains, that cannot fail ;
By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls ;
And when he falls, writes VICI * on his shield.
From magnanimity, all *fear* above ;
From nobler recompense above *applause* ;
Which owes to man's *short* out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never *felt*,
LORENZO cries—"Where shines this miracle ?
From what root rises this *immortal* man ?"
A root that grows not in LORENZO's ground ;
The *root* dissect, nor wonder at the *flow'r*.
He follows nature (not like thee !) and shews us
An uninverted system of a man.
His *appetite* wears *reason's* golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His *passion*, like an eagle well-reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought but *infinite*.

* I have conquered.

Patient his *hope*, unanxious is his *care*,
 His *caution* fearless, and his *grief* (if grief
 The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
 And why?—Because affection, more than meet,
 His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heav'n.
 Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
 He, loving, in *proportion*, loves in *peace*:
 They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
 His *understanding* 'scapes the common cloud
 Of fumes arising from a boiling breast.
 His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
 By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
 The mod'rate movements of his soul admit
 Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
 An eye impartial, and an even scale;
 Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
 Thus, in a double sense, the *good* are wise;
 On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
 What then the world? It *must* be *doubly* weak;
 Strange truth! as soon would they believe their
creed.

Yet thus it is; nor otherwise *can* be;
 So far from aught romantic what I sing.
 Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
 But from the prospect of *immortal* life.
 Who think earth *all*, or (what weighs just the same)
 Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields;
 Fond of its fancies; proud of its parades.
 Who thinks earth *nothing*; *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
 Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
 'Tis hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
 Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
 For may not he invade their *good supreme*,
 Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?
 All shines to *them*, that for a season shines.
 Each act, each thought, *he* questions "What its
 weight,
 Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?"—
 And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
 Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.

The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
 His virtue, constitutionally deep,
 Has *habit's* firmness, and *affection's* flame?
 Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire,
 And *death*, which others slays, make him a god.

And now, LORENZO! Bigot of this world!
 Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heav'n!
 Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought*:
 For what art thou?—Thou boaster! While *thy* glare,
 Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
 Like a broad mist, at a distance, strikes us most;
 And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand:
 His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
 Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
 By promise, *now*, and, by possession, *soon*,
 (Too *soon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just *annihilation* rise,
 LORENZO! rise to *something*, by reply.
 The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
 And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
 Canst thou be silent? No; for *wit* is thine;
 And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,
 And *reason* interrupts not her career.
 She'll say—*That mists above the mountains rise*;
 And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse:
 She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
 And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
 'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *Sense*;
 But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
 Pernicious talent! Flatter'd by the world,
 By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
 Wisdom is rare, LORENZO! Wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes *wine* inspires
 The lucky flash; and *madness* rarely fails.
 Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
 Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
 For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst;
Chance often hits it, and, to pique thee more,
 See *dullness* blund'ring on vivacities,
 Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.

But *wisdom*, awful wisdom ! which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last ;
 How rare ! In senates, synods, sought in vain ;
 Or, if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the *few* ;
 While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
 Frequent, as fatal, *wit* : In civil life,
Wit, makes an enterpriser ; *sense*, a man.
Wit, hates authority ; commotion loves,
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
 In *States*, 'tis dang'rous ; in *religion*, death :
 Shall *wit* turn christian, when the dull believe ?
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume ;
 The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves.
Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound ;
 When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam ;
 Yet, *wit* apart, it is a di'mond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought ;
 It hoists more sails to run against a rock.
 Thus, a *half-CHESTERFIELD* is quite a fool :
 Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of *wit*.
 How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
 Where *Sirens* sit, to sing thee to thy fate !
 A *joy*, in which our *reason* bears no part,
 Is but a *sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
Happy ! of this bad world who little know !
 And yet, we much must know her to be *safe*.
 To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point ;
 She gives but little, nor that little, long.
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse ;
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
 Our *thoughtless agitation's* idle child,
 That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
 An *animal* ovation ! such as holds
 No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
 On juices, thro' the well ton'd tubes, well strain'd
 A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;
 And when it jars—thy *sirens* sing no more ;

Thy dance is done ; the *demi-god*, is thrown
(Short apotheosis !) beneath the *man*,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
And startle at destruction ? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;
(A field of battle is this mortal life !)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ;
A single sentence proof against the *world*.
“ *Soul, body, fortune !* Ev'ry good pertains
To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;
The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
Body to soul, and soul submit to God.”
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? Do this ;
Th' inverted *pyramid* can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful ? It outshines the sun ;
Nay, the Sun shines not, but to shew us this,
The single lesson of mankind on earth.
And yet—Yet, what ? No news ! Mankind is mad ;
Such mighty numbers list against the right,
(And what can't numbers when bewitch'd, atchieve ?)
They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs : As *Athens'* fool
Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry sail his own.

They grin ; but wherefore ? And how long the
laugh ?

Half ignorance, their mirth ; and half, a lie ;
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they
smile.

Hard either task ! The most abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone :
Then, for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repose)

O how laborious is their gaiety !

They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter, 'till the curtain falls.

Scarce, did I say ? Some cannot sit it out ;
Oft their own daring hands, the curtain draw,
And shew us *what* their joy, by their despair.
The clotted hair ! gor'd breast ! blaspheming eye !

Its impious fury still alive in death!—

Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.

Look round, LORENZO! see the reeking blade,

Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;

The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;

The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays

From raging riot, (slower suicides!)

And *pride* in these, more execrable still!—

How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, these,

That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song.

From *vice, sense, fancy*, no man can be blest;

Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour:

When an immortal being aims at bliss,

Duration is essential to the name.

O for a joy from *reason*! Joy from that,

Which makes man, *man*; and, exercis'd aright,

Will make him *more*: A *bounteous* joy! that gives,

And promises; that weaves, with art divine,

The richest prospect into present peace:

A joy *ambitious*! Joy in common held

With thrones ethereal, and their greater far:

A joy, high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!

A joy, which *death* shall double! *Judgment* crown!

Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,

Through bless'd eternity's long day: yet still,

Not more remote from *sorrow*, than from *Him*,

Whose lavish hand, whose love, stupendous, pours

So much of Deity on guilty dust.

There, O my LUCIA! may I meet thee *there*,

Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!

Affects not this the *sages of the world*?

Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too?

Eternity, depending on an hour,

Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and

praise.

Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs

May shun the light) at your designs on heav'n:

Sole point! where *over-bashful* is your blame.

Are you not *wise*?—You know you are: yet hear

One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,

Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen ;
 " Our schemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
 Is the sole diff'rence between wise, and fool." *"*
 All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* scale ;
 What wonder, then, if *they* pronounce you *light* ?
 Is *their* esteem alone not worth your care ?
 Accept my simple scheme of *Common Sense* :
 Thus save your fame, and make *two* worlds your
 own.

The world *replies* not ;—but the world *persists* :
 And puts the *cause* off to the longest day,
 Planning evasions for the day of doom.
 So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redress,
 They then turn witnesses against themselves.
 Hear that, LORENZO ! Nor be wise to-morrow.
 Haste, haste ! A man, by nature, is in haste ;
 For who shall answer for another hour ?
 'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* sure friend ;
 And that thou canst not do, *this* side the skies.
 Ye sons of earth ! (nor *willing* to be more !)
 Since *verse* you think from priestcraft somewhat
 free,
 Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths
 (Truths, which, at church, you might have heard in
 prose)
 Has ventur'd into light ; well pleas'd the verse
 Should be forgot, if you the truths retain ;
 And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
 But *praise* she need not fear : I see my fate ;
 And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.
 Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,
 Must die ; and die unwept : O thou minute,
 Devoted *page* ! go forth among thy foes ;
 Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
 And die a double death : Mankind, incens'd,
 Denies thee long to live : Nor shalt thou rest,
 When thou art dead ; in *Stygian* shades arraign'd
 By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne ;
 And bold blasphemer of his friend,—THE WORLD ;
 The *World*, whose legions cost him slender pay,
 And *volunteers*, around his banner swarm !

Prudent as PRUSSIA, in her zeal for GAUL.

"Are all, then, fools?" LORENZO cries.—Yes *all*,
But such as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee;)

"The mother of true wisdom is the *will*."

The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,

In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;

But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,

And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the *most* indulgence can afford;—

"*Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.*"

Nor think this censure is severe on thee;

Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.



THE
CONSOLATION.

NIGHT NINTH.

Containing, among other things,

- I. A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.
- II. A Night Address to the Deity.

To his Grace The Duke of Newcastle, one of his Majesty's
Principal Secretaries of State.

—*Fatis Contraria Fata rependens.* . . . VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
'Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed;
Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest;

I chase the moments with a serious song.
 Song soothes our pains ; and age has pains to soothe.
 When age, care, time, and friends embrac'd at
 heart,
 Torn from my bleeding breast, and *death's* dark
 shade,
 Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire ;
 Canst thou, O *Night* ! indulge one labour more ?
 One labour more indulge ! Then *sleep* my strain !
 'Till, hap'ly, wak'd by RAPHAEL's golden lyre,
 Where night, death, age, care, time, and sorrow
 cease ;

To bear a part in everlasting lays ;
 Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
 Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.
 Has not the muse asserted *pleasures pure*,
 Like those above ; exploding other joys ?
 Weigh what was urg'd, LORENZO ! Fairly weigh ;
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ?
 I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
 But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
 Thy smile's sincere ; not more sincere can be
 LORENZO's smile, than my compassion for him.
 The sick in *body* call for aid ; the sick
 In *mind* are covetous of more disease ;
 And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite *well*.
 To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
 When *Nature's* blush by *custom* is wip'd off,
 And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
 Has into *manners* nat'raliz'd our *crimes* ;
 'The curse of curses is, our curse to love ;
 To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,
 (As *Indians* glory in the deepest jet ;)
 And throw aside our *senses* with our *peace*.

But, grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy
 Grant joy and glory, quite unsully'd, shone ;
 Yet, still, it ill deserves LORENZO's heart.
 No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy sight,
 But, through the thin partition of an hour,
 I see its sables wove by *destiny* ;
 And *that* in sorrow bury'd ; *this* in shame ;

While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell ;
And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes their *eternal* peal.

Where, the prime actors of the *last year's* scene ;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With lustre, and with noise ! Has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high ?
'Tis brandish'd still, nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought ;
Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality ;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As *Mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ?
Our fathers grace, or rather *haunt* the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

" *Profess'd diversions ! cannot these escape ?*"
Far from it : These present us with a shroud ;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ransack *tombs* for *pastime* ; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement : How like gods
We sit ; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die ;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own* !

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom ? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath ; a rich manure !
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead ;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate ?

LORENZO ! such the glories of the world !
What is the world itself ? *Thy* world ?—A grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;

From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the cieling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
 Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.
 The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales;
 Winds scatter, through the mighty void, the *dry*;
 Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
 As nature, wide, our ruins spread; man's *death*
 Inhabits all things, but the *thought* of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
 His tomb is mortal; empires die: Where, now,
 The *Roman*? *Greek*? They stalk, an empty name!
 Yet few regard them in this useful light;
 Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
 When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O *death*! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
 What triumphs! toils imperial! Arts divine!
 In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air!
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause:
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.

But, O LORENZO! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
 I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her? * o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
 And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.

* The Deluge referred to, Gen. vii. 22.

But, like CASSANDRA, prophecies in vain ;
In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counsel of the skies ?

Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful pow'rs !
Prime ministers of vengeance ! Chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar ;
Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, 'till one was quite devour'd.

But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage :
When heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
To scourge 'a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate : Down they rush,
Swift and tempest'ous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, LORENZO ! what depends *on* man ?
The *fate* of Nature ; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters ! At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines ; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height
Out-burns *Vesuvius* ; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd ;
Stars rush ; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation !—While aloft,
More than astonishment ! If more *can* be !
Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man ! Far other *stars* !
Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;
Far other *Sun* !—A Sun, O how unlike

The babe at *Bethle'm* ! How unlike the man
 That groan'd on *Calvary* ! Yet *he* it is ;
 The man of sorrows ! O how chang'd ! What pomp !
 In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends !
 And Gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
 As monarchs grand, on coronation-days,
Omnipotence affects omnipotence,
 Wears all his glories, marshals all his pow'rs,
 Their state emblazes ! Deity exalts !
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
 And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
 While (dreadful contrast !) far, how far beneath !
 Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

LORENZO ! welcome to this scene ; the last
 In nature's course ; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee ; *this* awakes
 The most supine ; *this* snatches man from death.
 Rouse, rouse LORENZO, then, and follow me,
 Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
 Loud calls the soul, and ardour wings her flight.
 I find my inspiration in my theme ;
 The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At *midnight* (when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
 And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams,)
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
 At *midnight*, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
 From tenfold darkness ; sudden as the spark
 From smitten steel ; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more !
 The day is broke, which never more shall close !
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all !
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes !
 Our GOD in grandeur, and our *world* on fire !
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death !
 Dost thou not hear her ? Dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan ?

Where are *we now*? Ah me! The ground is gone,
On which we stood, LORENZO! While thou *may'st*,
Provide more *firm* support, or sink for *ever*!
Where? How? From whence? Vain hope! It is
too late!

Where, *where*, for shelter, shall the *guilty* fly,
When consternation turns the *good man* pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *earth* rose from *chaos*, *man* from *earth*:
And an eternity, the date of Gods,

Descended on poor earth-created man!

Great day of dread, decision, and despair!

At thought of thee, each sublunary wish

Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;

And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.

At *thought* of thee!—And art thou *absent* then?

LORENZO! No; 'tis here;—it is begun;—

Already is begun the grand assize,

In thee, in all: Deputed *conscience* scales

The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;

Forestalls! and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*.

Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?

Is idle *Nature* laughing at her sons?

Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,

And GOD above assert *that* God in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms: But, how rare!

Ah me! That magnanimity, how rare!

What hero, like the man who stands himself;

Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;

Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,

Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there!

The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.

(Art thou a coward? No :) The coward flies;

Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know*:

Asks, "*What is truth?*" with PILATE*; and re-
tires;

Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;

Asylum sad! from *reason*, *hope*, and *heav'n*!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
 O day of consummation! Mark supreme
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
 Or in the sight of angels, or their KING!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,
 Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their LORD,
 To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
 To dis-involve the *moral* world, and give
 'To *Nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
 Hangs on *that* hour, exclude it from his thought?
 I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
 All *Nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
 All *Deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing!
 All basking in the full meridian blaze;
 I see the JUDGE enthron'd! The flaming guard!
 The volume open'd! Open'd ev'ry heart!
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
 No patron! Intercessor none! Now past
 The sweet, the element, mediatorial hour!
 For guilt no plea! To pain, no pause! no bound!
 Inexorable all! and all, extreme!

Nor *man* alone; the foe of God and man,
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;
 Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.
 All vengeance *past*, *now*, seems abundant *grace*;
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
 His baleful eyes! He curses whom he dreads;
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis *present* to my thought! And yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; *Angels* cannot *guess*
 The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
 In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,
 Are less obscure; for these may *man* enquire.
 Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!

Great key of hearts ! Great finisher of fates !
Great end ! and great beginning ! Say, *Where* art
thou ?

Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity* ?

Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.

These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)

As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of *HIM*, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head ;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber ! from earth's heaving womb,
To *second* birth ; contemporary throng !

Rous'd at one call, upstarting from one bed,
Prest in one croud, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity* ! to *thee*.

Then (as a King depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls *alone* ;
His greatest foe falls with him ; *time*, and he
Who murder'd all *time*'s offspring, *death*, expire.

TIME was ! *ETERNITY* now reigns alone !

Awful *Eternity* ! offended Queen !

And her resentment to mankind, how just !

With kind intent, soliciting access,

How often has she knock'd at human hearts !

Rich to repay their hospitality,

How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !

Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !

A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome *there* !

A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,

As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen pole,

With banners, streaming as the *Comet's* blaze,

And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,

Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,

Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,

Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,

Wide as *Creation* ! populous as wide !

A neutral region ! there to mark th' event
 Of that great Drama, whose preceding scenes
 Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
 Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result ;
 Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
 Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
 The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

ETERNITY, the various sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd thron'g distinct abodes,
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial : What ensues ?
 The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !
 Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
 The *goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns
 Her adamantine key's enormous size
 Through destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
 Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
 Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
 Ten thousand thousand fathom ; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 The deep resounds, and hell, through all her glooms,
 Returns, in *groans*, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole *ethereal* ! how the concave rings !
 Nor strange ! when Deities their voice exalt ;
 And louder far, than when *creation* rose,
 To see *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
 So well accomplish'd ! so divinely clos'd !
 To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act
 (As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
 No *fancy'd* God, a GOD *indeed*, descends,
 To solve all *knots* ; to strike the *moral* home ;
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time* ;
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ;
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

WHAT THEN AM I ?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,

A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
Censure on thee, LORENZO! I suspend,
 And turn it on *myself*; how greatly due!
 All, all is *right*, by GOD ordain'd or done;
 And who, but GOD, resum'd the friends *he* gave?
 And have I been *complaining*, then, so long?
Complaining of his *favours*; *pain*, and *death*?
 Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good?
 Who, without *death*, but would be good in *vain*?
 Pain is to save from *pain*; all punishment,
 To make for *peace*; and death, to save from *death*;
 And second death, to guard immortal life;
 To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
 And turn the tide of souls another way;
 By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
 That planted *Eden*, and high-bloom'd for man,
 A fairer *Eden*, endless in the skies.
 Heav'n gives us friends to bless the *present* scene;
 Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.
 All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
 All discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
None are unhappy; *all* have cause to smile,
 But such as to themselves that cause deny.
 Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;
 Error, in *act*, or *judgment*, is the source
 Of endless sighs: We *sin*, or we *mistake*,
 And *nature* tax, when false *opinion* stings.
 Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd,
 But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim.
 Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
 Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
 Joy, *amidst* *ills*, corroborates, exalts;
 'Tis joy, and conquest; joy, and virtue too.
 A noble fortitude in *ills* delights
 Heav'n, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the *good* man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
 As *night* to stars, *woe*, lustre gives to man.
 Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
 And virtue in calamities, admire,

The crown of manhood is a winter-joy ;
 An evergreen, that stands the *northern* blast,
 And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
 How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot ;
 A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,
 Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
 Nor think it misery to be a *man* ;
 Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *god*.
 Some *ills* we wish for, when we wish to live.

What spoke *proud passion* ?—" * Wish my being
 lost !"

Presumptuous ! Blasphemous ! Absurd ! and false !
 The triumph of my soul is,—That I *am* ;
 And therefore that I *may* be—*What ?* LORENZO !
 Look inward, and look deep ; and deeper still ;
 Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
 In golden veins, through all eternity !
 Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
 New ages, *where* this phantom of an hour,
 Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
 Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
 And fly through infinite, and all unlock ;
 And (if deserv'd) by heav'n's redundant love,
 Made half-adorable itself, adore ;
 And find, in adoration, endless joy !
 Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,
 Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
 May'st boast a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
 With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
 Since ADAM fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
 Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
 How kind is God, how great (if good) is MAN.
 No man too largely from heav'n's love can hope,
 If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

Ills ?—There are none : *All gracious !* none from
thee ;

From *man* full many ! Num'rous is the race
 Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,
 Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty* ;

* Referring to the First Night.

Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd ! *Her* hand alone
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
 Fast barr'd by *thine* ; high-wall'd with adamant,
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law ;
 Whose threats are *mercies*, whose injunctions, *guides*
 Assisting, not restraining, *reason's* choice ;
 Whose sanctions, *unavoidable results*
 From Nature's course, indulgently reveal'd ;
 If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, not less sure.
 Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 " *Do this ; fly that*"—nor always tells the cause ;
 Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
 A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders ! (If, thy *love* survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
 What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust !
 Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;
 Or this alone—" *That none is to be found.*"
 Not one, to soften *censure's* hardy crime ;
 Not one, to palliate peevish *grief's* COMPLAINT,
 Who, like a *demon*, murmuring, from the dust,
 Dares into judgment call her judge—SUPREME !
 For *all* I bless thee ; *most*, for the *severe* ;
*Her** death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulph,
 That flaming bound of wrath Omnipotent !
 It thunders ; but it thunders to preserve ;
 It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread
 Averts the dreaded pain ; its hideous groans
 Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
 Great Source of Good *alone* ! How kind in all !
 In vengeance kind ! *Pain, death, Gehenna, SAVE.*

Thus, in thy world material, *mighty mind* !
 Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
 The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praise.
 The *winter* is as needful as the *spring* ;
 The *thunder*, as the *Sun* ; a stagnate mass
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air :
 Nor more propitious the *Favonian* breeze

* LUCIA.

To nature's health, than purifying storms ;
 The dread *volcano* ministers to good.
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
 Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to man ;
Comets good omens are, when duly scan'd ;
 And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.

Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd ;
 Those we call *wretched*, are a chosen band,
 Compel'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,
 Stand this the foremost, "*That my heart has bled.*"
 'Tis heav'n's last effort of good-will to man ;
 When *pain* can't bless, heav'n quits us in despair.
 Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;
 Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart ;
Reason absolves the grief, which *reason* ends.
 May heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
 'Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
 By previous pain ; and made it *safe* to *smile* !
Such smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain ;
 Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
 My change of *heart* a change of *style* demands ;
 The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,
 And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
 A panting traveller, some rising ground,
 Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round
 And measures with his eye the various vale,
 The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past,
 And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
 Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil :
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
 The muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod ;
 Various, extensive, beaten but by few :
 And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
 Pause ; and with pleasure meditate an end,
 Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme.
 Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
 The muse has stray'd ; and much of *sorrow* seen
 In human ways ; and much of *false* and *vain* ;

Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.
 O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily she wept;
 Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd;
 Prov'd man *immortal*; shew'd the *source of joy*;
 The *grand tribunal* rais'd; assign'd the bounds
 Of *human grief*: In *few*, to close the whole,
 The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
 Tho' not in form, nor with a RAPHAEL-stroke,
 Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
 In this our land of travel, and of hope,
 For peace on *earth*, or prospect of the *skies*.

What then remains?—Much! much! a mighty
 debt,
 To be discharg'd: These thoughts, O Night! are
 thine;

From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
 While others slept. So, CYNTHIA (poets feign,)
 In shadows veil'd, soft sliding from her sphere,
 Her Shepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd less,
 Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
 Immortal *silence*! Where shall I begin?
 Where end? Or how steal music from the spheres,
 To soothe their goddess?

O majestic Night!
 Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder-born!
 And fated to survive the transient Sun!
 By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 And azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's
 loom

Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n throughout,
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
 Thy gloomy grandeurs (*Nature's* most august,
 Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
 And, like a sable curtain, starr'd with gold,
 Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so worthy to be sung?
 What more prepares us for the songs of *heav'n*?

Creation of archangels is the theme !

What, to be sung, so *needful*? What so well
Celestial joys prepare us to sustain ?

The soul of man, HIS face design'd to see,

Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,

Has *here* a previous scene of objects *great*,

On which to dwell ; to stretch to that expanse

Of thought, to rise to that exalted height

Of admiration, to contract that awe,

And give her whole capacities that strength,

Which best may qualify for *final* joy.

The more our spirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,

The deeper draught shall they receive of *heav'n*.

Heav'n's KING ! whose face unveil'd consummates
bliss ;

Redundant bliss ! which fills that mighty void,

The whole creation leaves in human hearts !

THOU, who didst touch the lip of JESSE's son,*

Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,

And set his harp in concert with the spheres !

While of thy works *material* the supreme

I dare attempt, assist my daring song.

Loose me from *earth's* enclosure, from the *Sun's*]

Contracted circle, set my heart at large ;

Eliminate my spirit, give it range

Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd ;

Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,

Creation's golden steps, to climb to THEE.

Teach me with *art* great *Nature* to controul,

And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *night*.

Feel I thy kind assent ? And shall the *Sun*

Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song ?

LORENZO ! come, and warm thee : Thou whose
heart,

Whose *little* heart is moor'd within a nook

Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.

Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port ;

I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale.

Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main ;

* David, 1 Samuel, xvi. 18, 24.

Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore ;
 And whence thou may'st import *eternal* wealth ;
 And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er *foreign* realms ?
 Thou *stranger* to the *world* ! Thy tour *begin* ;
 Thy tour through *nature's* universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres ;
 And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole !
 Who circles spacious *earth*, then travels *here*,
 Shall own, he never was from *home* before !
 Come, my *Prometheus*,* from thy pointed rock
 Of *false* ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount ;
 We'll *innocently* steal celestial fire,
 And kindle our devotion at the *stars* ;
 A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.
 Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
 Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail ;
 Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
 The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
 That forms the crooked lightning ; 'bove the caves
 Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
 And tune their tender voices to *that* roar,
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world ;
 Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
 Far-travel'd comets calculated blaze,
 Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
 Thy soul, 'till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
 Blighted by blasts of *earth's* unwholesome air,
 Will blossom *here* ; spread all her faculties
 To these bright ardours ; ev'ry power unfold,
 And rise into sublimities of thought.
 Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At *Nature's* birth,
 Thus, their commission ran—"Be kind to *man*."
 Where art thou, poor benighted traveller !
 The *stars* will light thee, though the *moon* should
 fail.
 Where art thou, more benighted ! more astray !
 In ways immoral ? The *stars* call thee back ;

* Night the Eighth.

And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.
 Where art thou, *virtue-militant* ! the *stars*
 Are thine allies (all 'listed on thy side)
 By thousands, and ten thousands they advance
 Their bright battalions, in fair virtue's cause ;
 And keep strict watch, and nightly light their fires,
 Fires of alarm, to warn thee of the foe ;
 The foe that claims these regions as *his own* ;
 Usurper bold ! high styl'd, "*The prince of air* !
 Beneath *night's* awful banner, let us draw
Siderial wisdom's formidable sword,
 And send him headlong to *far other* flames.
 MICHAEL's alone, the sword his mighty arm
 Pluck'd from the golden column in the mount,
 The mount celestial, where the sons of God
 Hang up Heav'n's vengeance far above the *stars*,
 Above the *sagittary's* humble bow ;
 Could give the swarthy *dæmon* deeper wound.

And was there need of ampler field than *this*,
 When giant-angels, giant-angels met,
 In fiery conflict and outrageous storm,
 'To controvert the sceptre of the skies ?

This prospect vast, what is it ?—Weigh'd aright,
 'Tis Nature's system of divinity,
 And ev'ry student of the *night* inspires.

'Tis *elder* scripture, writ by God's own hand ;
 Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by man.

LORENZO ! with my *radius* (the rich gift
 Of thought nocturnal !) I'll point out to thee
 Its various lessons ; some that may surprise
 An un-adept in mysteries of Night ;
 Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,
 Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.

Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign ;
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
 Exists *indeed* ;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we *here* ?—Th' existence of a GOD ?
 Yes ; and of other beings, man above ;
 Natives of *Ether* ! Sons of higher climes !
 Immortal light ! that governs these of fire !
 And what may move LORENZO's wonder more,

ETERNITY is written in the *skies*.

And whose eternity ? LORENZO ! *Thine ;*
Mankind's eternity. Nor FAITH alone,
 VIRTUE grows here ; *here* springs the sov'reign cure
 Of almost ev'ry *vice* ; but chiefly *thine* ;
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.
 Dost ask—"Why call I thee at this late hour,
 Which *all-wise Nature* destin'd to repose ?"
 Yes, and to fit us for repose more sweet
 Than down can yield, or man on earth enjoy :
 Own *all-wise Nature* wiser still in this.

LORENZO ! 'Thou canst wake at midnight too,
 Though not on *morals* bent : *Ambition, pleasure !*
 Those tyrants I for thee so lately* fought,
 Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest.
 Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day ;
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
 Commencing one of our *antipodes* !
 In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
 'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal ;
 And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
 If bold to meet the face of injur'd heav'n)
 To yonder stars : For other ends they shine,
 Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
 And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
 Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
 Which set the living firmament on fire,
 At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
 Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
 Rushes Omnipotence ? To curb our *pride* ;
 Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that pow'r,
 Whose love lets down these silver chains of light ;
 To draw up man's *ambition* to himself,
 And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
 Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
 And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
 An *humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded* heart,
 Are *here* inspir'd :—And canst thou gaze too long ?

* Night Eighth.

Nor stands thy *wrath* depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,
Was e'er created solely for itself:
Thus man his *sov'reign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
'Tis *Nature's* structure, broke by stubborn will,
Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
And seize thy brother's throat?—For what?—a
clod?
An inch of *earth*? The *planets* cry, "Forbear."
They chase our *double* darkness; *nature's* gloom,
And (kinder still) our *intellectual* night.
And see, *day's* amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain*, and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy;
And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,

If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel?

With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck:

(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise)

Then into transport starting from her trance,

With love, and admiration, how she glows!

This gorgeous apparatus! This display!

'This ostentation of creative pow'r!

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?

By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,

For minds of the first magnitude to launch

In endless speculation, and adore?

One Sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;

And light us deep into the DEITY;

How boundless in magnificence and might!

O what a confluence of ethereal fires,

From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heav'n,

Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!

Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my heart.

My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts;

Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.

Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?

Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?

Material offspring of OMNIPOTENCE!

Inanimate, all-animating birth!

Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy praise!

All praise! Praise *more* than human! nor deny'd

Thy praise *divine*! But though man drown'd in sleep,

With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake;

Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard

By mortal ear, the glorious Architect

In this his universal temple hung

With lustres, with innumerable lights,

That shed religion on the soul; at once,

The *temple*, and the *preacher*! O how loud

It calls devotion! genuine growth of *night*!

Devotion! Daughter of astronomy!

An *undevout* astronomer is *mad*.

True; all things speak a God; but in the small,

Men trace out *him* : in great, *he* seizes man ;
 Seizes, and elevates, and wraps and fills
 With new enquiries, 'mid associates new.
 Tell me, ye stars ! ye planets ! tell me, all
 Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants ! What is it ?
 What are these sons of wonder ! Say, proud arch !
 (Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
 Built with divine ambition ! in disdain
 Of limit built ! built in the taste of heav'n !
 Vast concave ! Ample dome ! Wast thou design'd
 A meet apartment for the DEITY ?
 Not so ; that thought alone thy state impairs,
 Thy *lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *profound*,
 And straitens thy *diffusive* ; dwarfs the whole,
 And makes an universe an *orrery*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
 Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
 O *Nature* ! wide flies off th' expanding round.
 As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
 The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow ;
 The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds ;
 Shock'd Ether's billows dash the distant skies ;
 Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
 And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
 Might teem with new creation ; re-inflam'd
 Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
 Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
 Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
 Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
 From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *sense* :
 For, sure, to *sense*, they truly are divine,
 And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt ;
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
 In those, who put forth all they had of *man*
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher ;
 But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd ; and thought
 What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how *weak*, who could no higher mount ?
 And are there, then, LORENZO ! those, to whom
 Unseen, and nonexistent are the same ?
 And if incomprehensible is join'd,

Who dare pronounce it madness to *believe* ?
 Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aside
 All measure in his work ; stretch'd out his line
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole ?
 Then, (as he took delight in wide extremes,)
 Deep in the bosom of his universe,
 Dropt down that *reas'ning* mite, that insect, *man*,
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene ?
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
 For disbelief of wonders in *himself*.
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what
 His hand has form'd ? Shall *mysteries* descend
 From *un-mysterious* ? Things more elevate,
 Be more familiar ? Uncreated lie
 More obvious than created, to the grasp
 Of human thought ? The *more* of wonderful
 Is heard in *him*, the *more* we should assent.
 Could we conceive *him*, God he could not be ;
 Or *he* not God, or *we* could not be *men*.
 A God alone can comprehend a God :
Man's distance how immense ! On *such* a theme,
 Know this, LORENZO ! (seem it ne'er so strange)
 Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds* :
 Nothing but what *astonishes*, is *true*.
 The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
 And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
 These stars, this furniture, this cost of heav'n,
 If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd ;
 But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
 The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath,
 In *reason's* court, to silence *unbelief*.

How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes
 The moral emanations of the skies,
 While nought, perhaps, LORENZO less admires !
 Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds
 To tell us, *he* resides above them all,
 In glory's unapproachable recess ?
 And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
 The sumptuous, the magnific embassy
 A moment's audience ? Turn we, nor will hear
 From whom they come, or what they would impart.

For man's emolument ; sole cause that stoops
 Their grandeur to man's eye ? LORENZO ! rouse ;
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole,
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convince'd ?
 Renounces *reason*, or a God adores ?
 Mankind was sent into the world to see :
 Sight gives the science needful to their peace ;
 That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid.
 Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar ?
 Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns ?
 Or travel history's enormous round ?
Nature no such hard task enjoins : She gave
 A make to man, directive of his thought ;
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
 As who should say, " Read thy chief lesson there."
 Too late to read this manuscript of heav'n,
 When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
 It folds LORENZO's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various ! Not the God alone,
 I see his *ministers* ; I see, diffus'd
 In radiant orders, essences sublime,
 Of various offices, of various plume,
 In heav'nly liveries, distinctly, clad,
 Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
 Or all commix'd ; they stand, with wings outspread,
 List'ning to catch the master's least command,
 And fly through *nature*, ere the moment ends ;
 Numbers innumerable !—Well conceiv'd
 By *Pagan*, and by *Christian* ! O'er each sphere
 Presides an angel, to direct its course,
 And feed, or fan, its flames ; or to discharge
 Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
 Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *mind*,
 For which *alone* inanimate was made,
 More sparingly dispens'd ? That nobler Son,
 Far liker the great SIRE !—"Tis thus the skies
 Inform us of superiors numberless,
 As much in *excellence*, above mankind,
 As above *earth*, in *magnitude*, the *spheres*.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us ;
 In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds ;

Perhaps, a thousand demi-gods descend
On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men :
Awful reflection ! Strong restraint from ill !

Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories *sense* surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault ;
With just attention is it view'd ? We feel
A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought ;
Nature herself does half the work of *man*.
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean, excavated grotts,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* structure, or the scoop of *time* ;
If ample of dimension, vast of size,
Ev'n *these* an aggrandizing impulse give ;
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights.
Ev'n *these* infuse.—But what of vast in *these* ?
Nothing ;—or we must own the skies forgot.
Much less in *art*.—Vain *art* ! Thou pigmy-pow'r !
How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,
To shew thy littleness ! What childish toys,
Thy watry columns squirted to the clouds !
Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas !
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men !
Thy hundred-gated *capitals* ! Or those
Where three days travel left us much to ride ;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding *gardens* pendent in mid-air !
Or *temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way !
Yet *these* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of such superior scenes !
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe :
What awe from this the DEITY has built !
A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives :
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise :
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of GOD.
Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO,
To man abandon'd, “ *Hast thou seen the skies ?* ”

And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design
 By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
 (That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
 To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
 Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
 See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
 With front erect, that hide their head by day,
 And making night still *darker* by their deeds.
 Slumb'ring in covert, 'till the shades descend,
Rapine and *murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
 The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
 Watching the mole, half beggars him, ere morn.
 Now *plots*, and foul *conspiracies*, awake;
 And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
 Havock and devastation they prepare,
 And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
 Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
 What shall I do? Suppress it? or proclaim?
 Why *sleeps* the thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,
 His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
 Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.
 Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heav'n;
 Yet shrink, and shudder at a mortal's sight.
 Were moon, and stars, for *villains* only made?
 To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light?
 No; they were made to fashion the sublime
 Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *wise*.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals
 liv'd
 Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
 In theory sublime. O how unlike
 Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
 Who crawl on *earth*, and on her venom feed!
 Those ancient sages, *human* stars! They met
 Their brothers of the *skies*, at midnight hour;
 Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.
 The *Stagirite*, and PLATO, he who drank
 The poison'd bowl, and he of *Tusculum*,
 With him of *Corduba* (immortal names!)
 In these unbounded, and *Elysian*, walks,

An area fit for Gods, and Godlike men,
 They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
 By *Seraphs* trod ; instructed, chiefly, thus,
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below ;
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There, they contracted their contempt of *earth* ;
 Of hopes eternal kindled, *there*, the fire ;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great visitants !) more intimate with God,
 More worth to *men*, more joyous to *themselves*.
 Through *various virtues*, they, with ardour, ran
 The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal !
 A *needful*, but *opprobrious* pray'r ! As much
 Our ardour less, as greater is our *light*.
 How monstrous this in *morals* ! Scarce more strange
 Would this *phenomenon* in nature strike,
 A *Sun*, that froze us, or a *star*, that warm'd.

What taught these heroes of the moral world ?
 To these thou giv'st thy *praise*, give *credit* too ;
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee ;
 And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.—*They* taught,
That, narrow views, betray to misery :
That, wise it is to comprehend the whole :
That *virtue* rose from *nature*, ponder'd well,
 The single base of *virtue* built to heav'n :
That, God, and *nature*, our attention claim :
That, *nature* is the glass reflecting God,
 As, by the *sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere :
That, *mind* immortal loves *immortal* aims :
That, *boundless* *mind* affects a *boundless* *space* :
That, vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
 The soul assimilate, and make her great :
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines ; *such* the *night* inspir'd.

And what more true ? What truth of greater
 weight ?

The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;
 Delightful outlet of her prison *here* !

There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large ;
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
 In full proportion let loose all her pow'rs ;
 And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there ;
 But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays ;
 Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own* ;
 Dives deep in their economy divine,
 Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
 And, like a master, judges not amiss.
 Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
 Grows conscious of her birth celestial ; breathes
 More life, more vigour, in her native air ;
 And feels herself *at home* among the stars ;
 And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.
 What call we, then, the firmament, LORENZO ?
 As *earth* the body, since, the *skies* sustain
 The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
 Call it, the noble pasture of the *mind* ;
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
 And riots through the luxuries of thought.
 Call it, the garden of the DEITY,
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
 Of fruit ambrosial ; *moral* fruit to man.
 Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-Priest,
 Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
 In points of highest moment, right response ;
 And ill-neglected, if we prize our peace.
 Thus, have we found a *true* astrology ;
 Thus, have we found a new, and noble sense,
 In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
 O that the *stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
 Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
 And rescu'd *monarchs* from so black a guilt !
 BOURBON ! this wish how gen'rous in a foe !
 Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
 And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
 For mighty conquests on a *needle's* point ?
 Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
 Bastile thy tutor : Grandeur all thy aim ?

As yet thou know'st not what it is: How great,
 How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,
 When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
 And what it *seems*, it *is*: *Great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more Godlike, as *these* more divine.
 And *more* divine than *these*, thou canst not see.
 Dazzled, o'erpow'r'd, with the delicious draught
 Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel
 From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
 An *Eden* this! a *PARADISE* *unlost*!

I meet the *DEITY* in ev'ry view,
 And tremble at my nakedness before him!
 O that I could but reach the *tree of life*!
 For *here* it grows, unguarded from our taste:
 No *flaming sword* denies our entrance *here*;
 Would man but gather, he might live *for ever*.

LORENZO! much of *moral* hast thou seen.
 Of curious arts art thou more fond?—Then mark
 The *mathematic* glories of the skies,
 In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
 LORENZO's boasted builders, *chance*, and *fate*,
 Are left to finish his aërial tow'rs;
Wisdom, and *choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
 Though splendid all, no splendour void of use;
Use rivals *beauty*: *Art* contends with *pow'r*;
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expense;
 The great OECONOMIST adjusting all
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
 How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
 And *newest* to the man that views it *most*:
 For newer still in infinite succeeds.
 Then, these aërial racers, O how swift!
 How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
 Orb above orb ascending without end!
 Circle in circle, without end, enclos'd!
 Wheel within wheel; EZEKIEL! like to thine!*

* Ezekiel x. 9, 10.

Like thine, it seems a vision, or a dream ;
 Though *seen*, we labour to believe it *true* !
 What involution ! What extent ; what swarms
 Of worlds, that laugh at *earth* ! immensely great !
 Immensely distant from each others' spheres !
 What then, the wondrous *space* thro' which they roll ?
 At once it quite engulphs all human thought ;
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here ;
 Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere ;
 What knots are ty'd ! How soon are they dissolv'd,
 And set the seeming marry'd planets free !
 They rove for ever, without error, rove ;
 Confusion unconfus'd : Nor less admire
 This tumult untumult'ous ; all on wing !
 In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !
 What fervid action, yet no noise ! as aw'd
 To silence by the presence of their LORD ;
 Or hush'd, by *his* command, in love to man,
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
 Restless themselves. On yon cærulean plain,
 In exultation to *their* God, and *thine*,
 They dance, they sing eternal Jubilee,
 Eternal celebration of *his* praise.

But, since their *song* arrives not at our ear,
 Their *dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight
 Fair *hieroglyphic* of *his* peerless pow'r.
 Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
 Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence* :
 To *Gods*, how great ! how legible to *man* !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ?
 Where are the pillars that support the skies ?
 What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props
 Th' incumbent load ? What magic, what strange art,
 In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains ?
 Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?

And so they are ; in the high will of heav'n,
Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all ; if *such* the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring *Alps*, all tost into the sea ;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite ; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft ;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing ? What, then, worlds,
In a fair thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest *ends* ?

More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heav'n,
At certain periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,
Discharge high trusts of *vengeance*, or of *love* :
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn, still more solemnize ?

Ye citizens of air ! what ardent thanks ;
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight !
A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !
It drops *new* truths at ev'ry *new* survey !
Feels not LORENZO something stir within,
That sweeps away all period ? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundless *space*, through which these rovers
take

Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought
Of boundless *time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* skill,
To man un-labour'd, that important guest,
ETERNITY, finds entrance at the *sight* :
And an *eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,

The *stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
 NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons.
 Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
 To *disappoint* it?—That is blasphemy.

Thus, of thy creed a second article,
 Momentous, as th' existence of a God,
 Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;
 And thou may'st read thy *soul immortal*, here.

Here, then, LORENZO! on these glories dwell;
 Nor want the gilt, illuminated roof,
 That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.

Assemblies? This is one divinely bright;
 Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
 Range through the fairest, and the SULTAN* scorn.

He, wise as *thou*, no *crescent* holds so fair,
 As that, which on his turban awes a world;
 And thinks the *moon* is proud to copy him.

Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
 A mind superior to the charms of *pow'r*.
 Thou muffled in delusions of *this* life!

Can yonder *moon* turn ocean in his bed,
 From side to side, in constant ebb, and flow,
 And purify from stench his watry realms?

And fails her *moral* influence? Wants she *pow'r*
 To turn LORENZO's stubborn tide of thought
 From stagnating on *earth's* infected shore,

And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
 Fails her attraction, when it draws to heav'n?
 Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, *earth's* joy?

Minds elevate, and panting for *unseen*,
 And defecate from *sense*, alone obtain
 Full relish of existence un-deflow'r'd,

The *life* of life, the *zest* of worldly bliss.

All else on earth amounts—to what? To *this*:

“BAD to be *suffer'd*: BLESSINGS to be *left*.”

Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.

O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.

O let me think! Thought too is wilder'd *here*;

In mid-way flight imagination tires;

* The Emperor of Turkey.

Yet soon re-prunes her wings to soar anew,
 Her point unable to forbear, or gain ;
 So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plan !
 A banquet this, where men and angels meet,
 Eat the same *manna*, mingle earth and heav'n.
 How distant some of these nocturnal Suns !
 So distant (says the sage*) 'twere not absurd
 To doubt, if beams, set out at *Nature's* birth,
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world ;
 Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
 And roll *for ever* : Who can satiate sight
 In *such* a scene ? in such an ocean wide
 Of deep astonishment ? Where depth, height, breadth
 Are lost in their extremes ; and where to count
 The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps a *Seraph's* computation fails.
 Now, go, *ambition* ! boast thy boundless might
 In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.
 And yet LORENZO calls for *miracles*,
 To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.
 Why call for less than is *already* thine ?
 Thou art no novice in theology ;
 What is a *miracle* ? 'Tis a reproach,
 'Tis an implicit satire on mankind ;
 And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.
 To common-sense, great *Nature's* course proclaims
 A DEITY : When mankind falls asleep,
 A *miracle* is sent, as an alarm,
 To wake the world, and prove *him* o'er again,
 By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.
 Say, which imports more plenitude of pow'r,
 Or Nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal* ?
 To *make* a Sun, or *stop* his mid career ?
 To countermand his orders, and send back
 The flaming courier to the frighted *east*,
 Warm'd and astonish'd, at his ev'ning ray ?
 Or bid the *moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
 In *Ajalon's* soft, flow'ry vale repose ?†

* Hugenius.

† Joshua x. 12, 13.

Great things are these ; still greater, to *create*.
From ADAM'S bow'r look down thro' the whole train
Of miracles ; resistless is their pow'r ?

They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,
If seen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *spangles* here ; the *fool*, no more.
Say'st thou, " The course of *Nature* governs all ?"
The *course* of *Nature* is the *art* of God.

The miracles thou call'st for, *this* attest ;
For say, Could *Nature* *Nature's* course controul ?

But, miracles apart, who sees HIM not,
Nature's Controuler, Author, Guide, and End ?
Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight face,
But must enquire—" What hand behind the scene,
" What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs ?
Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from pop'lous cites in a blaze,
And set the bosom of *Old Night* on fire ?
Peopled her desert, and made horror *smile* ?"
Or, if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with
man)

" Who marshals this bright host ? Enrols their
names ?

Appoints their post, their marches, and returns,
Punctual, at stated periods ? Who disbands
These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
If e'er disbanded ?"—He, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their pow'rs
In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness ; arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold ;
And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *vice* and *unbelief*.
O let us join this army ! Joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,

When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night ;
 When these strong demonstrations of a God
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
 And one *eternal* curtain cover all !

Struck at *that* thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
 A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars,
 To man still more propitious ; and their aid
 (Though guiltless of idolatry) implore :
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
 O ye *dividers of my time* ! Ye bright
 Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
 In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd !
 Since that authentic, radiant register,
 Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him ;
 Since *you*, and years, roll on, tho' man stands still ;
 Teach me my days to number, and apply
 My trembling heart to *wisdom* ;* now beyond
 All shadow of excuse for fooling on.

Age smooths our path to prudence ; sweeps aside
 The snares, keen *appetite*, and passion, spread
 To catch stray souls ; and woe to that grey head,
 Whose *folly* would undo, what *age* has done !

Aid, then, aid, all ye stars ! Much rather, ΤΗΟΥ,
 Great ARTIST ! ΤΗΟΥ, whose finger set aright
 This exquisite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,
 Though intervolv'd, exact ; and pointing out
 Life's rapid, and irrevocable flight,
 With such an *index* fair, as none can miss,
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps 'till it is clos'd.
 Open *mine* eye, dread DEITY ! to read
 The tacit doctrine of thy works ; to see
 Things as they *are*, unalter'd through the glass
 Of worldly wishes. *Time, eternity* !

('Tis these, *mis-measur'd*, ruin all mankind)
 Set them before me ; let me lay them both
 In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
 Let *time* appear a *moment*, as it is ;
 And let *eternity's* full orb, at once,
 Turn on my soul, and strike it into heav'n.
 When shall I see far more than charms me now ?

Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breast,
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
 When this vile, foreign dust, which smothers all
 That travel *earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off?
 When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
 And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
 Obtain her *apotheosis* in THEE?

Dost think, LORENZO! this is wand'ring wide?
 No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
 To wake thy *dead devotion* was my point;
 And how I bless *Night's* consecrating shades,
 Which to a *temple* turn an *universe*;
 Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n
 And antidote the pestilential earth!
 In ev'ry storm, that either frowns or falls,
 What an asylum has the soul in pray'r!
 And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray!
 And what a GOD must dwell in such a fane!
 O what a genius must inform the skies!
 And is LORENZO's Salamander-heart
 Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires?
 O ye nocturnal sparks! Ye glowing embers,
 On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no
 more,

Who blaze, or die, as great JEHOVAH's breath
 Or blows you, or forbears; assist my song;
 Pour your whole influence; exorcise his heart,
 So long possess; and bring him back to man.

And is LORENZO a demurrer *still*?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *parts* to shame.
 Nor shame they more LORENZO's *head*, than *heart*;
 A *faithless* heart, how despicably small!
 Too strait, aught great, or gen'rous to receive!
 Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *self*!
 And self mistaken! Self, that lasts an hour!
Instincts and *passions*, of the nobler kind,
 Lie suffocated there; or *they* alone
Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open,
 To ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,
 Where *order*, *wisdom*, *goodness*, *providence*,

Their endless miracles of love display,
 And promise all, the truly great desire.
 The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great*;
 Great, in its *wishes*; great in its *surveys*.
 Extended views a narrow mind extend;
 Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
 Which, ere-long, *more* than planets shall embrace.
 A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth*;
Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
 All littleness is in approach to woe;
 Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
 And let in *manhood*, let in *happiness*;
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought.
 From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*
 Take God from *nature*, nothing great is left;
 Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;
 Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
 Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
 See thy distress! How close art thou besieg'd!
 Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!
 Enclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
 As in a golden net of PROVIDENCE,
 How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,
 What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free?
 This scene is heav'n's indulgent violence:
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
 What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
 But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
 Dar'st thou still litigate thy desp'rate *cause*,
 Spite of these num'rous, awful *witnesses*,
 And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?
 That bright connexion between hearts, and heav'n!
 How laborious is thy way to ruin!

Laborious? 'Tis *impracticable* quite;
 To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
 With all its weight of wisdom, and of will,
 And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they did; but *no man disbelieves*.

God is a *spirit* ; *spirit* cannot strike
 Their gross, material Organs : God by man
 As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,
 In these astonishing exploits of pow'r,
 What order, beauty, motion, distance, size !
 Concertion of design, how exquisite !
 How complicate, in their divine police !
 Apt means ! Great ends ! Consent to gen'ral good !
 Each attribute of these *material* Gods,
 So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
 A sep'rate conquest gains o'er rebel thought ;
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

LORENZO ! This may seem *harangue* to thee ;
 Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
 And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof
 Of this great master-moral of the skies,
 Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *there* ?
 Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
 Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear ;
 'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
 And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire ;—The *world* shut out ;—Thy thoughts call
 home ;—

Imagination's airy wing repress ;—
 Lock up thy *senses* ; let no *passion* stir ;
 Wake all to *reason* ; let *her* reign alone ;
 Then, in thy *soul's* deep silence, and the depth
 Of *Nature's* silence, midnight, thus enquire,
 As *I* have done ; and shall enquire no more.
 In Nature's channel, thus the question run :

“ What am I ? and from *whence* ? I nothing know,
 But that I *am* ; and, since I *am*, conclude
 Something *eternal* : Had there e'er been *nought*,
Nought still had been : *Eternal* there *must* be.
 But *what* eternal ? Why not *human race* ?
 And ADAM's ancestors without an end ?
 That's hard to be conceiv'd, since ev'ry link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
 Can ev'ry *part depend*, and not the *whole* ?
 Yet grant it true ; *new* difficulties rise ;

I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.
Whence *earth*, and these bright *orbs*?—*Eternal*
too?

Grant *matter* was eternal ; still these *orbs*
Would want some other father ; much design
Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes* ;
Design implies *intelligence*, and *art* :
That can't be from *themselves*—or *man* : *that* art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than *man*.
Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
Who bid brute *matter's* restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
Has *matter innate* motion ? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust :
Has *matter none* ? Then whence these glorious
forms,
And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and *repos'd* ?
Has *matter more* than motion ? Has it thought,
Judgment and genius ? Is it deeply learn'd
In *mathematics* ? Has it fram'd *such* laws,
Which but to *guess*, a NEWTON* made immortal ?
If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,
Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man* !
If art, to form ; and counsel, to conduct ;
And that with greater far, than human skill ;
Resides not in each block ; a GODHEAD reigns.
Grant, then, invisible, eternal MIND ;
That granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting that,
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud ?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?
A being without origin, or end !
Hail, human liberty ! There is no God——
Yet, why ? On *either* scheme that knot subsists ;
Subsist it *must*, in God, or *human race* ;
If in the last, how many knots beside,
Indissoluble all ? Why choose it *there*,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more ?

* SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Reject it, where, *that* chosen, all the rest
 Dispers'd, leave *reason's* whole horizon clear?
 This is not Reason's dictate; *Reason* says,
 Close with the side where *one* grain turns the scale;
 What vast preponderance is here! can Reason
 With louder voice exclaim—*Believe a God?*
 And *Reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
 What things impossible must man think true,
 On any other system; and how strange
 To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity!"

If, in this chain, LORENZO finds no flaw,
 Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.
 And where's the link, in which a flaw he finds?
 And, if a God there is, that God how great?
 How great that Pow'r, whose providential care
 Thro' these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
 Of *Nature* universal threads the whole!
 And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
 Though little, on the footstool of his throne!

That little gem, how large! A weight let fall
 From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
 This distant *earth*? Say, then, LORENZO! where,
 Where ends this mighty building? Where, begin
 The suburbs of creation? Where the wall
 Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
 Of *non-existence*? NOTHING's strange abode!
 Dread, bottomless *amazement*! how it yawns!
 How shudd'ring *fancy* sickens, and recoils!
 And is it *there* LORENZO *hopes* to dwell?
 Say, at what point of space JEHOVAH dropp'd
 His slacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
 Weigh'd *worlds*, and measur'd *infinite*, no more
 Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high
 Its extra-mundane head? and says, to Gods,
 In characters illustrious as the Sun,

I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
 The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:
 Shout, all ye Gods! nor shout, ye Gods alone;
 Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
 That rests, or rolls, ye heights and depths resound!
 Resound! resound! ye depths and heights, resound!

Hard are those questions? Answer, *harder* still.
 Is *this* the sole exploit, the single birth,
 The solitary Son of *pow'r divine*?
 Or has th' Almighty FATHER, with a breath,
 Impregnated the womb of distant *space*?
 Has *he* not bid, in various provinces,
 Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
 Of *night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
 And *he* the central Sun, transpiercing all
 Those *Giant-generations*, which disport,
 And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
 In that *abyss of horror*, whence they sprang;
 While *chaos* triumphs, re-possess of all
 Rival *creation* ravish'd from his throne?
 CHAOS! of *nature*, both the womb, and grave!
 Think'st thou, my scheme, LORENZO, spreads too
 wide?

Is this *extravagant*? No; this is *just*;
 Just, in *conjecture*, though 'twere false in *fact*.
 If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
 From noble root, high thought of the MOST-HIGH.
 But wherefore error? Who can prove it such?
 He that can set *Omnipotence* a bound.
 Can man *conceive* beyond what God can *do*?
 Nothing, but *quite impossible*, is *hard*.
 He summons into being, with like ease,
 A whole *creation*, and a single *grain*.
 Speaks He the word! a thousand worlds are born!
 A *thousand* worlds? There's space for millions
 more!
 And in what space can his great *fiat* fail?
 Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
 The warm *imagination*: Why condemn?
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
 With fuller admiration of *that pow'r*,
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to
 swell?
 Why not indulge in *his* augmented praise?
 Darts not *his* glory a still brighter ray,
 The less is left to *chaos*, and the realms

Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* strays aghast :

And, though most *talkative*, makes no *report* ?

Still seems my thought enormous ? Think again !

Experience 'self shall aid thy lame belief.

Glasses (that revelation to the sight !)

Have they not led us in the deep disclose

Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *small*,

And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd* ?

If then, on the reverse, the mind would mount

In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,

To keep the balance, and creation *poise* ?

Defect alone can err on such a theme ;

What is too great, if we the *cause* survey ?

Stupendous *Architect* ! Thou ! Thou art all !

My soul flies up and down in thoughts of *thee*,

And finds herself but at the centre still !

I AM, thy name ! *Existence*, all *thine own* !

Creation's nothing ; flatter'd much, if styl'd

" *The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of GOD.*"

O for the voice—of what ? of whom ? What voice

Can answer to my wants, in *such* ascent,

As dares to deem one universe too small ?

Tell me, LORENZO ! (for now *fancy* glows,

Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty pow'r)

Is not this home-creation, in the map

Of *universal Nature*, as a speck,

Like fair *Britannia* in our little ball ;

Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,

But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone ?

In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)

Canst thou not figure it, an *isle*, almost

Too small for notice, in the *vast* of being ;

Sever'd by mighty seas of *unbuilt* space,

From other *realms* ; from ample *continents* ;

Of higher life, where noble natives dwell ;

Less *northern*, less remote from DEITY,

Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme ;

Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth

Luxuriant growths ! nor the late autumn wait

Of *human* worth, but ripen soon to Gods ?

Yet why drown *fancy* in such depths as these ?
 Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess
 The bounds of man ; nor blame them, as too small.
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen* ?
 Full ample the dominions of the Sun !
 Full glorious to behold ! How far, how wide,
 This matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
 Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires !
 This *heliopolis*, by greater far
 Than the proud tyrant of the *Nile*, was built ;
 And *he* alone, who built it, can destroy.
 Beyond *this city*, why strays human thought ?
 One wonderful, enough for man to know !
 One infinite, enough for man to range !
 One firmament, enough for man to read !
 O what voluminous instruction here !
 What page of wisdom is deny'd him ? None ;
 If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
 Nor is *instruction*, here, our only gain ;
 There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
 With what authority it gives its charge,
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
 Though silent, loud ! heard earth around ; above
 The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell ;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
 Is *earth*, then, more infernal ? Has she those,
 Who neither *praise*, (LORENZO !) nor *admire* ?
 LORENZO'S admiration, pre-engag'd,
 Ne'er ask'd one *moon* one question ; never held
 Least correspondence with a single star ;
 Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heav'n* .
 Walking in brightness ; or her train ador'd.
 Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
 Engross'd his whole devotion ; *stars* malign,
 Which made their fond *astronomer* run mad ;
 Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart* ;
 Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace

To momentary madness, call'd delight.
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
 The lifted hand to LUNA, or pour'd out
 The blood to JOVE! O THOU, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O thou great JOVE unfeign'd!
 DIVINE INSTRUCTOR! Thy *first* volume *this*,
 For *man's* perusal; all in Capitals!
 In *moon* and *stars* (Heav'n's golden alphabet!)
 Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who *runs*, may *read*;
 Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
 To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
 In language universal, to Mankind:
 A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain
 To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
 Or, from its husk, strike out the bounding grain.
 A language, worthy the GREAT MIND, that *sneaks*!
Preface, and *comment*, to the *sacred page*!
 Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
 As pre-supposing his first lesson *there*,
 And scripture self a *fragment*, that unread.
 Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
 Stupendous book! and open'd, NIGHT! by thee.
 By thee much open'd, I confess, O *Night*!
 Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?
 Say, gentle *Night*! whose modest, maiden beams,
 Give us a *new* creation, and present
 The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;
 Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
 Say, thou, whose mild dominions' silver key
 Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
 Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
 Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!
 Canst thou not draw a *deeper* scene? And shew
 The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
 These rich *regalia* pompously display'd
 To kindle that high hope? Like him of *Uz*,
 I gaze around; I search on ev'ry side—
 O for a glimpse of HIM my soul adores!
 As the chas'd hart, amid the desart waste,

Pants for the living stream ; for HIM who made her,
 So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
 Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess ! Where ?
 Where blazes *his* bright court ? Where burns *his*
 throne ?

Thou know'st : for thou art near him ; by thee,
 round

His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
 The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
 Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
 Who travel far, discover where *he* dwells ?

A *star* his dwelling pointed out *below*.*

Ye *Pleiades*, *Arcturus*, *Mazaroath* !

And thou, *Orion*,† of still keener eye !

Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,

And bring them out of tempest into port !

On which hand must I bend my course to find *him* ?

These courtiers keep the secret of their KING ;

I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake ; and, waking, climb *Night's* radiant scale,

From sphere to sphere ; the steps by Nature set

For man's ascent ; at once to *tempt* and *aid* ;

To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his tow'ring thought ;

'Till it arrives at the *great goal* of all.

In ardent *Contemplation's* rapid car,

From *earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.

How swift I mount ! Diminish'd *earth* recedes ;

I pass the *moon*, and, from her farther side,

Pierce heav'n's blue curtain ; strike into *remote* ;

Where, with his lifted tube, the subtil sage

His artificial, airy journey takes,

And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.

I pause at ev'ry *planet* on my road,

And ask for HIM who gives their orbs to roll,

Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,

In which, of *earths* an army might be lost,

With the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,

Amid those *sov'reign* glories of the skies,

* Matt. ii. 2.

† Names of several Constellations in the heavens.

Of independent, native lustre, proud ;
 The souls of systems ! and the Lords of life,
 Through their wide empires ! What behold I *now* ?
 A wilderness of wonders burning round ;
 Where *larger* Suns inhabit *higher* spheres ;
 Perhaps the *villas* of descending Gods !
 Nor halt I here ; my toil is but begun ;
 'Tis but the threshold of the DEITY ;
 Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still ;
 Nor is it strange ; I built on a mistake ;
 The grandeur of his works, whence *folly* sought
 For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher ;
 Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to
him ;)

O where, LORENZO ! must the Builder dwell ?

Pause, then ; and, for a moment, here respire—
 If human thought can keep its station here.
 Where am I ? Where is *earth* ? Nay, where art
 thou,

O *Sun* ? Is the Sun turn'd recluse ? And are
His boasted expeditions short to *mine* ?

To *mine*, how short ! On Nature's *Alps* I stand,
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath !
 A thousand systems ! as a thousand grains !
 So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,
 How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd ?

“ O ye, as distant from my little home,
 As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly !
 Far from my native element I roam,
 In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
 What province this, of *his* immense domain,
 Whom all obeys ? Or mortals here, or Gods ?
 Ye bord'ers on the coasts of bliss ! What are you ?
 A colony from heav'n ? Or, only rais'd,
 By frequent visit from heav'n's neighb'ring realms,
 To secondary Gods, and half-divine ?
 Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
 Far other life you live, far other tongue

You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 Than man. How various are the works of God!
 But say, what thought? Is *reason* here enthron'd,
 And absolute? Or *sense* in arms against her?
 Have you *two* lights? Or need you no *reveal'd*?
 Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
 And had your EDEN an abstemious EVE?
 Our EVE's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
 And ask their ADAMS—'Who would not be wise?
 Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd*?
 And if *redeem'd*—is your Redeemer *scorn'd*?
 Is this your final residence? If not,
 Change you your scene, *translated*? Or by *death*?
 And if by *death*; *What death*? Know you *disease*?
 Or horrid *war*? With war, this fatal hour,
 EUROPA groans (so call we a small field,
 Where kings run mad.) In *our* world, Death de-
 putes
Intemperance to do the work of *age*!
 And, hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
 As slow of execution, for despatch
 Sends forth *imperial* butchers; bids them slay
 Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before)
 And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
 Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
 With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *God*?
 And *bloodshed* wash out ev'ry other stain?
 But you, perhaps, can't bleed: From matter gross
 Your *spirits* clean, are delicately clad
 In fine-spun Ether, privileg'd to soar,
 Unloaded, uninfected; How unlike
 The lot of man! How few of human race
 By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
 Self-war eternal! Is your painful day
 Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you still
 Raw candidates at school? And have you those
 Who disaffect *reversions*, as with *us*?
 But what are *we*? you never heard of *man*,
 Or *earth*; the *bedlam* of the universe!
 Where *redson* (undiseas'd with you) runs mad,
 And nurses *folly's* children as *her own*;

Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
 Of holiness, where reason is pronounc'd
Infallible; and *thunders*, like a God;
 Ev'n *there*, by *saints*, the *demons* are outdone;
 What *these* think wrong, our *saints* refine to right!
 And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
 SATAN, instructed, o'er their *morals* smiles.
 But *this*, how strange to you, who know not *man*!
 Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd?
 Call'd *here* ELIJAH, in his flaming car? *
 Pass'd by you the good ENOCH, † on his road
 To those fair fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl'd;
 Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere, in his descent,
 Stain'd your pure crystal Ether, or let fall
 A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
 O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
 Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home,
 Then blacken'd *earth*, with footsteps foul'd in hell,
 Nor wash'd in *ocean*, as from ROME he pass'd
 To BRITAIN'S isle; *too, too*, conspicuous *there*!

But this is all digression: Where is HE,
 That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darkness; where is HE,
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 HE, whom, while man is *man*, he can't but seek;
 And if he finds, commences *more* than man.
 O for a telescope his throne to reach!
 Tell me, ye learn'd on *earth*! or blest *above*!
 Ye searching, ye *Newtonean* angels! tell,
 Where's your great MASTER'S orb? His planets
 where?

Those *conscious* satellites, those *morning-stars*,
 First-born of DEITY! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off;
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
 Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*: *raptur'd*, yet *serene*:
 Past thought, illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
 In still *approaching* circles, still *remote*,
 Revolving round the Sun's eternal Sire?

* 2 Kings ii. 11.

† Genesis v. 14.

Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude? Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon! And on what
 High errands sent? Here *human* effort ends;
 And leave me still a stranger to *his* throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
 Born in an age more *curious* than *devout*:
 More fond to fix the *place* of heav'n, or hell,
 Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
 That leads me to my point: LORENZO! know,
 Without or *star*, or *angel*, for their guide,
 Who worship God, shall *find* him. Humble *love*,
 And not proud *reason*, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admission, where proud *science* fails.
 Man's science is the culture of his heart;
 And not to lose his plummet in the depths
 Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
 The wisest on a level with the fool.
 To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *here*!)
 Past doubt is deep philosophy *above*:
 Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
 As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.
 For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
 (So might I dare to speak!) is *seen* in all!
 In *man*! in *earth*! In more amazing *skies*!
 Teaching this lesson, *pride* is loth to learn—
 "Not *deeply* to *discern*, not *much* to *know*,
 Mankind was born to WONDER, and ADORE."

And is there cause for higher *wonder* still,
 Than that which struck us from our past surveys?
 Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
 From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
 Have I learn'd nothing! Yes, LORENZO! This;
 Each of these stars is a religious house;
 I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise,
 And heard *hosannas* ring through ev'ry sphere,
 A seminary fraught with future Gods.
Nature all o'er is *consecrated* ground,
 Teeming with growth immortal, and divine.

'The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
 Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
 With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise
 Beneath *his* genial ray; and, if escap'd
 The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.
 And is *devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
 When beings, so superior, homage *boast*,
 And *triumph* in prostrations to THE THRONE?

But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?
 Ethereal journies, and, discover'd there,
 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
 All *Nature* sending incense to THE THRONE,
 Except the bold, LORENZO, of our sphere?
 Op'ning the solemn sources of my soul,
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies.
 Nor see, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
 Invites the muse—Here turn we and review
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide: Then say,
 Say, then, LORENZO! with what burst of heart,
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
 Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
 "O what a root! O what a branch is here!
 O what a father! What a family!
 Worlds! Systems! and creations! And creations,
 In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
 * Great VINE! On Thee, on Thee, the cluster
 hangs;
 The filial cluster! infinitely spread
 In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
 And drinks (Nectareous draught!) Immortal life.
 Or, shall I say (for *who* can say enough?)
 A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 (And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)
 Set in one *signet*, flames on the right-hand
 Of MAJESTY DIVINE! The *blazing seal*,
 That deeply stamps on all created *mind*,
 Indelible, *his* sov'reign attributes,

Omnipotence, and Love! *That*, passing bound :
 And *this*, surpassing that. Nor stop we *here*,
 For want of *pow'r* in God, but *thought* in Man.
 Ev'n *this* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt ;
 If *greater* aught, that greater all is THINE,
 Dread SIRE!—Accept this *miniature* of THEE ;
 And pardon an *attempt* from mortal thought,
 In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

How such ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *pow'r*,
 And such ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *plan*,
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
 Of feeble mortals? Nor of them alone!
 The fulness of the DEITY breaks forth
 In *inconceivables* to men, and Gods.
 Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
 How *low* must *man* descend, when *Gods* adore!
 Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast!
 Did I not tell thee, "We would mount, LORENZO!
 And kindle our devotion at the *stars*?"
 And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
 And art all adamant? And dost confute
 All urg'd, with one irrefragable *smile*?
 LORENZO! *Mirth*, how miserable *here*!
 Swear by the *stars*, by HIM who made them, swear
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *they*:
 Then *thou*, like *them*, shalt *shine*; like *them*, shalt

rise

From low, to lofty; from obscure, to bright;
 By due gradation, *Nature's* sacred law.
 The *stars*, from whence? Ask *chaos*—He can tell.
 These bright temptations to idolatry,
 From *darkness*, and *confusion*, took their birth;
 Sons of *deformity*! From fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude:
 And then, to spheres opaque; then dimly shone;
 Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in *perfect day*.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
 From worse to better: but, when *minds* ascend,
 Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.
 Heav'n aids exertion; greater makes the great;
 The *voluntary* little lessens more.

O be a *man* ! and thou shalt be a *God* !
 And *half self-made* !—Ambition how divine !

O thou ambitious of disgrace alone !
 Still undevout ? Unkindled ?—Though high-taught,
 School'd by the skies ; and pupil of the stars ;
 Rank coward to the *fashionable world* !
 Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heav'n ?
 Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell !
 Pride in *religion* is man's highest praise.
 Bent on destruction ! and in love with death !
 Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
 Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
 Which gropes for happiness, and meets *despair*.
 How like a widow in her weeds, the *night*,
 Amid her glimm'ring tapers, silent sits !
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
 Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene !
 A scene more sad *sin* makes the darken'd soul,
 All comforts kill, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye ;
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest ?
 Of *matter's* grandeur, know, one end is this,
 To tell the *rational*, who gazes on it—
 “ Though that immensely great, still greater *he*,
 Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
 Unburden'd, Nature's universal scheme ;
 Can grasp *creation* with a *single* thought ;
Creation grasp ; and not exclude its *SIRE*.”
 To tell him farther—“ It behoves him much
 To guard th' important, yet depending, fate
 Of being, brighter than a thousand Suns :
 One single ray of *thought* outshines them all.”
 And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
 His purple wing bedrop'd with eyes of gold,
 Rising, where *thought* is now deny'd to rise,
 Look down *triumphant* on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist ? No mortal ever liv'd
 But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true !)
 The whole that charms thee, absolutely *vain* ;
 Vain, and far worse ? Think thou, with dying men ;

O *condescend* to think as angels think !
 O *tolerate* a chance for happiness !
 Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate ;
 And hell had been, though there had been no God.
 Dost thou not know, my new astronomer !
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings night to man ?
Man, turning from his God, brings *endless* night ;
 Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
 Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
 How *deep* the darkness ! and the groan, how *loud* !
 And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames !
 Such is LORENZO's purchase ! such his praise !
 The proud, the politic, LORENZO's praise !
 Though in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
 I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from *me* ;
 My song but echoes what great *Nature* speaks.
 What has she spoken ? Thus the Goddess spoke,
 Thus speaks for ever : " Place, at Nature's head,
 A Sov'reign, who o'er all things rolls his eye,
 Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
 But, above all, diffuses endless good ;
 To *whom*, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly :
 The vile, for mercy ; and the pain'd, for peace ;
 By *whom*, the various tenants of these spheres,
 Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and pow'rs,
 Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
 Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
 At that blest fountain-head, from which they stream ;
 Where conflict past redoubles present joy ;
 And present joy looks forward on increase ;
 And that, on more ; no period ! ev'ry step
 A double boon ! a *promise*, and a *bliss*."
 How easy sits *this* scheme on human hearts !
 It suits their make ; it soothes their vast desires ;
Passion is pleas'd ; and *reason* asks no more ;
 'Tis rational ! 'Tis great ! But what is *thine* ?
 It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !
 Leaves us quite naked, both of help and hope,
 Sinking from bad to worse ; few years, the sport
 Of *fortune* ; then, the morsel of *despair*.

Say, then, LORENZO! (for thou know'st it well)
 What's *vice*? Mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion, what? The proof of *common sense*;
 How art thou hooted, where the *least* prevails!
 Is it *my* fault, if *these truths* call thee *fool*?
 And thou shalt never be *miscall'd* by me.
 Can neither *shame* nor *terror*, stand thy friend?
 And art thou *still* an insect in the mire?
 How, like thy guardian-angel, have I flown;
 Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee through all
 Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee like a God;
 Through splendours of first magnitude, arrang'd
 On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
 Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of God;
 And almost introduc'd thee to *the Throne*!
 And art thou still carousing for delight,
 Rank poison; first, fermenting to mere *froth*,
 And then subsiding into final *gall*?
 To beings of sublime, immortal make,
 How shocking is all joy, whose *end* is sure!
 Such joy more shocking still, the more it *charms*!
 And dost thou choose what ends ere well begun;
 And infamous as short? And dost thou choose
 (*Thou*, to whose palate, *glory* is so sweet)
 To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
 Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own*?
 For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
 And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
 For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
 Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.
 O thou most awful Being! and most vain;
 Thy will, how *frail*! how *glorious* is thy pow'r?
 Though dread Eternity has sown her seeds
 Of bliss and woe, in thy despotic breast,
 Though heav'n and hell, depend upon thy choice;
 A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
 Is this the picture of a Rational?
 This horrid image, shall it be more just?
 LORENZO! No: It cannot—*shall* not, be,
 If there is force in *reason*; or, in *sounds*,
 Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,

A magic, at this planetary hour,
 When *slumber* locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams
 Through senseless mazes hunt souls *un-inspir'd*.
 Attend—The sacred mysteries begin—
 My solemn *night-born* adjuration hear;
 Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust:
 While the *stars* gaze on this enchantment new;
 Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!
 ' By *silence*, Death's peculiar attribute;
 By *darkness*, Guilt's inevitable doom;
 By *darkness*, and by *silence*, sisters dread!
 That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
 And raise ideas, solemn as the scene!
 By *night*, and all of awful, night presents
 To *thought*, or *sense* (of awful much, to both,
 The Goddess brings!) By these her trembling *fires*,
 Like VESTA's, ever burning; and, like *her's*,
 Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
 By these bright orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,
 And press thee to revere the DEITY;
 Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,
 To reach *his* throne; as *stages* of the soul,
 Through which, at diff'rent periods, she shall pass,
 Renning gradual, for her final height,
 And purging off some dross at ev'ry sphere!
 By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!
 By the world's kings and kingdoms, most renown'd,
 From short ambition's *zenith* set for ever;
 Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom!
 By the long list of swift mortality,
 From Adam downward to this ev'ning knell,
 Which *midnight* waves in *fancy's* startled eye;
 And shocks her with an hundred centuries, (thought
 Round *death's* black banner throng'd, in human
 By thousands, *now*, resigning their last breath,
 And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear;
 By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth:
 The monarch's *terror*! and the Sexton's *trade*!
 By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
 The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
 Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;

Boast of our *ruin* ! Triumph of our *dust* !
By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones ;
 And the pale lamp that shews the ghastly dead,
More ghastly, through the thick incumbent gloom !
By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grove !
By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
 For the grave's shelter ! *By* desponding men,
 Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !
By guilt's last audit ! *By* yon *moon* in blood,
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
 And thunder's last discharge, great Nature's knell !
By *Second chaos* ; and *Eternal Night*—
Be wise—Nor let PHILANDER blame my *charm* ;
 But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living ; *duty* to the dead.

For know, I'm but executor ; *he* left
 This moral legacy ; *I* make it o'er
 By *his* command ; PHILANDER hear in me ;
 And heav'n in both. If deaf to these, Oh ! hear
Florello's tender voice ; *his* weal depends
 On *thy* resolve ; it trembles at *thy* choice ;
 For *his* sake—love *thyself* : Example strikes
 All human hearts ; a *bad* example more ;
 More still a Father's ; that ensures his ruin.
 As Parent of his Being, would'st thou prove
 Th' unnat'ral parent of his miseries,
 And make him curse the being which thou gav'st
 Is *this* the blessing of so fond a father ?
 If careless of LORENZO ! spare, Oh ! spare,
 FLORELLO's father, and PHILANDER's friend ;
 FLORELLO's father ruin'd, ruins him ;
 And from PHILANDER's friend the world expects
 A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.
 Let *passion* do, what *nobler motive* should ;
 Let *love*, and *emulation*, rise in aid
 To *reason* ; and persuade thee to be—blest.

This seems not a request to be deny'd ;
 Yet (such th' infatuation of mankind !)
 'Tis the most *hopeless*, man can make to man.
 Shall I, then, rise in argument, and warin'th ?

And urge PHILANDER's posthumous advice,
 From topics yet unbroach'd?—
 But, Oh! I faint! My spirits fail! Nor strange!
 So long on wing, and in no middle clime;
 To which my great Creator's glory call'd:
 And *calls*—but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
 Has strok'd my drooping lids, and *promises*
 (If my fond wishes are not flatterers)
 My long arrear of rest; the *downy God*
 (Wont to return with our returning *peace*).
 Will *pay*, ere long, and *bless* me with repose.
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
 The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
 Whence *sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
 Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
 Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
 That supple, lubricates, and keeps in play,
 The various movements of this nice machine,
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
 When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
 Fresh we spin on, 'till *sickness* clogs our wheels,
 Or *Death* quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
 When will it end with *me*?

——“THOU only know'st!

‘THOU! whose broad eye, the *future* and the *past*,
 Joins to the *present*; making one of *three*.
 To mortal thought! *Thou* know'st, and *Thou* alone,
 All-knowing! All unknown! And yet well known!
 Near, tho' remote! and, though unfathom'd, felt!
 And though invisible, for ever seen!
 And seen in all! The *great*, and the *minute*;
 Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 Each flow'r, each leaf, with its small people swarm,
 declare
 (Those puny vouchers of *Omnipotence*!)
 To the first thought, that asks, ‘*From whence*?
 Their common source. THOU fountain running o'er
 In rivers of communicated joy!
 Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!

Say, by what name shall I presume to call
 Him I see burning in these countless Suns,
 As *Moses* in the *bush**? Illustrious mind!
 The whole creation; less, far less to thee,
 Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
 How shall I name Thee?—How my lab'ring soul
 Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth?

“Great system of perfections! Mighty cause
 Of causes mighty! Cause uneaus'd; sole root
 Of *Nature*, that luxuriant growth of God!
 First Father of *Effects*! that progeny
 Of endless series; where the golden chain's
 Last link admits a period,—Who can tell?
 Father of All that is or heard, or hears!
 Father of all that is or seen, or sees!
 Father of all that *is*, or *shall* arise!
 Father of this immeasurable mass
 Of *matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;
 Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
 Minute, or passing bound! In each extreme
 Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.
 Father of these bright millions of the *Night*!†
 Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
 And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
 Is appellation higher still, thy choice?
 Father of *matter's* temporary lords!
 Father of *Spirits*! Nobler offspring! Sparks
 Of high paternal glory; rich-endow'd
 With various measures, and with various modes
 Of *instinct*, *reason*, *intuition*; beams
 More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
 The dark of matter *organiz'd* (the ware
 Of all *created Spirit*;) beams, that rise
 Each over other in superior light,
 'Til the last ripens into lustre strong,
 (In the throne's full effulgence colour'd high)
 Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond
 (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
 Of *intellectual* beings! Beings blest

* *Exod.* iii. 2.

† The Stars.

With pow'rs to please Thee ; not of passive ply
 To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in seats
 Of well-adapted joys, in diff'rent domes
 Of thy imperial palace for thy sons ;
 Of this proud, populous, well policy'd,
 Though boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee ;
 Whose sev'ral clans their sev'ral climates suit ;
 And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
 Or, Oh ! indulge, immortal KING ! indulge
 A title, less august indeed, but more
 Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !
 Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts !
Father of immortality to man !
 A theme that* lately sat my soul on fire.
 And THOU the NEXT ! yet equal THOU, by whom
 That blessing was convey'd ; far more ! was *bought* ;
 Ineffable the price ! By whom all worlds
 Were made ; and one *redeem'd* ! Illustrious light
 From light illustrious ! THOU, whose *regal* pow'r,
 Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
 On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
 O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
 Inviolably reigns ; the *dread* of Gods !
 And Oh ! the *friend* of man ! Beneath whose foot,
 And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 Through the short channels of expiring *time*,
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* spirit breathes)
 In absolute subjection ! And, O THOU
 The glorious THIRD !† Distinct, not separate !
 Beaming from *both* ! with both incorp'rate !
 And (strange to tell !) incorp'rate with the dust !
 By condescension, as thy glory, great,
 Enshrin'd in man ! Of human hearts, if *pure*,
 Divine inhabitant ! The tie divine
 Of heav'n with distant earth ! by whom I trust,
 (If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address

* Nights Sixth and Seventh.

† The Holy Ghost.

TO THEE, to THEM—To whom ? Mysterious pow'r !
 Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd ! Darkness in light ;
 Number in unity ! Our joy ! Our dread !
 The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin !
 That animates all right, the *triple* Sun !
 Sun of the soul ! her never-setting Sun !
 Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
 Absconding, yet demonstrable, GREAT GOD !
 Greater than greatest ! Better than the best !
 Kinder than kindest ! with soft *pity's* eye,
 Or (stronger still to speak it) with *thine own*,
 From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
 Where THOU, from all eternity, hast dwelt ;
 Beyond archangels' unassisted ken ;
 From far above what mortals highest call :
 From elevation's pinnacle ; look down,
 Through—What ? Confounding interval ! Thro' *all* !
 And more than lab'ring *fancy* can conceive,
 Through radiant ranks of essences unknown ;
 Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
 Round various banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
 With endless change of rapt'rous duties fir'd ;
 Through wondrous beings interposing swarms :
 All clust'ring at the call, to dwell in Thee ;
 Through this wide waste of worlds ; this *vista* vast,
 All sanded o'er with Suns ; Suns turn'd to *night*
 Before *thy* feeblest beam—Look down—down—down,
 On a poor *breathing particle* in dust,
 Or lower—an *immortal* in his crimes.
 His crimes forgive ! forgive his *virtues* too !
 Those smaller faults, *half-converts* to the right.
 Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 May see the Sun (though Night's descending scale
 Now weighs up morn) unpity'd, and unblest !
 In *thy* displeasure dwells *eternal* pain ;
 Pain, our aversion ; pain which strikes me *now* ;
 And, since all pain is terrible to man,
 Though transient, terrible : at *thy* good hour,
 Gently, ah ! gently, lay me in my bed,
 My *clay-cold bed* ! by nature, now so near ;
 By nature, near ; still nearer by disease !

'Till then, be *this* an emblem of my grave :
 Let it out-preach the preacher ; ev'ry night
 Let it out-cry the boy at PHILIP'S* ear ;
 That tongue of death ! That herald of the tomb !
 And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose ;
 O sink *this* truth still deeper in my soul,
 Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by *fate*,
 First, in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*—
Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but THEE ;
Here, in full trust ; hereafter, in full joy ;
 On THEE, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
 Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale,
 Nor of *that* pillow shall *my* soul despond ;
 For—Love Almighty ! Love Almighty ! (Sing,
 Exult creation ;) *Love Almighty*, reigns !
 That death of *death* ! That cordial of *despair* !
 And loud Eternity's triumphant song :

Of whom no more : For, O thou Patron-God ! †
 Thou *God* and *Mortal* ! Thence *more* God to man !
 Man's theme eternal ! Man's eternal theme !
 Thou can'st not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our *praise*.
 Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
 Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
 The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth ;
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul !
 Against the *cross*, *death's* iron sceptre breaks ;
 From famish'd *ruin* plucks her human prey !
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his *foes* !
 Their *gratitude*, for such a boundless debt,
 Deputes their *suff'ring* brothers to receive !
 And, if deep human guilt in payment fails ;
 As deeper guilt prohibits our *despair* !
 Enjoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice* !
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 ‡ *Takes his delight among the sons of men.*”

What words are these ! And did they come from
 heav'n ?

* Philip king of Macedon. † Jesus Christ. ‡ Prov. viii. 31.

And were they spoke to man? To guilty man?
 What are all mysteries to love like this?
 The song of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart,
 Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as *night*:
 Rich prelibation of *consummate* joy!
 Nor wait we *dissolution*, to be *blest*.

This *final* effort of the moral muse,
 How justly * *titled*! Nor for me alone;
 For all that read; what spirit of support,
 What heights of Consolation crown my song!

Then, farewell NIGHT! Of darkness, now, no
 more:

Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 'tis *eternal* day.
 Shall that which rises out of *nought*, complain,
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
 My soul, henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
 True *taste of life*, and constant *thought of death*;
 The *thought of death*, sole victor of its *dread*!
 Hope be thy joy; and *probity* thy skill;
 Thy *patron* HE, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heav'n; *eternity*, thy prize:
 And leave the racers of the *world* their own,
 Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:
 They part with all, for that *which is not bread*;
 They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, pow'r;
 And laugh to scorn, the *fools* that aim at more.
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
 Suppose PHILANDER'S, LUCIA'S, or NARCISSA'S,
 The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd on the ways of men,
 Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!
 And when our *present privilege* is past,
 To scourge us with due sense of its *abuse*,
 The same astonishment will seize us all.
 What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*.

LORENZO ! 'tis not yet too late ! LORENZO !
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise ;
 That is, seize *wisdom*, ere she seizes *thee*.
 For, what, my small philosopher ! is *hell* ?
 'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of *the truth*,
 When *truth*, resisted long, is sworn our foe :
 And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus, *darkness* aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred *silence* whisp'ring truths divine,
 And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
 Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below ?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes ;
 'Tis pride, to praise her ; penance, to perform.
 To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
 LORENZO ! rise, at this auspicious hour ;
 An hour, when heav'n's most intimate with man ;
 When, like a falling star, the ray divine
 Glides swift into the bosom of the *just* ;
 And just are all, *determin'd* to reclaim :
 Which sets that title high, within thy reach.
 Awake, then : Thy PHILANDER calls : Awake !
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps ;
 When, like a taper, all these Suns expire :
 When Time, like him of *Gaza** in his wrath,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In NATURE's ample ruins lies entomb'd ;
 And MIDNIGHT, *universal* Midnight ! reigns.

* Sampson. Judges xvi. 29, 30.

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